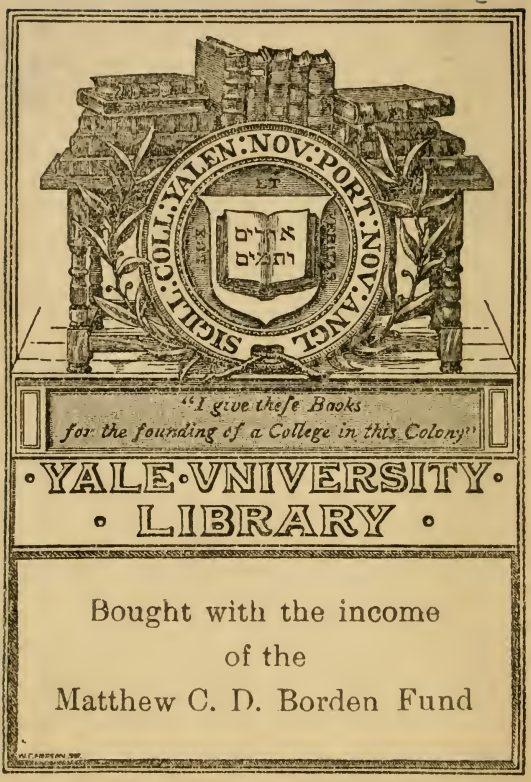
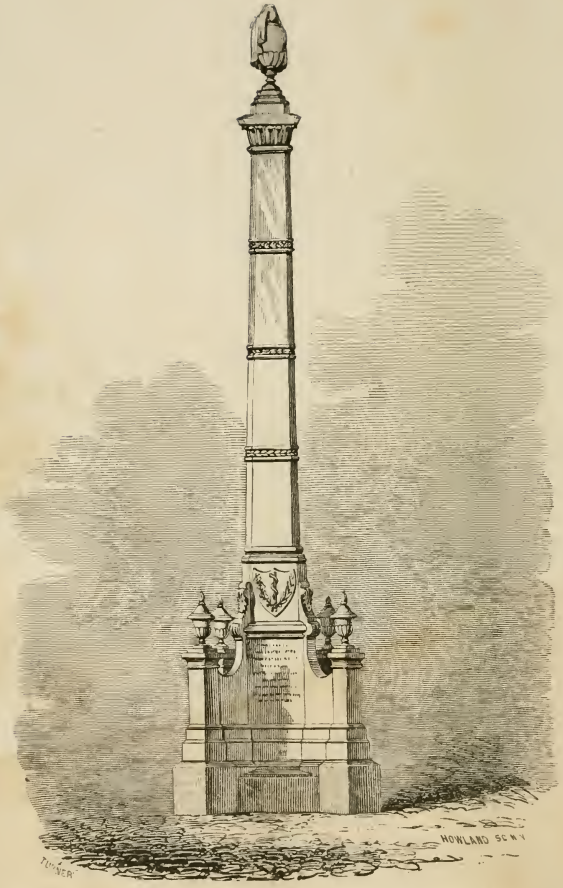


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MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED BY THE CITIZENS OF NORFOLK, IN MEMORY OF THE MAYOR, THE PRESIDENT OF THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION, THE CLERGY, PHYSICIANS, AND OTHERS WHO DIED AT THE POST OF DUTY DURING THE GREAT PESTILENCE IN 1855.—See page 219.

THE

GREAT PESTILENCE IN VIRGINIA;

BEING

An Historical Account

OF THE

ORIGIN, GENERAL CHARACTER, AND RAVAGES

OF THE

YELLOW FEVER

IN

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH IN 1855;

TOGETHER
WITH SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE VICTIMS, INCIDENTS OF THE SCOURGE, ETC.

BY

WILLIAM S. FORREST,

AUTHOR OF THE "HISTORY OF NORFOLK AND ITS VICINITY."

"Death, repulsive king, thine iron rule is terrible."

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PREFACE.

When the pestilence, which recently desolated the two adjacent sister sea-port cities of Virginia, had ceased its ravages; when the fearful death-storm, that raged so furiously, had swept by, a general and very reasonable desire was expressed to have an authentic account of the great calamity —a reliable record of Death's relentless sway— especially during those memorable months—August, September, and October, 1855.

Among others, the writer, who witnessed the almost unequaled fury of the disease, was kindly urged to undertake the task. But, imperative engagements occupying nearly every moment of his time during the day, he found that it would be almost impossible to accomplish so important

a work without relinquishing other necessary efforts, or delaying its completion beyond the limits of a reasonable period. He determined, however, notwithstanding the difficulties presented, to prepare a work on the subject, embracing an account of the origin, frightful progress, and terrible effects of the dreadful malady; together with various incidents, facts, opinions, and suggestions relative to the scourge, written during, and subsequent to, that memorable time of terror, sudden death, and woe.

It was deemed judicious to append, also, suitable tributary sketches of some of the victims of the destroyer, whose virtues and exalted character justly entitle them to the permanent remembrance of the living—while they sleep quietly in the grave to which their sallow remains were hurried during the rage of the mysterious disease.

It will be found that extracts from ably-written accounts of the pestilence, by other pens, have been given a place. These sketches, it is believed, will add interest and value to the work, inasmuch as they assist in forming a true description of the

calamity, as viewed by different observers, and from various points of observation.

If, in recording the noble, heroic, and generous deeds of those who braved the terrors of the scourge, and who labored so faithfully in assisting and relieving their fellow-men, in nursing and watching the sick, in shrouding and burying the pestilent dead, some among the meritorious are not mentioned, the omission must be considered as unavoidable. Time and space were insufficient for all, or half that could be written.

The result of his labor is before a discriminating public, and the writer confidently trusts that his work will be found to possess at least a melancholy interest, and that it will impart useful information to the living, both at home and abroad, relative to the appalling tornado of disease and death that raged throughout the length and breadth of two cities of the Old Dominion, crushing down, in its reckless course, people of all ages, all classes, and every condition—the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the fair and the lovely—leaving in its blood-stained track

the lifeless and corruptive remains of the strong and the weak, the young, the vigorous, and the beautiful, as well as of the old and decrepit; or hastily and promiscuously crowding them, as it were, in one common vortex of death and silence.

W. S. F.

Norfolk, July, 1856.

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CHAPTER I.

THE PESTILENCE—ITS SEVERITY AND FEARFUL RAVAGES—THE FRIGHTFUL WORK OF DEATH—BURIAL OF THE DEAD—AID FROM ABROAD—SYMPATHY FOR THE AFFLICTED CITIES.

THE mysterious, pestilential visitation with which Norfolk and Portsmouth were afflicted in 1855, is justly classed among the severest and most terrible calamities that ever desolated any community. It will be recorded upon the historic page as the GREAT PESTILENCE IN VIRGINIA. They who witnessed and survived the fearful ravages of the yellow fever during that awful season of general consternation, sudden death, and hasty burial, will ever look back to the period with feelings of horror; and they who fled precipitately away from their loved, peaceful, and previously happy and healthful homes, to avoid the hot and envenomed pestilential breath that was breathed into every room of every house, from the merchant palace down to the humblest abode of the sons and daughters of want and poverty, will think of those days and nights of powerful excite-

ment, inexpressible anxiety, deep grief, and agonizing suspense, with the most painful emotions.

Insidiously coming upon the healthful, prosperous, unsuspecting, and busy populace, like the silent and stealthy march of an unwelcome and blood-thirsty foe at the dead of night, the scourge went forth, sternly, steadily, ruthlessly—gradually increasing in violence, and cruelly working its death-havoc, hour after hour, day after day, night after night, week after week, and during the lapse of more than three long and dreary months!

Some idea of the destructiveness of this pestilence may be formed by comparing it with the great plague in London. In that plague, one in seventeen died; here, ONE in THREE.

It is estimated that if the city of New York should be visited by a plague as fatal, the deaths would be twenty-five thousand a week, or a hundred thousand a month, during the period of its continuance!*

Thousands hurried away from the infected towns from the frightful scenes of disease, wretchedness, and woe—amazed and horror-struck at the ravages of the unsparing agent of destruction. And many

* The great plague in London, in 1665, carried off 100,000 persons.

escaped, though not a few of the unhappy refugees sickened, and some of the strongest and best were blasted by the tainting breath of the pestilence they had inhaled at their own happy firesides, and which poisoned their life-blood while in their own quiet chambers; and they found a grave, among kind and sympathizing strangers, away from their silent and deserted homes.

Families that left in one unbroken, fond, and cherished circle, earnestly hoping to elude the vigilance of the pursuer, were soon overtaken and deprived of one or more of the most loved and endeared members. The strongest link in the golden chain of affection, that bound them in close union and held inviolate the sacred family compact, was suddenly severed, and fell, shivered to the ground, and deep and festering wounds were inflicted in many a true and trusting heart that time cannot heal.

As the dreadful "scourge of the tropics" passed along in its might and fury, in some instances whole families were taken, and old and venerated mansions were left, for months, as vacant and silent as a mausoleum; and strangers have filled the sad vacuum. The stores were all closed, with scarcely an exception; business was entirely sus-

pended, excepting the rapid traffic by the undertakers and their assistants, in coffins, and the hasty dealing out of medicines; and weeds grew in the deserted streets; the piercing cries of distress and the groans of the dying were heard, while the stern and solemn death-angel executed his dread commission to crush down the people.

Many persons sought to avoid an attack of the fever, by carrying about their persons camphor, asafœtida, thieves' vinegar, etc. Numbers tried tobacco, often chewing, and smoking almost constantly. But nothing seemed to render the people proof against its ravages.

The chill, the acute pain in the head and limbs, the strange, sleepy, and drowsy feeling, the continuous burning fever, and sometimes the rapid beat of the heart—these symptoms, or some of them, came on, and, unless soon arrested and checked, were, in a great number of cases, quickly followed by delirium, the urinary suppression, and the fatal black vomit; and then came the last conflict of nature, the death-struggle itself, and the final closing up of the life-scene. Then the coffining, and, alas, at one period, the mere promiscuous boxing up of the dead, the wagoning to the grave-yards, the interment of the putrid and

offensive bodies—all, all went on dolefully and rapidly. Indeed, at one time, there were not enough of the living and well to take away the dead.*

Those who were not ill, were, most of them, busy at the bedside of their friends and relatives. Of such, however, there were not enough; but, fortunately, the necessary aid came from abroad—from north, south, east, and west—for the great heart of a mighty nation beat in powerful sympathy for the two desolated cities of Virginia.

* "The reader need scarcely be informed, that the yellow fever, wherever it has assumed the epidemic form, has fully established its claims to be classed among the most formidable diseases to which the human body is liable. This is true, whether we view it in reference to the changes it very generally occasions in the domestic arrangements of a large portion of the exposed population; to the great sacrifices of interest and comfort it entails on these—the necessary effects of the interruption or cessation of commercial and other pursuits; of the abandonment of home, and of the sundering of ordinary ties and occupation—to the perversion of the better feelings of our nature, to which it too often gives rise: or to the immense loss of life it occasions, as well, proportionately, to the amount of the population at large as to the number of the sick. In this latter respect, no disease, the black plague of the fifteenth century, and the Asiatic cholera in our own days excepted, can compare with it."—Dr. La Roche.

CHAPTER II.

ORIGIN OF THE FEVER—DIFFERENT THEORIES—THE BEN FRANKLIN—HEALTHFULNESS OF NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH—THE FIRST CASES—FALSE ASSERTIONS AND SLANDERS—CONDITION OF THE INFECTED STEAMER—THE COMMENCEMENT AND PROGRESS OF THE DISEASE.

With regard to the cause or origin of the yellow fever in Norfolk and Portsmouth, there are, of course, different opinions. Some contend that the disease was of local origin; some, that it was imported and introduced by the ill-fated steamer Ben Franklin; while others regard it as a scourge, or a pestilential visitation, specially sent by the allwise and just Ruler, and which has been slowly passing along the Atlantic coast, stopping at Pensacola in 1853, and traveling thence northwardly, sweeping off multitudes in Charleston and Savannah in 1854, and traveling on, to desolate other cities of the sea-board.

We think, to a careful observer, and especially to one acquainted with the facts connected with the question, that there can seem but little mystery

about the principal cause of the fever here as an epidemic; indeed, it plainly appears that the infected ship was immediately instrumental in causing a calamity so terrible and wide-spread, and a destruction of human life so awful to contemplate. Norfolk and Portsmouth had been remarkably healthful for many years, and so continued until the fever broke out in Gosport—properly the southern portion of Portsmouth—and in the immediate vicinity of the wharf at which the steamer lay. The first case announced was that of one of the workmen, a boiler-maker, employed on the ship; the first death announced, was that of the same individual,* and the first twenty or thirty cases occurred within a stone's throw of the vessel.

A great and persevering effort has been made to prove that the disease had its origin here. But we think this cannot be done; we think it never will be done. We are far beyond the latitude in which

* A distinguished physician, connected with the U. S. Navy, was requested to call and see the body of the first victim in Gosport, as the attending physician was in some doubt with regard to the true nature of the case. He immediately pronounced the disease of which the man died the genuine yellow fever. Closing the nostrils and pressing the breast, as the corpse lay upon the bed, the black vomit gushed copiously from the mouth, greatly alarming some who were standing near.

this tropical fever is produced to any great extent, and where it rages so fearfully. It is a slander upon the place to assert, that this disease, in all its malignity, if in any form, originated in Norfolk, that the place is unhealthy, and its condition such as to produce this awful disorder, especially when the facts are such as to convince every person whose prejudice can be overcome by argument, and plain and truthful statements, that the position taken is untenable, and almost entirely without foundation. An able and judicious writer, in reply to the misstatements of a resident of another city, relative to the unhealthfulness of Norfolk, uses the following proper and forcible language:

"When pigmy, fantastic man seeks to mingle his finite sulphur with the roar of heaven's artillery—when an illy-disposed (or, we would prefer the term, if we could conscientiously use it, illy-informed) writer seeks, as it were, to make God's work even more destructive than it has been, in the scourged cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, by throwing out false assertions and surmises as to the general sanitary condition of these places, we own no obligation to restrain the contempt and disgust which we feel at such a course of infinitesimal enmity—and if our language, in speaking of the circulated slanders, is measured by the bounds of propriety, it is purely from respect to our readers and ourself.

"It is the testimony of *men who know*—observant physicians, and others of experience—that Norfolk city (by which term we do not design to exclude Portsmouth from the association) is ordinarily one of the healthiest places in the world.

"Our city is frequently the chosen summer resort of persons

who live in unhealthy regions, who bring their families hither to gain or maintain health."

The atmosphere, we admit, may have been in such a condition as to act as a medium for the dissemination of the concentrated poison discharged from the sweltering hold of the filthy ship, and the same, no doubt, might be said of the air of almost any location in warm weather; but it lacked this additional ingredient to render it so destructive to health and life. As a magazine of gunpowder is harmless and powerless without the application of fire, so the air we breathed here would, in all probability, have remained harmless, if not generally healthful, had not the poisonous bilge water been pumped out; had not vent been given to the life-destroying gases; had not the intolerable stench come forth from the capacious hold of the ill-fated bark that brought disease below her decks, and, no doubt, left the putrefying dead in her wake, to sink down to a grave among the seaweeds and ocean rocks, or, perchance, to float upon the surging billows of the deep. Had some sudden shift in the changing winds, ere she entered our noble roadstead, or before she reached the capes of Virginia, driven her into another port, and had the same fatal error been committed, or a

like inattention or leniency been allowed, in regard to quarantine regulations, similar scenes of disease and desolation would, doubtless, have taken place elsewhere—a similar drama of death and woe would, probably, have been witnessed in some other seaport city. But, for a reason known only to Him who "discovereth deep things out of darkness, and bringeth to light the shadow of death," who "increaseth the nations to destroy them," the ship was permitted, alas, to enter our waters, approach our own peaceful and happy shores, and the fearful scourge was allowed to desolate these two hitherto highly-blessed and favored cities of the Old Dominion.*

The malignant malady, as before intimated, broke out in the immediate vicinity of the dock at which the infected steamer lay, and thence it spread through Gosport, soon reaching Portsmouth, thence finding its way to Norfolk, and extending to the furthest limits of the two towns. We may

* While the ship was yet far out to sea, a consultation was held by the passengers, with regard to entering a port—the choice being between Norfolk and Baltimore. The decision was shown by the subsequent course of the vessel. The ship was bound to New York, and the captain preferred to keep her on her course for that port, but yielded to the decision of a majority of the passengers.

appropriately add here, that T. G. Broughton, Esq., the senior editor of the *Herald*, and Secretary of the Board of Health, stated in his paper, after the fever broke out in Gosport, that the cases were all "traceable to the steamer Ben Franklin."

"About fifteen cases," wrote Mr. B., "remain under treatment.

"As yet the epidemic has been confined to the vicinity of Page and Allen's ship-yard, which has been boarded up and all communication with it interdicted. We have not heard of any case, beyond this small infected district, which was not contracted within it."

CHAPTER III.

STATEMENTS RELATIVE TO THE STEAMER BEN FRANKLIN—A GREAT ERROR AND ITS CALAMITOUS RESULTS.

We proceed to give some facts, and to adduce some of the mass of testimony we could present with special reference to the steamer Ben Franklin, which we think will be read with some interest by those who entertain doubts on the subject of the origin and spread of the fatal epidemic.

We have been informed by an estimable and perfectly reliable gentleman, that the first engineer of the Ben. Franklin stated that the yellow fever was raging awfully at St. Thomas, when she left; that soon after she sailed therefrom, some of the hands were taken sick of the disease, and that the first and second engineers were compelled to act as firemen as well as to work the engines of the steamer, owing to sickness among the crew. But we are prepared to give more definite information on the subject.

When the steam-ship arrived in our port (June 7th), while she lay at quarantine, and before she

was allowed to enter the inner harbor, and go up to the wharf in Gosport, some work was being done for the United States Government, at Fort Norfolk, which is only a short distance from the anchorage at which the ship lay. This we consider a fortunate circumstance, in view of the important facts which it has enabled us to obtain with regard to the true sanitary condition of the vessel. The facts to which we allude, we have obtained from individuals whose business required their presence at Fort Norfolk, and who had an opportunity of seeing enough of what was going on to satisfy them and others that there were cases of malignant fever on board. Our information was obtained from Messrs. William Harper and Henry Neavill, long and favorably known in Portsmouth, as gentlemen of undoubted veracity; also from Mr. Henry Foreman, of Norfolk county; and we could, if necessary, add the concurrent testimony of twenty more.

Mr. Harper and others went out to the ship for the purpose of getting West India fruit, observing quantities in a decayed state floating in the river, and they were informed by some of the crew that there were cases of the yellow fever on board, of the most fatal type. On asking for the mate, they

were told that he was ill of the disease. A few days after this, they noticed a coffin on the upper deck, and distinctly saw some of the men remove a corpse from a mattress, and put it in the coffin. The mattress was immediately thrown overboard, and it floated ashore at the old fort, while the coffin and its contents were taken to the opposite shore and buried. We learned from another respectble source, that another corpse was taken from the ship at night to the same location, and buried. At about the same period the body of a man also floated ashore, where it was secured with a cord and covered with canvas, by some of the workmen, at the fort. The face was greatly disfigured and mutilated; the hands were as yellow as an orange, and the dress, as they supposed, that of a coal-heaver or fireman. The inference at the time was, that the corpse was that of one of the hands of the ship, and that it had been thrown overboard (which is doubtful, however); or that one of the men was drowned in the effort to get to the shore. No inquest was held, and the body was placed in a rough coffin and buried at Fort Norfolk, by the direction of Mr. Matthews, a Constable from Portsmouth.

Mr. Harper, who superintended some of the work

at the fort, and a number of others employed there, saw two men descend the side of the steamer, jump into the water, and swim ashore. One of them narrowly escaped drowning. On being questioned as to the cause of their leaving the ship thus hastily and periling their lives to get to the shore, they replied that they preferred to take the risk of losing their lives by drowning, to that of dying of the fever which was prevailing on board.

It is superfluous to state that Mr. Harper and his companions were greatly surprised when they saw the infected vessel making her way up to the ship-yard, after the indisputable evidence which they had, that her sanitary state was so dangerous. Nor is it at all surprising that they should have emphatically declared their belief as they did, that a raging pestilence would be the fearful consequence of the sad error that was committed.

That ill-omened ocean steamer, with the foul stench of loathsome disease, floated slowly and gloomy-looking, dark and ominous, up our deep and quiet harbor, and, rounding the beautiful point occupied by a portion of the opposite town, she was secured at a wharf on the west side of the southern branch of our river, at Gosport. Who

but the omniscient Creator knew of the terrible calamity that was soon to come upon the people? How few, comparatively, supposed that she contained the seeds of disease and death, to be scattered in every street and lane and dwelling in the two devoted towns; that the harmless air the people breathed was about to act as a medium for the dissemination of a poison as deadly as the roaring and stifling simoom in the hot and gloomy depths of benighted Africa, or that drifts the sands of the sterile deserts of Arabia!

The very name of that ocean steamer, though sacred in the annals of our mighty republic, falls sadly upon many an ear, and sends a thrill of agony to many a heart; and it will linger in the minds of thousands in painful association with the fever-scourge that rendered so desolate the two adjacent cities of the Elizabeth.

After arriving at quarantine, the ship was visited by Dr. R. H. Gordon, the City Health Officer, who was informed by the captain that there was no case of yellow fever on board. The steamer, however, remained at quarantine twelve days, and on the 19th of June, Dr. G., with the consent of the Board of Health of Norfolk, and of some members of the Common Council of Portsmouth, yielded to the captain's

earnest solicitation, and granted him a permit to bring his leaky ship up into the harbor, upon the express condition, however, that "her hold was not to be broken out." She was, accordingly, taken up to Messrs. Page and Allen's ship-yard, in Gosport, to be repaired; and, sad to say, the captain violated his promise in regard to "breaking out the hold." As to his previous assertion that there was no case of fever on board, the public will judge of its probable truth or falsity, by his reckless disregard for his promise, as well as by facts which we have already given.

We will admit the possibility that we should have escaped the frightful scenes that followed this violation, had it never been committed; for the poison might have remained harmless, so long as confined within the limits of the vessel's hold. But it was, indeed, a great error in judgment, to allow a ship to come to our wharves, with the possibility that the seeds of a fearfully malignant disease were generating beneath her planks, that an air charged with death was confined in her ample hold, and which, it was believed, it would be hazardous in the extreme to permit to escape, and infect the healthful air with which this location

was surrounded at the period mentioned. The health of the two adjacent towns was remarkably good, up to the week in which the fever commenced its ravages in the immediate vicinity of Page and Allen's dock-yard, where, by the way, the business of ship-building was extensively conducted, and with a suitable regard to the sanitary condition of the location. But soon the extensive ship-yard was vacant. The busy and stalwart workmen fled hastily away before the poisoned breath of the pestilence. One of the largest class merchant ships remained unfinished upon the stocks, deserted and still, and the massive timbers lay untouched by the adze or the axe. The water rippled playfully along the quiet shore; the sudden flutter of the silvery perch, or the ominous scream of the sea-gull, occasionally disturbed the silence—the deep and painful silence that reigned where the voice of busy laborers had been heard, and where the noise of the saw and the hammer, that now lay rusting and useless, had echoed during all the long and tedious working hours of the summer day.

The fearful consequences that followed, so disastrous to the health, lives, happiness, and prosperity of the people, and so injurious to the business

and good name of the two towns, were plainly the result of error, on the part of the authorities, in allowing the ship, under all the circumstances, to come up; as well as of deception, and a gross violation of the engagement by the captain of the steamer. We present not these facts for the purpose of eliciting blame upon the course of those immediately concerned. We are aiming at facts. The truth should be known. All are liable to mistake and deception, and many have innocently erred in matters involving the highest interests of individuals and communities, for time and eternity, producing the most unexpected and startling results, and causing the deep heart-thrilling wail of woe and despair to go forth from the profoundest depths of maternal, widowed, and orphaned hearts, wrung with unutterable anguish, bleeding from wounds too deep to be healed, crushed and breaking beneath a weight of sorrow too intolerable, too ponderous to be borne.

We will not speak, therefore, in unbecoming terms of censure, with regard to the conduct of any citizen. This would neither benefit the living, nor raise the profoundly sleeping dead. Nay, verily, this would not restore to the lone and disconsolate widow the dear and cherished object of her heart's

unfailing affection; nor call up from the dark, damp, silent grave, and restore to weeping and bereaved orphans, him or her who was their best friend, the light and joy of the happy fireside, the life and the soul of the united household; to the doating parent the son or the daughter of promise; to the busy mart its departed merchants of enterprise and skill; to the white harvest-field its faithful and devoted laborers; nor to science and art the men of mind and learning that have passed away. They are all resting now beneath the green sod; their eternal destiny is unalterably fixed; their work is done; their earthly conflict has ended; the struggle with the "last enemy" is over, and we leave them in the hands of a merciful and just Creator.

The force of the calamity has passed. The results and effects, it is true, are still seen and felt on every hand, and the great and afflictive dispensation will tell upon the destinies of many for time and eternity. But it was allowed in unerring wisdom; by an all-wise Providence, and it, therefore, becomes every person to bow in humble submission to the decrees of the great I AM; to learn a wise lesson from the past, and to throw the mantle of charity upon the acts, the blunders, the faults and failures

of those who will be judged impartially and finally before the great throne of Eternal Justice, at the coming grand and supreme assize, from which there will be no appeal.

CHAPTER IV.

ADDITIONAL FACTS WITH REGARD TO THE INFECTED STEAMER—THE SPREAD OF THE FEVER—SOME OF THE EARLIEST VICTIMS—FORMER HEALTHFULNESS OF NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH.

Shortly after the arrival of the steamer, the Captain and the man acting as chief engineer called on Mr. Davids of the Atlantic Iron Works, of this city—a gentleman of most undoubted veracity and good character, from whom we obtain the following facts—to repair the engine of the steamer, and he promised to go on board the next day. Accordingly, Mr. Pettit, the foreman of the works, went down to Town Point to engage a boat in which to visit the ship. Here he learned facts that led to further and very definite and important information about the sanitary condition of the vessel, which information we would give, if we thought it necessary to strengthen the position we have taken.

On the following day, Mr. Davids informed the captain and engineer that he would not undertake to repair the ship, unless he would have her thoroughly cleansed and fumigated. Notwith-

standing all this, and although it was generally understood that there was yellow fever on board, and after the fact had been emphatically stated by those who had every necessary means of knowing the true state of the vessel, two days after the period above alluded to, as before shown, she was most unfortunately allowed to go up to the ship-yard at Gosport—a sad mistake indeed! Mr. Davids, with his foreman, however, ventured on board, at the wharf, and immediately thereafter informed some of the citizens of Portsmouth, among whom were Mr. Samuel Brewer and Mr. Wm. H. Morris, and also a number of persons in this city, that there was yellow fever on board the vessel, and that, if allowed to remain, in a few weeks the inhabitants would be driven away by a pestilence. Alas! she did remain, her hold was broken open, her hatches removed, her intensely offensive bilge water was pumped out, and the wholesale work of death commenced. And such would probably have been the result in 1854, had the infected French steamer Chimère* been allow-

* The French steamer Chimère arrived at quarantine in July, 1854, with fever on board, and fifty-four cases were sent to the Naval Hospital. Fourteen died—eleven with the black vomit, and three from the effects of the disease.

ed to come up into our harbor, when the authorities were urged to give their consent. Some of the citizens manifested the deepest concern upon the subject, before the vessel went up to the ship-yard. Among these was a gentleman of high standing, who emphatically declared his belief that, if the vessel were not rigidly kept at quarantine, and prevented from coming to our wharves, the consequences would be awful in the extreme—as, indeed, they proved to be. But what need have we to multiply testimony, or further facts, tending to throw light upon the true merits of the case? The terribly malignant visitation is regarded as a scourge of the all-wise Creator, and so it may be; but who can doubt, that as in Philadelphia, in 1793, as shown by Mr. Carey, who carefully observed and faithfully described the origin and progress of the fever there, the disease was brought and introduced by a foreign vessel, and that this was at least the chief instrumentality that caused so fearful and crushing a calamity?

Soon after the fever made its appearance

The United States Frigate Columbia arrived at quarantine March 19th, 1855, with yellow fever on board. Sixty-three cases were sent to the United States Naval Hospital, and only five died.

A ship may be infected sufficiently to spread the fever, and the crew, from acclimation, etc., may be free from disease.

in the immediate neighborhood of the dock at which the vessel lay, it extended, as before mentioned, to the heart of Portsmouth, lying north of the location where it first appeared; and thence it found its way to Norfolk. It is well enough known, that a number of persons in Gosport sought refuge in Barry's Row, in Norfolk, coming over, especially in the night, both sick and well, with their furniture, including, of course, beds, mattresses, carpets, clothing, etc. The disease, in Norfolk, seemed to be confined almost entirely to the occupants of the above-named row, situated on the east side of Church street, between Union and Wide Water, until about the close of the first week in August; then it gradually made its way along Wide Water, Union, Main, and other streets, with a mortality seldom if ever known during the fiercest raging of epidemics in other cities and in other countries. The weather here was very warm in the latter part of June, continued so in July, and in August the air was damp, close, hot, and disagreeable. In September it was more cool, but damp.

Mr. A. J. McFadden, a clerk at the Gosport Iron Works, situated very near Page & Allen's

ship-yard, was among the first who took the fever, after the ship went up, and he soon died.

Mr. Robert W. Warren, who was clerk for Page & Allen, though residing in Norfolk, was attacked on Wednesday, 25th July, and died Saturday night following, having been among the earliest victims, and very probably the first who died in Norfolk, excepting some of the hapless occupants of Barry's Row. The writer was informed by the attending physician, that the symptoms were precisely like those in other severe cases that occurred subsequently.

It is sufficiently evident that there was no known case of yellow fever in Norfolk or Portsmouth in 1855, before the infected ship passed up between the two towns on her way to the ship-yard at Gosport.

Now, it is true that no one can tell certainly and positively, whether or not the fever would have made its appearance without the addition to the atmosphere of the noxious effluvia dispensed from the steamer. This, as before intimated, may have been only requisite to increase the malignity of the epidemic, and the extent of the fearful calamity to its almost unequaled severity. But we think we have shown that the circumstances,

the well authenticated facts bearing upon the subject, plainly, unequivocally, undeniably, all tend to lead reasonable, unprejudiced, and unbiased minds to a different conclusion.

It seems needless to attempt further to strengthen or defend our position. But we will add yet other links to the chain of evidence. The Health Officer's monthly bill of mortality for July showed the number of deaths, from various diseases, to have been fifty-three in all, thirty of whom were children, mostly of tender age. In July of the preceding year, the number was seventy, exhibiting a decrease in 1855 of over twenty per cent.; thus confirming our statement that Norfolk was healthful until the spread of the disease from the vessel.

Thomas G. Broughton, Esq., editor of the Norfolk and Portsmouth *Herald*, made the following statement in his paper, late in July:

"We can say truly that, at no period within our memory, has Norfolk been more healthy than it is at this time. Our own experience, and the numerous assurances of our friends and fellow-citizens whom we daily meet "about town," justify us in pronouncing that opinion; and what is still more conclusive, such is the opinion of all the practicing physicians in the city."

Nor was the good opinion of the health of the place changed until after the removals from Gos-

port and Portsmouth to Barry's Row, where the disease commenced, and whence it gradually spread in every direction; no case, however, having been reported out of this row, or its immediate vicinity, or that was not traceable to Gosport, until the 7th of August.

Let it be remembered that with the same sanitary laws and regulations, with similar weather, and, indeed, with far greater apparent local cause of sickness, Norfolk and Portsmouth had long been uniformly healthful; the bills of mortality comparing very favorably with those of other places, known and acknowledged to be exceedingly free from epidemic maladies, and fully entitled to their claim to salubrity of climate.

CHAPTER V.

SYMPTOMS OF THE YELLOW FEVER—REMEDIES AND TREATMENT—EFFECTS OF THE MALADY—THE PLAGUE FLY.

THE symptoms of the disease were, generally, as follow, and persons were affected in various ways:

Very frequently the premonitory symptom was an unpleasant feeling in the fore part of the head, which, in severe cases, often increased to a violent headache. The eyes assumed a strange and unnatural expression, sometimes presenting a reddish color, but, in many instances, deeply tinged with yellow. A dull, heavy, and sleepy feeling frequently came over the patient, and was often manifested, to some extent, for several days before more alarming symptoms were exhibited. Many were attacked with a chill, which was followed by loss of appetite, debility, and very severe pain in the limbs, back, and bowels, although in some cases the pains were comparatively slight. When the malady did not yield to treatment, there was often a great oppression about the breast. The tongue was generally furred white or brown, with a watery, red appearance around it. Suppression of urine and urethral hæmorrhage were much dreaded, and were generally fatal symptoms; for delirium

soon followed, and death was the almost unevitable result. The black vomit, as is well known, was also a common and, generally, though not in all cases, a fatal symptom.* Many of the victims suffered from copious hæmorrhage from the mouth and nose, the blood generally possessing its natural color, or showing but little variation therefrom. The bleeding of the gums often occurred also. A number of those attacked were dreadfully afflicted with boils and carbuncles, from which blood was freely discharged. They appeared upon the face, the hands, arms, and on various parts of the body.

As to the remedies, calomel and quinine were freely administered to many of the patients, and poultices were freely applied, before the nature of the disease was understood. The use of strong remedies was almost entirely discontinued, after a greater knowledge of the epidemic had been acquired. Castor oil, and other mild purgatives, lemonade, ice-water, sponging the surface with water and vinegar, warm applications to the chest, bathing the feet in warm water, with mustard plenti-

* The black vomit is a rapid exudation from the smaller blood-vessels, indicating the presence of an active poison in the system—the color not entirely black, but, more properly, a very dark brown.

fully thrown in, rubbing with mustard, keeping the patient moderately warm, and good nursing as advised especially by physicians from the South, had a much more salutary effect than all or any of the remedies and means used in the treatment of those who were attacked before the nature of the disease was understood by the resident physicians.*

The fever often tended to prostrate the patient at once, depriving him of strength and vigor; and the strong doses of medicine that were given, having a similar effect upon the system, the sufferer was soon so exceedingly debilitated, that it was impossible to rally, and death quickly ensued, although the sufferer might retain strength enough to walk almost till the moment of his death. Besides, in many cases, fear exerted its power, and then the patient sank rapidly, notwithstanding the most skillful course of treatment, and the most careful nursing. When the fever-patient became alarmed, the chance of recovery was greatly lessened. They

* Mr. E. Summers, recently Mayor of Norfolk, rendered himself useful during the epidemic, and was very successful, by means of simple remedies and good nursing, in his efforts to arrest the progress of the disease in a number of cases. But in thousands of instances no treatment succeeded, and, generally, in five or six days the earthly career of the patient closed, although many cases terminated fatally in forty-eight hours, and a number in a still shorter space of time.

who were most calm and fearless, whose remedies were mild, and who were judiciously nursed, were far more likely to survive an attack of the disease. A number of those who were ill, and measurably recovered, owing to exposure, or imprudence of some kind, were attacked a second, and some even a third time. These subsequent attacks were generally called relapses, and, in many cases, the patients died soon after a return of the symptoms. This disease was, no doubt, the endemic fever of southern latitudes, and prevalent, though more or less violent, especially in the West Indies, along the coast of South America, etc. It can be readily transported in vessels, and thus it may become epidemic in places generally healthful.

The tendency to putridity and mortification, in severe cases, was also observed, and was, of course, deemed a fatal symptom, and the rapid decomposition of the body after death was regarded as a singular effect of this fearful tropical fever. In most instances, as is well known, the body assumed a yellow color, and many who survived an attack were yellow for weeks after the dreaded crisis of the fever had passed, and they were considered nearly out of danger.

With regard to the appearance of an insect

called the plague-fly, not observable here prior to the breaking out of the fever, much has been said and written. The writer noticed large numbers of the singular species of fly alluded to. In size, they were smaller than the common house-fly. The wings were longer, but narrower, and the color of the body yellowish, often approaching a light red. They appeared in great quantities on the fig-trees, though swarming in damp and filthy places. Whether or not they were ever seen here before, or were in any way connected with the pestilence, we are not prepared to say.

CHAPTER VI.

NORFOLK BEFORE THE FEVER—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE CITY AND ITS VICINITY—THE CLIMATE—NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH HARBOR.

Before attempting a more full and particular account of the progress of the yellow fever, we present a description of the city of Norfolk, and of its general appearance prior to the commencement of the terrible visitation to which we have already alluded.

Imagine yourself, reader, standing at the pleasing elevation of 120 feet, looking out from the massive cupola of the City Hall upon a charming and exciting panorama, tastefully spread around in every direction by the hand of nature and art. You learn, by the shifting vane glistening on yon towering spire, that the changing wind has veered to northwest. It is a gentle, exhilarating breeze. And now the old church clock is slowly tolling off the busy hour of ten. Beneath are the massive proportions of the principal public building, standing firmly and proudly on its solid base, while all around, the deep green sward relieves the eye.

There is much interest and beauty in the view stretching out hence through the city, and extending for miles in the distance. The brilliant rays of the summer's sun gleam down upon the land with its houses, its green-clad trees, its blooming flowers, while the spacious river reflects his beams like a great mammoth mirror; and light, fleecy clouds stand leisurely above the western horizon.

The beholder is struck with the apparent nearness of objects, as he looks out from this altitude, and casts his eye down upon them with surprise, at the singular distinctness with which they stand out to view. There is in every direction an appearance of neatness, convenience, and comfort. In a word, Norfolk thus beheld, imparts an idea of pleasantness and salubrity, at once cheering and satisfactory. Perhaps the most exciting scene is in the direction of about south by west; the busy populace, the towering edifices closely huddled together; the sister town of Portsmouth, with its neat buildings, just across the water, and stretching along the banks of the southern branch of the river—a deep and handsome stream, which floats in her majesty the great ship Pennsylvania, and other great war vessels—and then winds along by

the United States Navy Yard, and conceals itself among the dense foliage on either side.

Not the least interesting object is the Seaboard Road, which, strange as it may seem, is distinctly marked out upon the landscape, standing to view for miles in a straight line to Bower's Hill. It is remarkable, too, that with no such intention, but by mere accident entirely, the City Hall should be so situated as that its ample cupola can be plainly seen down upon this perfectly straight stretch of eight miles. Looking at the road from this height, it appears to rise gradually, until at the furthest visible point, it seems to attain an elevation of several degrees. But yonder looms nobly up the Naval Hospital—massive, chaste, and beautiful; further on westward the Western Branch commences, but soon recedes from the sight. We take in view now the spacious surface of the deep and placid Elizabeth, floating upon its ample bosom numerous merchant vessels and fishing-boats, moving gently along before the breeze. How clearly does old Craney Island appear to rise up, as it were, from its watery bed in the distance, justly celebrated for its well-fought and victorious battle in 1813. And now we lessen the sweep of vision, taking in old Fort Norfolk, and several neat farms.

We take now a still less extended glance, and indulge in a general view of the city, of which there are four prominent points that seem to extend out from the centre in different directions—Town Point, Smith's, Briggs', and the space reaching from the eastern portion of Wide Water to Bermuda street, while thousands of buildings extend out from the river, northwards, presenting an aspect both beautiful and attractive. Trees and flowers are closely intermingled, while carefully cultivated gardens stand profusely out upon the picture, and please the eye. Some twenty public buildings lift up their ample dimensions, and give an air of importance to the scene. A dozen churches—some of them very beautiful—occupy the most prominent position, and many handsome and commodious family residences strike the eye and please the taste. In a northwesterly direction, a dense growth of forest trees forms the back ground of the scenery, but at one point the outline gently depressing, the smooth, shining surface of the river again appears, as it meanders on towards the roads.

We have said nothing of the Eastern Branch of the river, which winds on its serpentine course in the distance, with the smiling corn-fields, dense

green foliage, and neat farm-houses, on its beautiful and gently sloping banks.

Of the climate and harbor of Norfolk, Lieut. Maury, U. S. N., than whom there is scarcely a better judge, gives the following graphic and truthful description:

"Its climate is delightful. Its harbor is commodious, and as safe as safe can be. It is never blocked up with ice, and as to the egress and ingress between it and the sea, it possesses all the facilities that the mariner himself could desire. It has the double advantage of an outer and inner harbor. The inner harbor is almost as smooth as a mill-pond; in it, vessels lie with the most perfect security, where every natural facility imaginable is afforded for lading and unlading. Being ready for sea, the outward-bound trader, dropping down from this snug mooring, and approaching the sea, finds a storm raging from outside. The outer harbor then affords shelter, until the fury of the gale is spent, when the white winged messenger trips her anchor, trims to the breeze, and goes forth rejoicing on her way to the haven where she would be."

CHAPTER VII.

COMMENCEMENT AND PROGRESS OF THE FEVER IN THE CITY — BARRY'S ROW IN RUINS — THE FLIGHT OF THE CITIZENS — EFFECTS OF THE SCOURGE—EXAMPLES OF TRUE BENEVOLENCE AND HEROISM.

Before the close of July, the disease had spread from Gosport to Portsmouth, and on the 31st of that month it was officially announced that there had been several cases in Barry's Row, and four deaths. On the 2nd of August there had been but seven deaths in the city, from the fever; and on the 3rd no new cases were reported, and the epidemic seemed to be rapidly disappearing.

On the 7th of August, one case was reported out of the infected district, and the citizens began to be greatly concerned upon the subject.

On the evening of the 9th, Barry's Row was set on fire and destroyed, and this encouraged the people to hope that the fatal disease would subside entirely with the flames that fed upon the wood-work, and cleared away the filth of those tottering old buildings.

But they were sadly mistaken. The epidemic

now spread rapidly, and the citizens began to hasten away. Soon it appeared on Main Street. Several estimable citizens were attacked, and in three or four days were dead and buried; and about the 10th, the great flight commenced.

So general and precipitate a flight as that which took place then, we never expected to witness. The thought of disease and sudden death, the knowledge of an existing pestilence, we know are appalling to sinful man, and an instinctive love of health and life naturally hurries him away beyond the limits of the destroying agent, to a purer atmosphere and a healthier clime. The strong man in his prime dreads the presence of an air that poisons the life-blood and kills in a day; and even the sincere Christian feels solemn when he reflects upon so sad a visitation from the great Being in whom he trusts and whom he loves.

We censure no one individually; we merely mention the occurrence as an historical fact. But the question was very naturally asked: Should Christians fly, too, from the danger, at the very time when their presence is most required?—when their words of advice, instruction, and comfort are so necessary?—when nursing and watch-

ing are so much needed? "I was sick, and ye visited me not."

Surely, if there ever was a time when the true disciples of Christ should be active and in the line of their duty in Norfolk, that was the time; for, verily, "the pestilence walked in darkness and destruction wasted at noonday." Friends, neighbors, and acquaintances were prostrated by disease — burning with fever, and tortured with pains, and Death was fearfully at work; and how important the soothing words of the Christian at such a time! There seemed a deep meaning in the course pursued by some, especially to the irreligious who remained and manfully battled with the fury of the death-dealing messenger; and to those who felt it to be a sacred duty to remain and assist in the humane work of nursing the sick; contributing to the wants of the needy and the suffering; consoling the dying; shrouding and burying the dead, and guarding the property and lives of the people. Nearly all, indeed, who remained, personally felt the crushing power of the fierce destroyer; and, alas, many found a hasty and premature grave—dying like true men at their posts, as brave soldiers upon the contested field. Honored be their graves!

"A stampede has taken place among us," wrote one who remained at the post of duty. "Our city looks deserted. Thousands of people have fled. Panic has prevailed over the better judgment of our citizens; and business is almost entirely suspended.

"The circumstance of persons who can afford to travel, leaving their homes during the later months of summer, is of itself nothing; but when the sick are neglected, and death is induced by such neglect, the privilege of self-preservation is carried beyond all necessary rule."

God's chastening hand was upon the people. The cries of distress were heard; widows and orphans were multiplied; the wail of woe came out dolefully from the abodes of disease, poverty, and wretchedness, and died away upon the pestilent night-wind; and of suffering, want, and misery, there was more than we can tell. It was indeed a sad and gloomy period; and how much the calamity was increased in its intensity by the absence of religious friends, and the deprivation of their attention, consolatory instruction, counsel, and prayers, in the rooms where death claimed and seized his victims, many of whom died from neglect, we leave to the imagination of those who

sought and enjoyed a more salubrious climate and a less dangerous location. If conscience acquits them, perhaps no person should blame them. Let all, therefore, who are disposed to censure, cease from henceforth.

The indomitable and great-hearted Luther, when the plague broke out in Wittemburg, in 1516, 1527, and 1535, inspired by the true courage which faith in Christ alone can give, fearlessly looked death in the face, in its most terrible guise. Three times he remained in the midst of the danger, though earnestly urged to fly. "I hope," said he, "the world may stand, though Martin Luther fall. Here I must remain; I do not say this because I do not fear death—for I am not the Apostle Paul, but only his commentator—but I trust God will protect me from all my fears." When the greater number of the inhabitants had left, he said: "We are not alone; *Christ and your prayers are with us; also the holy angels, invisible, but powerful!* Let every one dispose his mind this way, if he be bound to remain and assist his fellow-men in their death-struggles, let him resign himself to God and say, 'Lord, I am in thy hands; thou hast fixed me here; thy will be done.'" "He administers the last consolations of religion to dying women in the

infected room; and the different degrees of the fear of death stalk along as a never-ending funeral train."

But take another example, one in which, perhaps, the power of Christian faith and love was not the moving cause. In 1793, when the yellow fever raged awfully in Philadelphia, Stephen Girard, the merchant with more than princely wealth, offered himself as a manager to superintend a hospital; and there he encouraged the sick, handed them medicine, wiped the sweat from their sallow brows, and performed even many disgusting offices of kindness for them, "which nothing could render tolerable but the exalted motive that impelled him to this heroic conduct."

We heard a minister, who did not prove recreant to the high and holy duties of his office, and who went willingly to the abodes of woe and death, say, that he found a woman soon after the commencement of the scourge, whose husband had just died of the fever. She, too, was attacked, and no one was there to nurse and comfort her. He looked out, and the neighbors had all gone—their doors and windows were closed. "Here," said she, "I must lie, and die alone." And there was a boy with the black vomit, and no one but his

little sister to attend him, during the slow and sad hours of a long night of pain and sorrow.

But many noble souls and great hearts remained, and their recompense will be great. They shrank not from their duty. They breathed the deadly breath of the pestilence; they visited the sick and the dying, and whispered sweet words of faith and consolation in the ears of the sufferers, whose thanks, and prayers, and blessings, will be remembered in time and eternity; and the faithful soldiers of the Cross who fell while doing their duty when most needed, fell gloriously, and their reward is unspeakable and eternal.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FEVER INCREASING—THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION ORGANIZED—THE SCOURGE IN PORTSMOUTH—THE STAMPEDE—THE TOWN DESERTED—THE PANIC—INTERCOURSE WITH OTHER PLACES PROHIBITED—INHOSPITALITY TOWARDS THE AFFLICTED CITIES—NOBLE CONDUCT OF THE CITIZENS OF NORTHAMPTON—MATTHEWS AND PRINCESS ANNE COUNTIES—FREDERICKSBURG—GOVERNOR WISE INVITES THE PEOPLE TO COME OVER TO HIS HOME IN ACCOMAC.

On the 10th, the report of the Board of Health showed an increase of new cases, but all were traced to Barry's Row, and the deaths, with one exception, were of persons removed therefrom. This is confirmed by the statement of the Secretary of the Board of Health, made at that time.

At this date, a meeting of some of the citizens was held, and a society was formed and called the Howard Association. Its chief objects were to procure and furnish a hospital, to provide for and relieve the sick, and bury the dead. William B. Ferguson was elected President; J. I. Bloodgood, Vice-President; James A. Saunders, Secretary; and R. W. Bowden, Treasurer. Several thousand dol-

lars were immediately subscribed by the citizens; but the Association was not fully organized for several weeks.

"The disease," wrote a gentleman in Portsmouth, "is confined to no locality, but, in my opinion, extends to every part of the town. When taken into connection with the morality, the infrequency of the disease, our bad state of preparation to meet it, the alarm it has created, and the immense numbers who have fled, I question if any community has been more badly scourged and afflicted. The whole surrounding country is overrun—private houses, barns, kitchens, schoolhouses, churches, tents, cabins and other kinds of shelter, are all crammed.

"I greatly apprehend that when the mortality of those who have fled and those remaining, shall be correctly summed up, it will be found far greater among the former than the latter. The emigration has left us a deserted town—entire streets have only one or two families remaining, districts are depopulated, hotels and stores closed, business suspended, and society disrupted. Poor Portsmouth! She presents a sad and desolate appearance, and some time must elapse before she can recover from the severe shock that has prostrated her."

The panic at home and abroad had now amounted

almost to a mania. The fever of 1821 and 1826, and the cholera of 1832 caused an alarming mortality; but on neither occasion was the panic comparable to what it was in August, 1855.

"On neither of those occasions," wrote the editor of the *Herald*, "was our intercourse with other towns interdicted. The James river and Bay boats ran without restrictions, and even the New York packets were subjected to nothing more than a brief examination. Contrast this with the stoppage of all intercourse with Old Point, Hampton, the James river towns, Suffolk, Weldon, Elizabeth City, Edenton, etc., and then say whether the result shows a march, or a retrograde of intellect."

"We have been treated," said the editor of the *Argus*, "with an inhospitality heretofore unknown in Virginia, in having almost every outlet from the place barricaded against us. Our citizens, who have gone to other retreats for safety (though free from disease themselves), have been, in many instances, inhumanly thrust back upon our borders. Our soldiers have been ordered to arm against the diseased and the afflicted. Our legitimate trade has been rudely interdicted. Our supplies of things, even needful for our daily uses, have been recklessly stopped. The mandates of Christianity have

been suspended by a sort of general outside consent, and we have been penned up, for aught that our neighbors (with a few splendid exceptions), have manifested, to die and rot!

* * * * *

"But in these days of depression, loneliness, and sorrow, occasioned by prevailing disease, mortality and desertion, the following resolutions from 'the sea-girt isle' come across our spirit like a breath from Paradise—redeeming, vivifying! We could *weep* for very gratitude:"

"At a meeting of a large portion of the citizens of Northampton County, held at the Court-house on Monday, the 13th inst., Dr. Thomas F. Spady was called to the Chair, and J. R. Harmanson was appointed Secretary.

"William T. Fitchett, Esq., stated the object of the meeting, and concluded by moving that the Chair appoint a committee of six to report suitable resolutions to the meeting.

"The following gentlemen were thereupon appointed by the Chair: Wm. T. Fitchett, Dr. Thomas J. L. L. Nottingham, Col. Benjamin S. Dalby, Nathaniel H. Fisher, Edward W. Nottingham, and Thomas R. Jarvis, who reported, through their

Chairman, the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That we have heard, with deep regret, the accounts of suffering from disease and panic that exists in the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth. We hereby tender to those people the assurance of our sincere and heart-felt sympathy.

"Resolved, That, 'let others do as they may,' we cannot consent to practice upon a code of humanity that would weigh a remote and contingent danger to ourselves against positive suffering, and probable destruction, to our neighbors. The stranger, flying from pestilence, will find our little county still open to him as a place of refuge, and our citizens disposed to render all the courtesy and kindness that their limited means will allow.

"Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Norfolk and Portsmouth papers.

"THOMAS F. SPADY, *Chairman.*
"J. R. HARMANSON, *Secretary.*"

The following letter was received, at this period, from our able and talented townsman, Dr. Simkins, whose ill health and sick relatives compelled him, reluctantly, to be absent from the city:

EASTVILLE, August 13th.

A. F. LEONARD, ESQ., *Editor of the Argus:*

Dear Sir:—I write hurriedly from the little Court village of Northampton, to say, thank God, for the honor of my native county! A large and enthusiastic gathering of her citizens has just been held, and they have declared, emphatically, against non-intercourse with your unfortunate city. Her portals and the hearts of her people are thrown wide open to you all.

Here, the panic-stricken stranger may find a temporary home, and a refuge from the noxious airs that hang around his own devoted domicile. Women and children, flying from the pestilence "that wasteth at noon day," are not to be turned from the doors

of this gallant and hospitable people. Their Anglo-Saxon blood —almost untainted through a living lapse of two hundred years— rose up in rebellion at the thought.

Most of the taverns here are already full; but many private houses are being thrown open to receive and welcome the fugitive population of your town, and still they are willing to encourage the migration hither. Yet there is room on the little "sea-girt isle"—still ampler room in the hearts and at the hearthstones of her people! It gives me unfeigned pleasure to record these facts, so creditable to poor, frail, selfish humanity. They constitute the bright and balmy spots of human character—dew and sunshine on the desert of time, over which avarice and evil passion have so long breathed their wilting breath.

But enough of this moralizing. I may write again from my fisherman's hut upon the Atlantic shore, the humble accommodations of which you, or any moderate number of our friends, are welcomed to share. There, aldermanic sheep's-heads and grass-fed hog fish are "plenty as blackberries." There the sea breeze and the surf-bathing may be enjoyed "without money and without price." Yours, truly,

J. J. Simkins.

Similar humane measures were also taken in Fredericksburg, Matthews county, etc.; and there were some instances of whole-souled generosity in good old Princess Anne. We take pleasure in mentioning the handsome and truly noble and Christian conduct of John J. Burroughs, Esq., of the latter county.

"In the same gallant spirit which prompted the noble resolutions of the Northampton people, Virginia's son, Henry A. Wise, fitted up his dwelling-house, barns, and every other place of shelter, and

cordially invited the afflicted communities to come there, assuring them that they should be welcome. Other gentlemen of that neighborhood followed his example, and their kind offers have, doubtless, been accepted by many.

"When it became known on the eastern shore of Virginia that the residents of Norfolk and Portsmouth were flying from their homes, and that other sections of country were driving them away, the 'sea-girt peninsula' greeted those who came to her shores with a hearty welcome. Carriages, wagons, carts, and vehicles of all kinds, were ready at the landing whenever the steamer arrived from Norfolk, to convey the refugees to hospitable homes." "Tell them," said Wise, "to come on, that we have open hearts and houses to receive them."

CHAPTER IX.

MISS ANDREWS ARRIVES, AND OFFERS HER SERVICES AS NURSE FOR THE SICK—ARRIVAL OF PHYSICIANS AND NURSES—THE DISEASE RAGES AWFULLY, AND BECOMES EPIDEMIC THROUGHOUT THE CITY—NATURE AND SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE—THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION OF NORFOLK, AND THE RELIEF COMMITTEE OF PORTSMOUTH—FRIGHTFUL MORTALITY—HASTY BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

On the 16th of August, Miss Annie M. Andrews, a young lady from Syracuse, N. Y., and formerly of Louisiana, arrived in our city, and offered herself to Mayor Woodis, to nurse the sick. She immediately entered upon her martyr-like labors at the hospital, in the true spirit of self-sacrificing, generous, and heroic devotion to the cause of human suffering; and hither she was soon followed by others, whose kind attention to the sick and suffering will ever be gratefully remembered.

During the month of September, a large number of physicians and nurses arrived from New Orleans, Charleston, Mobile, Savannah, Richmond, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc., and commenced their noble efforts to relieve the distressed, and assist in the arduous duties of alleviating the suffering of the diseased.

The fever continued to rage with increasing violence in the two towns. "It is now conceded," said an observant writer, "by all our physicians, that the fever has become epidemic throughout the entire city, and that no part, even to some distance beyond the suburbs, is exempt from the infection. As a proof of this, independent of the new cases that are occurring in every quarter, every one, almost without exception, complains of occasional nausea and wandering pains in the head, back, and limbs. Some constitutions may go through the season of acclimation with this slight affection, while others, whose systems are weaker or more predisposed to the disease, will have to succumb and pass through the crisis of the fever. Another characteristic of the epidemic is, that almost every countenance is tinged with a sickly, sallow hue, plainly showing the deleterious effects of the poisonous malaria constantly inhaled. Yellow fever is certainly one of the strangest diseases that mortal flesh is heir to; its attacks are more varied, and it assumes more protean forms and sudden changes, during the progress of the disease, than any other. Generally, it comes on with a chill and severe pain in the head, just over the eyes, and back. Then, again, very little

pain will be felt, and the patient will go about until his body gives way from feelings of exhaustion, and he goes to bed to fall into a comatose state, and so die. His pulse, singular to say, in the meanwhile, until within a short time of his death, will be as strong and regular as that of a well man; and he will lay quietly, like one in a drowsy state from the effects of morphine." On the 24th of August there were at least 500 cases in Norfolk, and six apothecary establishments were driving a large business, working day and night, with all the force the proprietors could command; and on the 25th there were about forty burials.

The Howard Association, of Norfolk, and the Relief Committee, of Portsmouth, had been fully organized, and had commenced their career of immense usefulness. The great utility of these timely organizations, was strikingly apparent. The citizens of Norfolk were soon falling at the fearful rate of 60, 70, and even 80 per day, and of from 20 to 30 in Portsmouth. It was then that some were appalled and chilled with fright, while others were apparently callous, careless, and reckless, and went about the work of boxing up and removing the dead, with but little appearance of fear or agitation.

CHAPTER X.

DONATIONS FROM ABROAD—OFFICERS OF THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION—THE FURY OF THE SCOURGE—THE HOSPITAL AT LAMBERT'S POINT—DR. WILSON—TRUE HEROISM—PROVISIONS GETTING SCARCE—THE MARKET—DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY AT NIGHT—INCIDENTS OF THE PESTILENCE—THE DYING AND THE DEAD.

At this time the donations from abroad were very liberal. Too much can scarcely be said in commendation of those cities and individuals that so generously afforded aid in this time of death, disease, and desolation, and of the faithful and judicious manner in which the active and indefatigable members of the Howard Association accomplished the benevolent objects intended to be effected by the contributions received.

The following list of the officers of the Howard Association was published in the latter part of August:

William B. Ferguson, *President.*
James I. Bloodgood, *Vice-President.*
Robert W. Bowden, *Treasurer.*
James A. Saunders, *Secretary.*
Dulton Wheeler, *Assist. Secretary.*

William M. Wilson, *Resident Physician.*

W. H. Freeman, Thomas Penniston, and De Castro, *Assistant Physicians.*

Robert W. Rose, Francis L. Higgins, George L. Upshur, *Visiting Physicians.*

William H. Garnett, Augustus B. Cooke, the former engaged by the Association, and the latter by the Board of Health, assistants to the Mayor, in removing the sick to the Hospital.

Thomas M. Martin, Thomas H. Beveridge, *Conductors.*

J. A. Kirkpatrick, W. A. Graves, A. Dorney, Richard Gatewood, Jr., Marshall Ott, receivers, etc., of orders for provisions, etc.

Nurses.—Captain Boyd, H. Dodds, Caroline Hinson, Julia Partington, P. Handy, A. Baum, E. Tremayne, C. Weaver, Margaret A. Stewart, Caroline Henderson, David Swindle, R. Brumley, Miss Annie M. Andrews, and six Sisters of Charity.

William Hinchman, driver of provision wagon.

John Cavanaugh, Captain of sick lighter.

Trainer, waterman at the Hospital.

W. D. Seymour, E. and John Delany, R. Woodward, J. K. Hodges, John T. Elliot, William F. Tyler, and several others, keepers of provision-store.

Of course there were many additions and changes, owing to sickness and death. Many others were subsequently connected with the Association. After the death of Mr. Ferguson, President, A. B. Cooke was elected to fill the vacancy, and Isaiah Cherry was chosen Secretary.

The fury of the scourge was now exerted and felt in all its scathing power, and fortunate it was that measures had been adopted to provide for the sick.

"We had assisted," said the editor of the *Argus*, in an article on the Hospital at Lambert's Point, and the Howard Association, "in putting a newly-arrived patient to bed; and, as we left him, with three Sisters of Charity around him, smoothing his pillow, and administering to his comfort, and judicious medical attendance at hand, he remarked to us, with a gratified smile, 'I would rather be here than anywhere else.'

"Dr. William M. Wilson, the resident physician, is a gentleman of talent, and enlarged experience. We have known him from boyhood, and his self-devotion to the cause of philanthropy in the day of pestilence is of a piece with all his antecedents.

"The Howard Association (under whose supervision the Hospital is conducted) are doing *all that men can do* at this crisis. Indeed, the only busy place in our paralyzed city is the office of the Association. From early morning till late at night are these heroic citizens closely occupied in dispensing charity, furnishing medicines, sustenance, and nursing and moving the sick. Our fear is that these martyrs in the cause will break themselves down; for they are toiling without the prospect of any relief, of any Samaritans to take their places, when they may sink down exhausted. We have lived out

half the space allotted to man for the period of his pilgrimage, and have traversed many a league of the surface of the habitable globe, but we have never before been eye-witness to such universal calamity as is now around us!"

Provisions of every kind were now exceedingly scarce, or rather they were not to be had from any other source than the store-house of the Howard Association in Norfolk, and from the Relief Committee of Portsmouth, for the stores were closed, and the owners absent. "Our market," wrote one who remained at the post of duty, "must be numbered among the signs of the forlorn and desolate condition which our city is realizing. The country people have deserted us entirely. A few servants from the vicinity, with their scanty supplies of cabbage, tomatoes, corn-field peas, okra, and herbs, are its only purveyors. We have none with poultry (save an occasional huckster or two), and no other sign of the produce of the farm-yard —no melons, no peaches worthy of the name—nor any other kind of fruit, save a few of the very commonest sort of apples, which grow without culture. We had no idea before, that at this season, when the whole country is teeming with horticultural abundance, that it was possible for our market to

exhibit such evidences of poverty. In a word, to pass through it as it was on Friday morning, we know of nothing better calculated to dampen the physical energies, and create a nervous sensation, than a view of such destitution as it exhibited. Thanks to the butchers, they continue to appear at their posts, and if their supplies are scanty, they suffice for the small demand in their line; and thanks, also, to the few fishermen who regularly attend to our wants in *their line*."

The city presented a universal scene of destitution and desertion; but its appearance at night was, perhaps, more gloomy and distressing than in the day-time. The dwellings, as well as the stores, were all closed and dark. The dogs banded themselves together, howled dolefully, and prowled about silently, as if aware that something sad and unusual was going on, and in search of their masters and of food. At an hour when, in other days, the piazzas and streets would present life, health, and gayety, the sound of a human footstep was not heard, and a familiar voice was something cheering to the heart.

One night, as the writer walked through Main and other principal streets, a dark and lowering cloud had just passed over, and the moon

shone with unusual brightness, lighting up fully the deserted avenues and fashionable promenades, mocking, as it were, the scene of desolation below. Our spacious harbor, smooth as glass, and cleared of vessels, steamers, and sail-boats, reflected the moon's mild rays, and seemed more beautiful than ever. But, as we passed along, we heard the distinct words of inconsolable grief, uttered by the bereaved. Death had been in and dealt his blow, the victims had fallen, the remains had been hastily conveyed away, and sorrowing relatives and friends were weeping, and telling of their loss, in words that were full of affection, and deep meaning. We passed on, sad and gloomy enough. But soon there were other sounds that "held us delaying." We mention only one affecting case. On one of the principal streets, the windows of the second story of a house were all up; lights were burning, and nurses were busy around a bed that stood in sight, and the groans of the dying that fell upon our ear, will, perhaps, never be forgotten. We knew from the struggle that nature seemed to be making, that life was fast ebbing out. The sound was too heart-rending and unpleasant to bear, and we passed on again. The following morning, as we passed by, we were informed that

the struggle was over. Death had accomplished his purpose. The conflict had ended. The victims were still, breathless, dead. A fond mother and her son lay in the stirless slumber of death, side by side, on the same death-bed. Soon the busy undertaker was there, and then the mother and her child were hurried out to the graveyard, where they rest together, in deep, sepulchral stillness.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FEVER IN PORTSMOUTH—THE TOWN BEFORE THE FEVER—THE INFECTED VESSEL—THE WEATHER—HELP FROM ABROAD—NOBLE CONDUCT—THE TRANSCRIPT OFFICE CLOSES—PROMINENT LABORERS AMONG THE SICK AND DEAD—TRUE HEROISM—THE NAVY YARD.

In Portsmouth similar scenes of woe, desolation, and death were witnessed.

"It could answer no beneficial purpose," wrote the editor of the *Transcript*, August 23rd, "to attempt to conceal or cover up from the public gaze the state of things now existing, and the present melancholy condition of our town. But a brief period has elapsed, since it was the favored resort of many, as a chosen spot, for its salubrious and enviable position, and as affording inducements sufficient to allure a brief sojourn among us. Then, we anticipated a prosperous future, and were, indeed, highly blessed by an All-wise Providence in the enjoyment of all those temporal privileges and advantages which man is accustomed to regard as such. How changed are our circumstances!

An infected vessel is allowed, by the authorities to whom such power was delegated by the people, to come up into the harbor and at one of our wharves, and devastation and ruin are spread with a broadcast hand, throughout a community which might have previously challenged comparison with any of its neighbors as to health and cleanliness. But we cannot delay here to discuss this grave matter, but must leave it for the future, and when the desolating scourge by which we are afflicted shall be removed by the fiat of God, speaking through and by the *objective* laws which he has impressed upon the outward world.

"The disease does not seem to abate either in the number of its victims or in the virulence of its attacks. On Saturday last, and for a day or two following, the temperature was most unseasonable, and there set in from the northward and eastward a cool, disagreeable wind, which rendered winter clothing comfortable. The thermometer within doors ranged some degrees below 70. It was this sudden and continued change in our temperature here, that resulted in a largely increased number of cases. Our medical attendance is becoming precarious. Already two of our most prominent physicians have been taken to the

United States Naval Hospital—while another practitioner has been stricken down by the pestilence. But one out of the three drug establishments in our midst is kept open—two having been closed for want of some one, we presume, to attend in them, their proprietors having left town. But in the midst of all the discouragements by which we are surrounded, we are not without the sympathies of our friends—both adjacent to us and those who may be regarded as abroad. Help, substantial help, is pouring in from every quarter, in the shape of provisions and money—so that the laps of the poor and suffering of our remaining population are daily filled with the necessaries of life, by which their present existence is at least rendered comparatively comfortable. Our sister towns and cities, as well as New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, are nobly responding to the appeals of humanity, and call forth, in throbs of feeling, our cordial gratitude. We have, too, a few active men among us who remain at their posts, both of public duty and to minister to the wants of the needy and dying. One of these, we are pained to record, was stricken down on Monday afternoon, after a brief illness. This man among us was Captain George Chambers. Active,

energetic, benevolent, he had been engaged for days previously in superintending the removal of the sick to the Naval Hospital. He now lies in the cold and silent grave! Peace be to him! He was a most useful public man, whose place cannot easily be supplied. We cannot neglect here to name two of those who now remain among us, and who are actively engaged in ministering to the present necessities of our people. Colonel Winchester Watts, President of the Common Council, continues actively employed in responding to various letters from abroad, and in ministering to the wants of the needy. James G. Holladay, Esq., has been a most useful citizen, thoroughly fearless and indefatigable in his humane exertions. Others of our citizens might also be named, who have manfully stood to their posts in this hour of trial; but we pass them by for the present, reserving to ourself the privilege for a future and more appropriate opportunity—with one exception.

"We do not know what our community would have done without Hezekiah Stoakes, former mayor of the town. He has been engaged incessantly in meeting the exigencies of these trying times. James W. Matthews, the Town Sergeant, has also

been, in season and out of season, actively and energetically engaged in the performance of his accumulated and responsible duties.

"Meantime the fever rages, and is on the increase. With these remarks, descriptive of our town and its present condition, we are forced to close—limited as we are for aid in our office, and having been compelled to work at the press ourself, in throwing off the last issue. We have but one compositor remaining with us, and his name is R. B. McDonnald."

During the fearful reign of the pestilence in Portsmouth, there were many instances of self-sacrificing devotion in relieving the sick and the suffering, and burying the dead, that well deserve to be publicly noticed, and remembered with the most grateful feelings. But there was a period of about three weeks, when the pitiless death-storm raged so dreadfully, that the stoutest of the great hearts trembled with fear. The disease seemed to spare none. The death-dealing breath of the pestilence swept through the thickest part of the town, and the people fell before it, like soldiers fiercely charged upon by overpowering combatants in the hottest rage of battle. The dead lay unburied upon the soiled beds, and sometimes the

black blood of the parent mingled with that of the child. The most active and diligent members of the Sanitary Committee were either sick or dead. But there were a faithful, undaunted, unflinching few, that were not touched by the shafts that flew every way, from the bow held, as it were, in the "fleshless hand" of the grim and relentless rider upon the "pale horse."

The conduct of Mr. Wm. Brown, a quarter-man in the yard, familiarly called "Sweet William," was most praiseworthy, and, indeed, remarkable. By night and day, he was seen hurrying in every direction; administering to the wants of the sick; going in the infected rooms; shrouding the dead, and assisting the undertakers in burying the putrefying corpses. When many of his companions in the humane and hazardous work had fallen, he was still faithful to his mission, and worked manfully through the whole period of terror, unharmed, except by fatigue, as if protected by some charm withheld from the rest.

It should be noted, too, that Holt Wilson, Esq., cashier of the Virginia Bank, remained at his post, managing the monetary affairs of the Relief Committee, in a prompt and most faithful manner—rendering service of incalculable value to his

suffering fellow-citizens, and for which they are justly grateful.

It was a subject, too, of just commendation, that Miss L. Bourk, an estimable lady of Portsmouth, was exceedingly efficient and immensely useful in her efforts to alleviate the suffering—working diligently among the sick, not only in her own town, but also rendering most important aid to her diseased and dying relations in Norfolk, during the worst of the pestilential scourge. But there were others in both towns, who were distinguished for conduct that has made their names dear to the people.

"Mr. Hartt, the able Naval Constructor in the Navy Yard," wrote an eye-witness, "passed through the thickest of the fight, unscathed, leading where any dared follow—being both night and day engaged in attending to the wants of the living, and burying the dead. Appropriate name is his; for a bigger or more benevolent *heart* does not animate the form of man. When we see a man who could leave, with little or no pecuniary sacrifice, battling with such an insidious enemy, and seeking only to do good, we cannot refrain from speaking of it, though conscious of our inability to do him justice.

"The other officers of the yard are worthy of the trusts committed to them, and manifested a devotion to duty and regard for the suffering not to be surpassed.

"Such a corps of naval officers as we have, are an ornament to their profession, and have the respect and gratitude of the survivors of a dread calamity.

"Of the eleven civil officers who remained steadfast to their duty, seven have fallen:—N. N. Tatam, Timber Inspector, recently appointed; Patrick Williams, Master House-joiner; John Vermilion, Master Boat-builder; John B. Davis, Master Spar-maker; Richard Williams, Master Mason; Charles Myers, Master Plumber; Charles Cassels, Master Sailmaker. The families of some of these gentlemen are almost broken up; only a son in Mr. P. Williams's family is left. Four grown and interesting daughters soon followed their father.

"But I cannot particularize in speaking of these; they were all good citizens, husbands, and fathers, reflecting honor upon their profession, and faithful to the duties devolved upon them.

"All the departments in the yard suffered severely. The spar-makers lost seven out of twelve who remained. The smithery, out of some thirty-four

who remained, lost nineteen. I do not know how to account for this great mortality among this class of mechanics.

"When Mr. Allen, the head of the department, was taken sick, Mr. Green was acting foreman. And he, too, the next day, was stricken down. Then, Mr. Totterdill, Mr. Ballentine, and Mr. Snead, and each, in rapid succession, fell at his post, and all, except Mr. Allen and Mr. Snead, quickly followed one another to the grave! Fearful, indeed, were the inroads of this fatal malady; and long will the memory of these men be cherished by their shop-mates! They were all men of generous impulses and unsullied character."

CHAPTER XII.

ADDRESS IN BEHALF OF THE ORPHANS—THE PHYSICIANS—THE CLERGY—COMMODORE MC KEEVER—MEETING OF PHYSICIANS—RESOLUTIONS—LETTER FROM THE ACTING MAYOR—THE U. S. NAVAL HOSPITAL—DEATH AND COFFINS—THE COUNCIL OF PORTSMOUTH—THE MAYOR OF THE TOWN ILL OF THE FEVER.

The Rev. W. H. Milburn, formerly Chaplain to Congress, made an eloquent address to a meeting held in New York, to adopt measures to relieve the orphans at Norfolk and Portsmouth. He thus spoke of the medical profession and the clergy:

"Need I allude, upon an occasion like this, to the self-devotion, to the heroic self-forgetfulness of that profession which claims at our hands, and at the hands of the world, such unmixed praise and homage? I mean the medical profession. They may tell us of their heroes with their laurels dipped in blood from all the battle-fields of the earth; but I tell you, sir, there have been scenes transpiring—there have been characters developed—there has been conduct displayed yonder at Norfolk and Portsmouth, and in all the cities of the smitten South, that, when justly and rightly viewed, should overwhelm, and distance, and darken all your heroes of battle-fields, and all your conquerors in the triumphs. Let it be remembered, that in those two smitten cities twenty-six members of that profession have fallen martyrs to humanity. But let me allude to another class. It is very much in vogue just at this time to speak with a sort of patronizing contempt of the clergy—to allude to them as a set of

people whose characteristic is, as Sydney Smith expressed it, 'decent disability.' They are to be looked upon as a very well-meaning and innocent set of men, who, if they are not doing much good, are certainly not doing much harm. Let those men, if they want to know what the clergy of his country are, go to those cities of the pestilence, and see them in the hovels of starvation and squalor—in the graveyards from sunrise till midnight —seeking to give the obsequies of religion to the dead, and comfort and consolation to the mourners—Catholic and Protestant, side by side, in that awful hour of extremity, and tell me whether 'decent disability' is their characteristic?"

The Rev. Samuel Osgood also addressed the meeting, and alluded to a class of persons very efficient in this pestilence—the public officers of the government. "The United States service," he said, "has been nobly represented in Norfolk. The Navy Yard in Portsmouth is in the charge of one who unites all the virtues of man with all the heroism of a sailor. The chief of that Navy Yard has been distinguished by many eminent services in his life. He had once gone on a hostile island unarmed, with nothing but the flag of his country to protect him; but he had attained a greater victory by governing his men by love, not the lash. And now he had signalized his manhood in the time of pestilence."*

* Commodore McKeever. He has since died, greatly lamented by thousands who knew his great worth of character and nobleness of soul.

September 25th a meeting of medical men was held, the proceedings of which we give below.

Dr. Williman, from Charleston, S. C., was called to the chair; and Dr. West, from New York, appointed Secretary.

The object of the meeting was stated, by the Chairman, to be for the purpose of fixing upon a day when the delegations of stranger medical men might with propriety be enabled to leave Norfolk, and return to their respective homes.

"During a few days past, a cool and delightful change has come over the pestilential atmosphere of the city, and a current report prevailed that many physicians and nurses were becoming idle. The experience of the Chairman, added to that of other Southern medical gentlemen, gives reason to believe in a rapid and approaching decline in the epidemic disease which has now desolated this population.

"It has always been remarked, that towards the first of October, in Southern cities, a manifest abatement in the number of sick is observable. Already the prevalence of this epidemic is of long continuance. This circumstance, together with the fact of an atmosphere now much purified, and the more important consideration that most of the

inhabitants have suffered illness, favors the supposition of early restoration to health.

"Upon such views, it might be predicted that foreign medical aid would not long be a necessity, and that such members of the profession as desired to leave the scene of their recent labors, could now quit them with satisfaction."

On motion of Dr. Read, from Savannah, it was

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to wait upon the Mayor, and inform him that October 1st be the day when stranger medical gentlemen, who have been on duty in Norfolk, propose to leave this city.

On motion of Dr. Freeman, from Philadelphia, it was

Resolved, That all absentees be notified through the Howard Association, to remain away from Norfolk until physicians resident here shall give them information that it is safe to return. Also that the city authorities of Norfolk be entreated to give a thorough and systematic ventilation to all residences and shops which have been closed during a month or two past; and that such ventilation be not commenced sooner than the 10th day of October next.

Upon inquiry by the Chairman, it was ascertained that only sixteen new cases of fever had been developed during the past day, in the practice of nine physicians, who were present.

On motion of Dr. Read, it was

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to write out the minutes of the meeting in due form; and that the Chairman

embody the same in a letter, and forward the same to the Mayor of Norfolk.

On motion of Dr. Read, it was

Resolved, That such States or cities as had sent delegates to Norfolk, at any time during the course of the epidemic, should receive honorable mention.

Norfolk, Sept. 27th, 1855.

Dr. A. B. Williman, Chairman, etc.

Dear Sir :—I have received from you the minutes of a meeting, on Tuesday evening, of the physicians from abroad, who have ministered to the sufferings of our afflicted people during this season of pestilence, notifying me, as the acting Mayor of the city, of their belief in a rapid and approaching decline in the epidemic disease which has devastated our population, and of their appointment of the first of October next as the day when they might, with propriety, leave Norfolk for their respective homes.

The proposed departure of yourself and your gallant associates from the field, where you have battled so bravely against the monster death in its most hideous forms, is indeed, "confirmation strong," that the unwonted energies of the dreadful enemy are fast failing. The spirit that prompted you to your work of martyrdom would retain you at your posts so long as there might be aught to be accomplished.

It is, indeed, a matter for rejoicing, that the plague is at length in a degree stayed. Though disease has entered every abode in our afflicted city; though "the pestilence" has walked "in darkness," and "the sickness" destroyed "in the daytime;" though the arrows of death have chosen the proudest and the dearest among us for victims; though many have felt, for the time, in their bereavements, that all of earth's blessings were lost to them —yet, for the sake of the remaining few of our scanty population—for the sake of the infant, the orphan, the needy, and those who have a new weight of duty imposed upon them—for the sake of thousands who are exiled from their still dear and once happy homes, and, I may add, for the sake of you, who have been con-

tending, with daily diminishing numbers, against the death-thrusts of the foe, away from your families and firesides, your pleasures and your interests cheered on solely by the consciousness of doing good, on behalf of the helpless and the stranger, it is a matter of congratulation to each other, and of thankfulness to Almighty God, that the rage of the epidemic has almost ceased within our limits.

The annals of our civilization furnish no authentic record of a visitation of disease as awfully severe as that which we have just encountered. Out of an average population of some six thousand souls (much the larger portion of whom were negroes—a class less liable than the whites to the fever in its more fatal forms), about two thousand have fallen—a proportion of nearly one to three—and but few have escaped an attack of the disease. We are now a community of convalescents.

Had we not received material aid from abroad—had not the different portions of our country sent their heroic delegations of physicians, nurses, and stalwart co-laborers — had not noble spirits volunteered to the rescue (to die, if need be, like Curtius, for Rome), our people must have sunk beneath the burden of their agony. There was a period, about the 1st of September, when the evil seemed greater than we could bear. Corpses lay unburied– the sick unvisited—the dying unaneled. Our surviving physicians were either sickening or becoming exhausted; our remaining population was panic-struck at the sight of accumulating horrors and duties. You, who visited us for our relief, were astounded at the unrealized state of things which you found here—at evils the like of which you had never before witnessed. But nerving yourselves to the task, and telegraphing for reserves, you went resolutely forward with your science and its accompaniments, carrying aid where it was most needed, and infusing vigor into many hearts that would otherwise soon have ceased their painful throbbings.

Your noble bands, too, have experienced a worse than decimation, though many of you were acclimated to the disease in other latitudes before coming hither. A list, which has been carefully prepared from the original entries, and handed to me

by Franklin H. Clack, Esq., of New Orleans (our efficient temporary Chief of Police), shows that, out of eighty-seven physicians and assistants who visited us during the space of thirty-three days preceding the 19th inst., twenty physicians are numbered with the dead! This is exclusive of the mortality among our resident physicians, more than half of those abiding here having died! No better evidence of the pure self-devotion, of the martyr-like spirit, which has actuated your Samaritan associations in hastening to our relief, can be furnished.

The recommendations of your meeting, concerning a thorough and seasonable ventilation of the dwellings and stores which have been so long closed among us, and other matters requisite to prevent the continuance or recurrence of the dreadful pestilence, will be scrupulously and thankfully carried out by the authorities; and, should you see fit hereafter to recommend any special system of quarantine, your suggestions would be most gladly received.

In conclusion, allow me to express my regret that the assiduous devotion of yourself and co-laborers to the solemn duties which you assumed, the early day which you have fixed upon for departing, and the forlorn condition to which our remaining families are reduced, prevent the majority of our citizens from making more than slight individual manifestations of the profound gratitude which they cannot fail always to cherish; and from giving such united expressions to their feelings as would be agreeable to them, and, I trust, not unacceptable to yourselves.

Be pleased to accept, sir, for yourself and the bands of heroes whom you represent, the assurance of my warmest gratitude and high personal esteem.

Yours, very respectfully,

N. C. Whitehead, J. P.,
Acting Mayor of Norfolk.

On motion of the Chairman, it was

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be returned to the Howard Association of Norfolk for the facilities which have

been extended by them to us in the conduct of our medical practice.

On motion of Dr. Read, the meeting then adjourned.

A. B. WILLIMAN, Chairman.

Dr. West, Secretary.

Norfolk, Sept. 25th, 1855.

On the 29th August, the Portsmouth *Transcript* contained the following statement:

"We do not know what would have been the extent of the mortality and misery, had not the Council succeeded in obtaining the use of the United States Naval Hospital in the present emergency. To the President of the United States, as well as to the able and humane report of Surgeon Whelan, Chief of the Medical Bureau, we are mainly indebted. The Commodore of the Yard here, too, has afforded every facility in supplying the demand for coffins, which Mr. Stoakes could not wholly meet.

"Death—death—and red coffins are the sole subjects of contemplation and objects of sight at present in our community.

"Our Council is without a quorum, and those of them who remain, coöperated with by a few citizens, have undertaken the management of affairs. The wants of the needy are supplied, and the sick and dying attended to, as well as our distressing position and circumstances allow.

"Our Mayor is now confined to his bed with the prevailing epidemic."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIRST WEEK IN SEPTEMBER—FEARFUL MORTALITY—ACCUMULATION OF CORPSES—INCIDENTS OF THE PESTILENCE—LAMENTATION AND MOURNING — THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH-BED AND GRAVE—THE RAPID WORK OF DEATH AND BURIAL—PROMISCUOUS INTERMENT—AWFUL STATE OF AFFAIRS—THE PUTREFYING CORPSES LIE UNBURIED—DEATH DOING HIS WORK FEARFULLY AT NIGHT—THE ROLL OF DEATH.

About the 1st of September, the scourge attained its most appalling fury in Norfolk. Long will that period of terror and death, the first week in September, be remembered by those who had not fled from the pestilence. The fever had assumed its most fatal type, and had reached the centre and most populous part of the city. Bermuda Street was like one great hospital; every house had its sick, or dead. On Briggs' Point, the most eastern portion of the city, the people were dying by the dozen per day, and in a space of considerable width, and extending thence across to the western limits, people of every class were falling like withered leaves shaken by the winds in autumn time. It was a time of intense excite-

ment and consternation. It was too late to fly; for those who fled as certainly fell as the bird fatally wounded by the fowler's shot. They arrived in Richmond, Petersburg, Hampton, and elsewhere; but the venom had entered the blood, and they lay down but to die. Here there were five hundred cases, and the number of deaths at one time reached eighty in twenty-four hours, in our small remaining population! The corpses accumulated so rapidly that coffins could not be supplied for them. The hearses were driven rapidly out to the grave-yards with two, three, and four at a load, and the coffined dead were piled up on the ground awaiting the opening of the graves and pits, by the insufficient force at work with the spade, the hoe, and the shovel. In that memorable week, four hundred of the citizens of Norfolk were buried! There was no time for ceremony; the work of shrouding, coffining or boxing up, and hurrying the putrefying corpses to the places of burial, and of covering up the dead, went on hastily and fearfully by day and night. But the heart shudders at the thought of the appalling scenes that were witnessed during the entire months of August, September, and October.

There were incidents occurring daily and night-

ly, possessing the most thrilling interest. Exciting dramas were enacted in the chambers over which the death-angel hovered and flapped his raven wings, and in which were breathed the fatal mildew vapors that poisoned the heart-blood of the occupants. In those infected rooms where Death entered, and so hastily and imperatively claimed his victims, there were most impressive lessons of wisdom imparted to the living. There were uttered words of fearful, and, also, of most pleasing import, confirmatory of the solemn truths of the Bible—of the eternal misery of the impenitent dead, and of the unending joys of the departed Christian. Deep groans fell upon the ear like the last lingering, dying wail of the lost, when the attendant angel of hope has plumed and lifted her swift wings for her final and reluctant flight, and the scowling demon of dark despair broods over the soul. The shrill cries of orphanage, and the heart-rending complainings of premature widowhood, were heard at the deep midnight hour; and affection's copious, gushing, burning tears were shed. There were mothers who, like Rachel, wept for their children, and refused to be comforted, because they were not. Lamentations came welling up from the great deep of maternal hearts that

throbbed and quivered with emotion, and wrung with inexpressible anguish, while the work of death, and coffining, and wagoning, went on so fearfully, and the business of sepulture progressed so rapidly, by sun-light, moon-light, and torch-light.

But there were incidents, too, of pleasing interest, on which the mind of the Christian may dwell with pleasurable emotion. For some, the dread pestilence, that went forth in darkness and wasted at noon day, possessed no power to affright, death no sting, the cold, damp grave no victory, boundless eternity—untried by the living, and still unknown to the dying—no fears, producing no alarm in the calm, quiet, peaceful minds of the pious victims of the scourge, redeemed and saved by faith alone, in the precious blood of the "Lamb that was slain." Safely and confidently trusting in the merits of a crucified Saviour, they passed joyfully and triumphantly through the "dark valley," or launched out fearlessly upon Jordan's cold waters, glorying in the blissful prospect of entering safely the bright haven of eternal joys.

These sleep well now.—The beautiful wintry snow has fallen above them as noiselessly as the rustling of the wings of the angels that came and

conducted their happy spirits upward to the bright and heavenly land; but it is not a wakeless, eternal sleep. "The winter is past, and the flowers appear on the earth," and they bloom upon their graves. "The time of the singing of birds is come," and they carol merrily above their "lowly beds." The bright summer time has returned, and the balmy breezes play among the green foliage that bends over the quiet resting-place of the peaceful sleepers; and when the great day of the Lord shall dawn in its grandeur upon this sin-stricken earth, and the "awful Judge" shall descend, they will come up from the charnel-house where they lie, and stand forth in unfading youth, beauty, and glory, before the "great white throne."

"And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth."

How priceless did true religion seem, how inestimably valuable, true faith in Christ in that period of terror, of loathsome disease, of nature's sudden dissolution, when fond friends and relations were parting, or quickly following each other through the sombre "shadow of death;" or, indeed, pressing on together to the solemn portals of the tomb!

The following graphic sketch of that period of

terror and woe is from the pen of the venerable senior editor of the *Herald*, who remained during the entire progress of the scourge:

"No pen can adequately portray the horrors of that dark period, which, brief as it was, has sufficed to produce an age of misery and woe, unprecedented in the records of similar visitations.

"Yes, those who were safe from the pestilence, have, in numerous instances, been made to feel, not less keenly than those who were exposed to its terrors, the effects of its desolating ravages; but they who were not present can form but a faint idea, if any, of its startling, its unearthly horrors, during the worst period of its career. The sick, with few exceptions, were far too numerous to be reported, and, ere it could be known beyond their immediate neighborhood that they were sick, the tidings of their death were spread abroad. Consternation, hurry, and confusion were visible everywhere. The great anxiety at one period—from August 29th to September 4th,—was to procure coffins for the dead, though the mortality had not then reached its maximum of sixty to seventy a day! The undertakers, though constantly at work, night and day, could not half supply the

demand, and rough boards were made into boxes, and boxes, that had been used for other purposes, were substituted for coffins. Into these, the dead, whatever their character or condition in life, were huddled, sometimes two together, and hurried off in a common cart or wagon, for interment in a *trench*, for want of time to prepare separate graves. Delicate and interesting women, aged matrons, and venerable sires in the respectable walks of life, were among the number subjected to this summary and revolting mode of interment—giving cruel poignancy to the grief of their surviving connections. But it was unavoidable. Yet, in spite of all this indecent haste, many corpses were left unburied for twenty-four, and in some instances thirty-six, and even forty-eight hours—thus adding fuel to the fire, and augmenting the virulence of the disease. A supply of coffins (fifty in number) was received from the Relief Committee in Baltimore, on the 3rd of September, and eighty more from the authorities of Richmond on the 4th; and coffins were continued to be sent by both, in numbers sufficient for the demand—so that this painful exhibition in the drama of woe was not repeated. There was enough without it, however, to have overwhelmed the sensibilities of the

stoutest heart in ordinary times; but to those who remained involuntary spectators of what was passing, repetition had almost blunted the sense of woe; and events, the recollection of which is now, doubtless, wringing many a heart, made but little impression at the time of their occurrence—such is the force of habit. The city was wrapped in gloom. All the stores, and the dwellings of absentees, were closed; few were seen passing in the streets on foot, and these on some errand of mercy or necessity, or led abroad by curiosity to see and hear what was passing. Most of the inhabitants present were either confined at home by sickness, or in attendance on the sick, or, deeming it safer, preferred remaining within-doors. There was, however, no one place more safe than others. The disease was epidemic throughout the length and breadth of the city. And though there was the perpetual din of carriages, continually passing, from early dawn till a late hour of the night—the physicians' carriages, and hacks conveying nurses and members of the Howard Association, and the hearses, and the ever-moving "sick wagon"—rattling and rumbling to and fro in every direction, and with unwonted velocity—there was no sign of wholesome animation—no-

thing betokening vitality in any of the occupations of life but those of the physician and the undertaker. Every day brought with it fresh griefs and regrets for the heavy losses which the city was continuing to suffer, in the removal of its most valuable citizens—men who had directed its affairs, and lent a helping hand in various ways to sustain its credit, promote its prosperity, and embellish its society. There was no need of the daily press to spread the melancholy tidings. The night's disasters ran through the city each morning with lightning speed.

"The sketch here given, represents with little variation, the woes of our sister city, Portsmouth, which preceded us in the dreadful race of suffering, and has drank her full proportion of the cup of affliction with us."

On one day there were announced as among the dead, John G. H. Hatton, president of the Select Council, and teller of the Farmers' Bank, Alexander Feret, first accountant of the Exchange Bank, and Ignatius Higgins, the teller of the Virginia Bank. On another, William E. Cunningham, senior editor of the *American Beacon;* William D. Roberts, the delegate elect from the city to the Legislature; Thomas C.

Dixon and John Shuster, two old and highly respected citizens. On another, Richard Gatewood, jr., one of the proprietors of the *Beacon;* Wilson B. Sorey, U. S. Deputy Marshal for the Eastern District of Virginia; Bray B. Walters, proprietor of the National Hotel; R. S. Bernard, a well-known and skillful druggist; and Archibald Briggs, an extensive merchant. On another, John Tunis, member of the Board of Health, and capitalist; Dr. George L. Upshur, a distinguished physician; Josiah Wills, an extensive and enterprising merchant, and president of the Virginia Bank; ex-Mayor William D. Delany; and William P. Burnham, an extensive builder and skillful brick-mason. On another, Alexander Galt, post-master; William B. Ferguson, an extensive merchant, and president of the Howard Association; William Reid, ship-broker, and recent candidate for the mayoralty; and on another, Charles H. Beale, inspector-general of lumber, formerly editor of the *Daily News*, and an able writer; Caleb Bonsal, one of the proprietors of extensive flour-mills; John D. Gordan, a well-known banker, and Joseph Murden, an accountant in the Exchange Bank. But hundreds of other estimable citizens, of both towns, including many very estimable ladies,

young, middle-aged, and aged, useful and respected, were hurried to the grave, and causing, when they fell beneath the crushing force of the scourge, a sad vacuum in the two afflicted communities.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAMENTABLE CONDITION OF THE CITY—THE PREVIOUS HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS STATE OF AFFAIRS IN NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH — ELOQUENT AND THRILLING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE SCOURGE.

"Our city," wrote an observant and respected resident, "may be aptly compared to a ship at sea without rudder, or compass, or officers to direct, and with only a few hands at the pumps to keep her from sinking, and these nearly exhausted with fatigue. Such, in sad and sober earnest, is a similitude of its forlorn condition. Without a government to direct and provide for the public safety—a majority of the Court and Councils being absent; an onerous duty devolving on the chief executive officer, the Mayor, which is overtasking his physical powers; the collection of the revenue suspended; the city treasury locked up! The Corporation is thus virtually dissolved, and nothing, it seems, can save the city from a state of downright anarchy and perdition, but a committee of safety, assuming the powers necessary to meet the extraordinary exigencies of the time being. That

committee seems to be already recognized in the Board of Health, the members of the Council Committees who remain in town, and the Howard Association—whose exercise of the requisite responsibilities, we feel assured, will be fully sanctioned and commended by the legitimate authorities. Let them do their duty to the city and to humanity, then, without hesitation and without fear of consequences.

"We make these remarks in no spirit of complaint or reproof. The condition to which our city is reduced, as we have before taken occasion to remark, has been willed by an all-wise and inscrutable Providence, and is beyond all human control."

"The whole country," said Rev. Dr. Doggett, in a masterly description of the visitation, "is appalled with the awful and almost unparalleled scourge which has visited, and is still desolating, two of the cities of Virginia—Norfolk and Portsmouth. Not only has the understanding been inextricably perplexed, but the imagination itself has been confounded, at the daily recital of those horrors which have filled their dwellings and their streets with mourning, lamentation, and woe. Three months ago, no communities reposed or re-

joiced in scenes of greater health or hilarity than they. For years, none have been more exempt from the ravages of disease. Beautiful gems on our Atlantic coast, twin sisters on opposite sides of the finest harbor in the world, they were shining in the pride of their beauty, and rivaling each other in the display of their charms, and in the resources of their merchandise. The spirit of enterprise had awakened their emulation, and internal improvements are directing the channels of wealth towards their marts of trade. Shipping of every class, and almost of every flag, from the line-of-battle ship to the pleasure smack, rode proudly at anchor, crowded their docks, or merrily ploughed their noble river. Churches thronged with devout worshipers, and musical with the chimes of bells, made their Sabbaths a blessing and a praise; while refinement and luxury offered their soft allurements to the devotees of pleasure.

"What are they now? The angel of death has claimed them for his abode; spread over them the mortuary pall; shed through their atmosphere his pestilential breath; hurled his fatal darts into every family, and rioted in a carnage more frightful and astounding than that of an invading army. Wrapped in the mysterious folds of his dismal mantle,

from an invisible citadel, he has issued his orders, and hecatombs have obeyed the summons, even before the unsuspecting victims had time to ask, When, where, how? Beauty has had no fascination, youth no innocence, health no strength, intelligence no skill, business no plans, and piety no power to repel his shafts, or to retard their flight. From the cradle of infancy, from the hearth-stone of affection, from the bench of the mechanic, from the counter of the merchant, from the office of the physician, and from the altar of religion, his exactions have met with a success which has stunned, if not paralyzed, the most intrepid minds. The highest medical ability has been baffled at every turn, exhausted in every effort, and has been compelled to acknowledge itself as weak as the baldest empiricism. Prosperous congregations have been despoiled of their membership, and pastors have been severed from their flocks. Happy households have been agonized with the spectacle of their loved ones dead and dying, at the same moment. Survivors have been doomed to the melancholy task of nursing, closing the eyes, shrouding and burying their own relatives. Insufficient help has left others to suffer in solitude, and to expire unattended. Orphans have clamored

to parental hearts motionless in death, and have increased in numbers that will tax, for years, the charities of the good. Markets have deen deserted; food has become scarce; friends powerless; and coffins have been in such demand, that undertakers, at home, have been unequal to the supply; bodies have putrefied in the open air, been put into rough and unsightly boxes, or buried, by heaps, in pits; and the impurity of the infected air has emitted a corpse-like stench. Entire families have been dismembered or extinguished. No one has been left to call or answer to the hereditary roll, and houses, once filled with cheerfulness and mirth, are as tenantless as the desert, and as voiceless as the tomb. Thoroughfares, once gay with business or with fashion, are horribly vacant. The hum of human concourse has yielded to the rattle of the physician's carriage, or the hollow rumble of the sluggish death-cart. The ominous plague-fly has made its disgusting appearance, and the howl of the watch-dog, separated from his master, has added its doleful note to the solemnities of a decimated population. Multitudes, seized with apprehension, have fled from their homes in affright, are now scattered over the adjacent country, awaiting, with mingled solicitude and hope, the

consummation of this startling havoc of their friends and fellow-citizens. Still the tragedy goes on, and who is able to calculate its catastrophe or its termination! During this period, in our judgment, few, if any, less than three thousand human beings have left the walks of the living, to inherit the abodes of the dead, and with magic, but revolting rapidity and numbers, have created a populous city of graves conterminous with that so recently occupied and animated with their presence.

"The ill-omened Ben Franklin, it is supposed, discharged the fatal poison from a foreign port on a Portsmouth wharf. Infested, no doubt, with local malaria, it instantly communicated its virulence, and from this terrible centre rolled its destructive tide, in utter defiance of all human precaution. Alas! that from this inconsiderable source, so calamitous a flood should have overflowed two entire cities, and overwhelmed in its waves the very flower of their population! Who can divine, who can explain the cause or the course of this portentous phenomenon? Philosophy owns its incapacity; speculation surrenders its haughty pretensions; and theology submits, without the temerity of inquiring, "What doest

thou?" Undoubtedly it is of God, who, in his judicial character, and for reasons infinitely wise and good, has chosen thus to assert his prerogative; not to avenge, on these cities, his wrath, but through them to display to the whole nation his august majesty, which they have ceased to reverence, and to exact that homage which is described in the words of the Apocalypse: 'Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints.'"

"On the northern bank of the Elizabeth river," said the Rev. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, "in that ancient Commonwealth, the first settled of our Confederacy, within a town fronting a harbor commodious and safe beyond most others — a town whose families have been refined, their hospitalities liberal, and their society charming almost to a proverb, the pestilence had commenced its desolating work. Matron and maiden, the husband and the son, the physician to the body and the physician to the soul, those of all ranks in life, of either sex, and of every age, the child and the grandparent, the slave and his master, alike were falling beneath its power. In private houses and in hospitals, in all places of usual public resort, in the streets and in the court-house, in the forest

and in the fields, in the very sanctuaries of God, men met the descent of the invisible destroyer. No physical habit, no mental equipment, and no moral state, brought rescue or release. The loveliest form turned loathsome and expired. The manliest frame shook down, like a tree decayed at the heart, under the whirlwind, before that strange, appalling onset. Childhood forgot its smile and bloom. Old age was not spared for the calm steps of decline. The chief officers of the city, the nurses and attendants, the distributors of charity and the ministers of Christ, all sank together, with those whom they assisted, into one death, to be buried together in one grave.

"Death was on every hand, in his austerest and gloomiest aspect, his sternest panoply of assault and destruction. And yet, as each one died in turn, as families disappeared, absorbed into the grave, as streets became silent and cemeteries grew crowded, there were no other than sad relations attending the event. No forces ran out from it, moulding, exalting, or regenerating history. No pressure was lent by it to the progress of society. No blow was struck by it on barbarism, idolatry, and old decay. No light was shot on national annals. It was all an inevitable and promiscuous

destruction, unrelieved by any such moral relations; the trampling of so much life from earth, with fearful certainty and more fearful celerity, amid terrific and appalling phenomena, without recall. * * * There burst no red artillery upon Norfolk, when the pestilence commenced there. No tremor shook the firm ribs of the earth, and no canopies of overhanging and thunderous gloom rushed up the heavens. The air was smiling and calm as ever; the fields as green, the scenery as sweet as when each day came freighted with new pleasures, and business and friendship walked hand in hand along the streets. * * Men raised the window and death came in. They walked the streets, and he joined them at the corners. He met them in their business, put up the shutters, padlocked the door, and drove home with them, before a single plan for him was made. They fled abroad, but no rail-car outran him. They hid themselves at home, and their very rest was their ruin. * * We live every moment in the midst of an atmosphere, whose every drop, by some slight change, might, on the instant, be loaded with poisons, its motion become a desolating march, its pause a conquest of families and cities. The train is laid on every hand. One pestilential spark

might kindle it to-morrow, and fill our eager and populous scene with clouds more dread than those which wrapped Pompeii in their shroud, or which now weave their glowing and swift desert-dance around the terrified caravan. How good to remember, amid such exposures, that God holds all these powers in his hand; yet how wise to be prepared to meet and greet death, whenever he shall come!"

CHAPTER XV.

CORRESPONDENCE—THE FEVER STILL RAGES FEARFULLY—SAD EVIDENCES OF THE REIGN OF THE PESTILENCE—THE COLORED PEOPLE—HOWARD ASSOCIATION—NATURE STILL BEAUTIFUL—THE WORK OF THE UNDERTAKERS GOES ON RAPIDLY—THE GRAVE-YARDS FILLING UP—A SPLENDID MORNING—THE HARBOR DESERTED—THE SILENCE OF THE CHURCH-BELLS—THE CLERGY—THE SABBATHS OF THE PESTILENCE—BURYING IN PITS—MISTAKES IN BURYING THE DEAD—HASTY INTERMENTS.

EARLY in September the writer commenced a regular correspondence with a daily newspaper in Baltimore, one in Richmond, and another in Petersburg. Letters were written, almost every day, during the greater part of that and the two succeeding months, describing, from actual observation, the scenes of death and woe that were here enacted, showing the progress of the scourge, and giving the current and most interesting incidents of that time of desolation, dismay, and wretchedness. These contain, perhaps, as true a history of the plague, and of Death's doings, as we could present in any other form.

We proceed, therefore, to present extracts from

some of these letters. Although before published, they contain, it is believed, much that will prove interesting to the reader. The letters, generally, concluded with a long list of the sick and dead.

Extracts from the special correspondence of the Richmond *Dispatch*:—

"Norfolk, Sept. 11, 1855.—There appears to be some abatement of the violence of the scourge; but it still rages fearfully. The work of death goes on, and there are many new cases. With a large population the number of deaths would be correspondingly large. Norfolk, but two months ago, so busy, bustling, healthful and prosperous, now bears, on every deserted street, avenue, and square, sad evidences of the desolating reign of the pestilence. Widows and orphans have been made by the hundred. A thousand homes, but recently happy, are now desolate, sad, and comfortless; and in some cases, the unsparing arm of the angel of death has claimed all, and they are quiet and stirless tenants of the grave-yard. How terrible and extraordinary has been this visitation of Providence! But I give you some particulars: The number of burials on the 1st inst. was about 76; on the 2nd, 45; 3rd, 52; 4th, 58; 5th, 48; 6th, 66; 7th, 48;

8th, 52; 9th, 56; 10th, 65. This is an awful mortality for so small a remaining population.

* * * * *

"It is certainly dangerous for persons to come to the city from abroad. Those who venture, almost invariably get the fever, and generally die. Very many colored people are down with the fever —several hundred—many have recently died, and a number are in a suffering or dying condition. The Howard Association is doing all in its power to alleviate distress, and lessen the force and power of the terrible disease."

"Wednesday, 12th.—Many of our citizens are still falling victims to the scourge. There are lamentation and mourning in many parts of the town and in Portsmouth. We are yet in the midst of one of the most terrific calamities that ever visited any place. The people are still falling beneath the leveling arm of the destroying angel, at the rate of fifty a day or more! Men, unaccustomed to weeping, are shedding tears now, and hearts are made to feel deeply and almost to break with grief. All nature looks beautiful and charming; but here, in our ill-fated city, the silence of death and the look of desolation chill the heart, and depress the spirits.

"We hear scarce a sound but that of the hammers, and saws, and wagons of the undertaker, and the rattle of the physicians' vehicles. Business has ceased, and the voice of mirth and revelry is not heard.

"More than five hundred have been buried in the two principal cemeteries in eleven days. Many have been buried in the Catholic burial ground and elsewhere. There have been about 1,500 deaths in the city."

"Monday, Sept. 17.—This was one of the most delightful autumnal days that ever dawned in loveliness upon our beautiful world. Just without the limits of the city, the air seemed as balmy and invigorating as that of the mountain regions. I stood off this morning half a mile distant to southeastward, and looked over the splendid and capacious sun-lit river that rolls along in its strength and beauty, upon poor Norfolk—one of the two intensely afflicted towns—and no human being appeared upon its wharves, but recently the place of life, business, and activity. Near a hundred vessels, and a number of steamers, only a short time ago, were moored at the piers and in the docks; now, a single, solitary ship, and the ferry steamers only, are to be seen upon the

waters of our wide and deep harbor. The spacious warehouses are closed, the streets are silent; for the busy people that were there are either dead or absent! The cupolas, turrets, and spires are seen distinctly towering above the numerous surrounding buildings; but the cheerful sound of the 'belfry bell' is not heard. True, a few loud notes of the sonorous old bell of one of the churches broke in upon the stillness yesterday; but soon silence resumed its solemn reign. No sermon was preached; no prayer was offered; no exercises were held in any house of worship here, excepting, perhaps, St. Patrick's.

"The excellent minister *pro tem.* of Christ's Church lies sick of the fever; the familiar voices of the pastors of two of the Methodist churches are hushed in death—their remains sleep, profoundly, beside those of beloved children, in the cold, silent tomb. 'There is rest for the weary in the grave.' They spoke words of peace and comfort, and consolation to the dying members of their flocks, and to others who preceded them in the dark valley, and their spirits, too, are now in vast eternity—gone to their reward—away from these scenes of death, and woe, and tears. Another minister, after battling with the fierce fury of the destroyer,

and yielding to its power, has gone, disabled, from the scene, like a brave, but wounded warrior from the battle's rage; while other faithful divines, valiant soldiers of the Cross, are in the chambers at the bedsides of those who have been struck down by the terrible destroyer.

"A Sabbath without preaching and religious service; but every day is like a Sabbath. No, alas, for the silence of the bells, these vacant, grass-grown streets, these untrodden sidewalks, with no happy Sunday-school children, present not the appearance of the blessed, hallowed Sabbath. And how many of those who went to the sanctuary, and, sad to say, those who went not, to hear the word of life, will no more be seen on earth! The voices of many a pious one in prayer and praise, will no more be heard below the skies. Verily it is a time of mourning, and sadness, and tears here; but, perchance, of glory, and gladness, and joyful greetings in the spirit land.

"But enough of these gloomy reflections for the present; and I proceed to give the death-list."

Here followed the long death-roll.

"Sept. 19.—The plan of burying in pits still continues. Eight coffins are put down side by side, then dirt is thrown in and leveled off; then

another tier, and so on. There have been as many as four tiers.

"Mistakes in burying are common, and persons sometimes find it impossible to learn anything definite with regard to the place where their dead relatives have been deposited. Mr. Hawkins, the attentive superintendent, finds it very difficult to prevent incorrect and improper interments; and when the fierce and furious destroyer shall cease its destruction of human life, and our people return to their homes, and to health and business, the authorities will, no doubt, attend to this important matter—directing that more dirt, where necessary, be thrown upon the graves and pits, and thus prevent a result which might be attended with the most serious consequences hereafter. Unless the putrid bodies are placed sufficiently deep in the ground, and properly covered, a poisonous and offensive gas may escape, and produce another fearful pestilence.

CHAPTER XVI.

A DAY AND NIGHT OF BEAUTY—THE DEATH-SILENCE DISTURBED BY THE ROAR OF CANNON AND THE TOLL OF A BELL—DESERTED MANSIONS—FURY OF THE FEVER—LASTING EFFECTS OF THE PESTILENCE—RESPECTED AND VALUABLE RESIDENTS FALLING—MALIGNITY OF THE FEVER—DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION, THE POSTMASTER AND OTHERS—HEART-RENDING SCENE—REFLECTIONS—THE DISEASE RAGES STILL—ITS DECEPTIVE AND MYSTERIOUS CHARACTER—THE WEATHER—RETURNING REFUGEES—DANGER OF BREAKING OUT AGAIN—DEATH OF A MINISTER—THE GRAVE-DIGGER.

"SEPTEMBER 21.—This was a day of pleasantness and brightness. The sun went down in cloudless glory, and now the moon shines forth clearly and mildly. It is a night of beauty; one of the great guns of that leviathan of the waters, the Pennsylvania, has just roared out loudly, and its echoes have died away down the distant recesses of the forest, but rolling on, till heard distinctly even on the Atlantic shore; and the loud tones of the ponderous city bell have just been flung out upon the still, ambient, and pestilential air. The sound was so like the slow and measured tolling of a funeral knell, that it aroused the mind up to

a full sense of the doings of death in this ill-fated city.

"Thousands of houses, many of which are furnished in costly and elegant style, are closed, tenantless, and dark, and as silent as the tomb. But, alas, in how many others is the fatal malady exerting its power on the occupants—a number of whom will be still in the deep sleep of death before the rising of to-morrow's sun!

"There is a large number of new cases in the suburbs, and in the northern section of the city.

"The fever this week has been exceedingly malignant. The physicians say it is worse than anything they ever witnessed in the South. Many die in two or three days—baffling all skill and treatment.

"We hope, however, for returning health and rest from the melancholy labors requisite in the midst of so appalling a visitation; and surely two or three more weeks will terminate the course of the death-dealing agent. But the thick, dark cloud of sorrow that has hung over this city so long, may measurably pass away; the atmosphere may resume its wonted salubrity, and the citizens may go forth without the fear of inhaling the dreadful poison of the life-blood; but long years will not

suffice to obliterate from the mind the heart-rending scenes that have been witnessed here since the commencement of this awful scourge."

"September 22.—Our remaining citizens are constantly shocked to hear of the sudden departure from our midst of our most useful and highly respected residents. We feel that the chastening hand of a just God is upon us. Alas, how many of those who were here but a few days ago, actively engaged in their duties, and in visiting and comforting the sick and suffering, are gone to their account! We fancy we still hear the familiar sound of their voices in social converse. Verily, we are in the midst of death. The fever is continuing fearfully and rapidly in its course, doing its deadly work upon the strongest men in from two to five or six days, and baffling the superior skill and long experience of professional men, and the most vigilant and careful nursing. But God's will must be done. His decree has gone forth, and the dreadful commission must be executed by the mighty angel of death, though hearts break, and the most powerful men and the most amiable and lovely women be struck down by this terrible and calamitous visitation.

"A thrill of pungent sorrow has been felt to-day

by hundreds of hearts, from the intelligence of the death of the worthy and indefatigable President of the Howard Association. William B. Ferguson is no more! He, too, has fallen a victim. Mysterious, indeed, are the ways of Providence. Mr. Ferguson had endeared himself to this afflicted people by ties that even relentless Death cannot sever. His name will be remembered by old and young, rich and poor. The little ones, bereaved by the monster, will talk of his deeds of generosity, and love, and mercy for long years to come. Time will not obliterate the recollection of his efforts, of his energy and perseverance during the reign of the conqueror, in the full rage of the destroyer—at night and in the day. Alas! he sleeps quietly now, from his labors and toils among the sick, the dying, the suffering, and the dead. Honor to his memory!

"Dr. Alexander Galt, too, our excellent, gentlemanly, and attentive Postmaster, has fallen. Only four or five days ago, he was faithfully engaged in the discharge of his official duties. Now, his well-known and active form is shrouded, coffined, entombed—cold, still, and wakeless in death, and silent in the grave.

"Wm. Reid, an enterprising merchant, recently

candidate for the Mayoralty, and an active officer of the Howard Association, has gone at the same time. He was, physically, a strong and exceedingly healthy man; but this is no shield from the malady. He leaves a large and interesting family.

"Mrs. Delk, the lady of E. H. Delk, of the firm of Hardy & Delk, extensive merchants, died last night, quickly following her infant through the valley of the shadow of death.

"Miss C. A. Crosbie, whose mother and sister recently died, was buried to-day. They formed a happy and very pleasant little family, and the devoted trio, united on earth, have followed each other in quick succession; and thus does the unsparing conqueror triumph, striking down whole families. 'Insatiate archer!'"

"Samuel Lightfoot, son of the late Dr. Lightfoot, aged sixteen, is also among the dead—an estimable, intelligent, gentle youth, comely in person and amiable in character, the prop of his affectionate mother, widowed but a few weeks ago. She and his fond sisters, whose pride and joy he was, gathered around his youthful form, as it lay still and pale in the cold arms of death, and a scene of the most intensely painful and heart-rending interest was witnessed; and this is but

one of many of the kind. How hearts are bleeding, and tears are flowing, and cries are ringing out here, and breaking upon the stillness of the evening hour! The fairest, the best, the most endeared and loved ones, are torn away from the hearts that loved them, perhaps too well. The cold earth falls heavily and quickly upon them; the snows of winter-time will come down lightly and quietly, and rest upon their graves; the wintry winds will moan there; the spring flowers will bloom there; affection's tears will fall there; the breezes will bend the tall green grass that will grow there, and the gay birds will sing over them, and home-hearts will cherish them; and there will be days, and months, and years of fond remembrance. I must proceed now with the death-roll, having given you, in my last, the list up to a late hour of yesterday.

"Sept. 24.—The hope expressed in my former letters, that the fever would materially abate in its violence before this time, was vain. I am pained to state that some of our best men are still dying. The cool weather seems to increase the violence of the disease, and it runs its fearful course in a few days, in spite of the most skillful medical attendance and careful treatment. The

physicians are discouraged, and say they have never witnessed so unmanageable a malady. The patient often, after a lapse of four or five days from the commencement of the attack, seems to be in a fair way to recover, and the physicians pronounce him convalescent and out of danger. But suddenly the black vomit or another unfavorable symptom is developed; in a few hours the sufferer breathes his last, and is ready for his shroud and his coffin.

"The disease is lurking about the suburbs, entering the habitations of the poor and the destitute, and striking down the strong as well as the weak. Indiscriminate in its attacks, however, the rich, as well as the poor and the lowly, are attacked—are speedily crushed by its irresistible power, and are as soon the tenants of the graveyard as the least regarded mendicant. It is a mysterious, terrible agent of destruction—a scourge, a fearful plague, that appalls the people, and causes the hardest hearts to feel—the most powerful to tremble.

"Sept. 25.—I am highly gratified to inform you that the cool weather seems to have caused a rapid abatement of the fever. Our remaining citizens are at last cheered by the prospect of returning

health. There were forty deaths on Saturday, twenty-five or thirty on Sunday, and only about fifteen to-day!

"October 2nd.—The weather is damp and warm, and the fever still lingers in our city, attacking the few who have thus far escaped, and who vainly hoped to be among the favored ones who will be allowed to pass uninjured by this fierce destroyer of health and life.

"Some families, learning that there had been frost here, have ventured to return, and I hear that several have already died, and that some others are ill. It will be hazardous to come to the city before one or two good frosts—some say, a good FREEZE and ICE.

"The buildings, stores, dwellings and warehouses, from cellar to attic, should be opened and well aired. Clothing, bedding, carpets, etc., should be exposed to the rays of the sun, and the cool, dry winds from the north and west; and suitable efforts should be made to get rid entirely of the cause of the hateful disease, before the return of our people to their homes.

"This fever is a most mysterious and invidious, as well as rapid and fatal malady; and after the return of the thirteen thousand of our people from

the healthful mountain regions, and the salubrious cities of the north and east, a few warm days in November might cause it to break out afresh, and fearful havoc might be made again. It will be wise, therefore, for those who are absent, to be patient, and wait until physicians say that it is prudent to return.

"October 4th.—I am pained to state that Rev. Wm. M. Jackson, the esteemed and faithful incumbent of St. Paul's Church (Protestant Episcopal), died last night. At the still hour of midnight this good man closed his eyes in death, and his freed spirit took its flight to the land of eternal rest; and to-day, at noon, his remains were conveyed to the cold grave. From the commencement of the fatal epidemic, to the hour of his attack, he went diligently forth in the discharge of his pastoral duties, speaking words of consolation to the suffering and dying, comforting the bereaved widows and the weeping orphans; entering, at night as well as in the day, the ample mansions of the rich, and as readily the humble cottage-home of the poor, and doing his duty as a faithful minister of Christ.

"The death of this excellent divine has caused a deeper gloom to rest upon our citizens. At this

time of distress and affliction, this sad bereavement is most sensibly and painfully felt by our community. He and his kind offices will be remembered long and fondly by a large number of our people; and the scattered members of his flock will be deeply pained to hear of the death of their beloved pastor.

"Mr. J. is at least the fifth minister who has fallen at his post, during the reign of this dreadful disease. The names of Rev. Messrs. Chisholm, Dibrell, Eskridge, and Jones, have been added to the list of the dead.

"Mr. Dubbs, the master grave-digger for the cemeteries, is also dead. During the long and tedious days and nights of the pestilence, he had superintended the opening of the numerous graves and pits that have closed over the loathsome dead that were crowded into the burial-places; and now he, too, and his wife are both resting within the narrow limits of the tomb.

"The weather continues cool, dry, and clear; but I occasionally hear of new cases: the disease is still very malignant in its attacks, and in many instances soon terminates in death.

"A good frost, it is hoped, will put a final end to its existence in our city, and enable us to feel once more that the work of death has ceased.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WEATHER—PHYSICIANS AND NURSES LEAVING—REGRET—THE VICTIMS—ALARM—THE DISEASE IMPARTIAL—A FAMILY SWEPT OFF—THE ORPHANS—THE FEVER DISAPPEARING—THE ABSENT CITIZENS — REFLECTIONS — WEATHER — THE FLIGHT—SOME OF THE VICTIMS—PROGRESS OF THE FEVER—A CHANGE—THE CITY BEFORE THE SCOURGE, ETC.

"OCT. 5.—There have been only three or four deaths to-day, and the disease seems again to have ceased its ravages. The weather has been cool, as before stated, for several days; some thought it was cold enough for frost; but, as yet, I have no satisfactory evidence of frost either in town or country. To-day the wind has changed to south again, and the temperature is much warmer. This, it is feared, will cause the fever to manifest itself again, and some, who have not been attacked, may not, after all, entirely escape the disease.

"Many of the physicians and nurses, from the Southern cities, have gone home—their labors, among the sick and dying, have ceased, and they will have the pleasing recollection of having accomplished great good, and of relieving many a

suffering man and woman here in our still deserted city, during the prevalence of the fever, that has been so furious in its attacks, and so fatal in its effects. Many of them have acted nobly, and deserve to be remembered by our citizens with feelings of the profoundest gratitude.

"Some of our people who refused at the earnest solicitation of their friends to leave the city before the fever raged so fearfully, and who have lost members of their household, reproach themselves severely, and bitterly regret that they did not fly, and thus save the valuable lives that are lost. And others deeply deplore the fact that necessity compelled them to remain, to submit to the fury of the pestilence, and see their fondest relatives die and conveyed to the grave.

"Oct. 11.—After a cloudy and stormy night, which succeeded one of the most balmy and delightful autumnal days that ever smiled on the world, we had again to-day a clear sky and bright sunshine, and the temperature is lower than on any other day of the season thus far. This induced our citizens to hope that we should have no more cases of the fever—and surely healthfulness and freedom from disease will very soon take the place of sickness and death.

"I was requested, a few days ago, by a person in the country, to inquire about a highly respectable family on one of our principal streets. I called at the ample mansion this morning, and found it closed, locked, and vacant! All was silent and gloomy. On inquiry, I learned that all the family had died of the fever. The household consisted of four persons—the mother, a sister, and two interesting daughters. They are all in the grave. How unsparing has been the furious disease that has spread over the entire limits of our city.

"The orphans that occupied the Lecture Room of Christ Church, have been removed to the spacious building on Freemason Street, formerly used as a boarding-school by the lamented Mrs. Baylor. Last Sunday, they were in attendance at Christ Church during service, and excited the interest and sympathy of all who saw them. They were neatly dressed, and generally looked well. There were bright eyes, blooming cheeks, and active, graceful forms. The parents who had loved and nursed them had been taken from them by a mysterious Providence; but kind friends care for and watch over them. They will not feel again the mild and endearing influence of a mother's

love and affection, or a father's devotion and protecting care; but true hearts feel for them, willing hands will save them from want, and care will be taken to render them comfortable and happy."

"Oct. 12.—I have no deaths by the fever to report, and I think there have been no new cases for nearly a week. There are, of course, quite a number of persons still sick, but they are nearly all convalescent. I believe there will be no more of the disease here, except among those who have returned too early. After several days of delightful weather, we have this morning a cold, damp, and almost wintry atmosphere, with rain and a piercing wind from the north. There will soon be a great rush of our citizens back to their homes. It is time now to prepare for cold weather, to lay in winter supplies of coal, wood, etc. The anxiety of hundreds who are away, and their desire to be at home and settled once more, are only equaled by the privations which many already feel, and the want and necessity to which they will be compelled to submit when they return. The instinctive love of life, and the fear of death, caused many to hurry off, whose means were quite inadequate to the undertaking. Their funds have been

exhausted, and some will find it exceedingly difficult to return, unless they depend entirely upon assistance from others, and receive it. They will, perhaps, think their fate a hard one, and deplore the distress and trouble which have been brought upon them by reason of the destroying agent that has been so long at work here. But those who return in health, who have probably saved their lives, and those of their wives and children, by the hasty removal, should feel thankful, and patiently submit to want and difficulty for a while. They have escaped the attacks of the dreadful disease; they have not been compelled to witness the awful scenes of death, suffering, and affliction that have occurred here; they have not been depressed by the silence and desolation that have reigned here; and the groans of the dying and the cries of the bereaved have not fallen upon their ears.

"Let all whose lives are spared be determined to make the best of life hereafter; to go diligently to work again, and strive in every way to lessen the remaining force and effects of the great storm of distress that has swept by and borne off the people by its resistless power.

"But our city will recover rapidly from the

blow she has received. Men of enterprise, character, and capital are left, and others are coming. Bold schemes of local advancement will be put forth, and carried out to completion; enterprises for general commercial good and advancement will soon go on with renewed activity; the wide vacuum created by death will be soon filled up, and the bright sun of prosperity will beam down upon our city after the dark night of gloom and sorrow that has now passed to its shortest hours."

"Oct. 14.—It has been sufficiently cold to-day for fires and thick winter clothing; and, unless there is a change, there seems but little reason to fear an attack of the yellow fever. I still hear occasionally, however, of new cases.

"I will venture some facts in connection with the progress of the mysterious and fatal epidemic that has remained here so long, and made so many houses vacant, and so many hearts sad.

"It is quite certain that the rapid and precipitate flight of nearly two-thirds of the people was a fortunate and wise movement; for, in the small population that remained, how extraordinary and fearful the mortality! The few remaining white citizens would, no doubt, have gone from the city, or the greater part of them, had they expected a

visitation so indiscriminate and fatal in its attacks upon health and life.

"Among those who have fallen, the Mayor, Hunter Woodis, has naturally excited the deepest interest and sympathy of this and other communities. Actuated by the noble impulses of his nature, he labored in behalf of the sick and suffering, till compelled himself to yield to the power of the destroyer. But before the disease had spent its power upon the people, how many good and useful residents were taken? How many of our most estimable citizens, both male and female, were victims of the desolating scourge? Ten of our own physicians—men of great skill and experience in their profession, and some of them of extensive literary acquirements—have fallen. No one imagined, when the fever first broke out, that so many able physicians would fall.

"In the two cities, seven ministers were taken: three Methodist; two Protestant Episcopal; one Catholic; one Baptist. The three other members of the resident clergy who remained in the city were ill; two lost their wives, and one, an only son. Some of those who died were soon followed by other near relatives, including a daughter and a son.

"Among the large number of ladies who died, there were some who were noted for their piety, usefulness, and good works.

"The churches have sustained an incalculable loss—a great bereavement, in the death of female members, who were immensely useful, and whose deeds of love and benevolence will be remembered long and fondly by those who are left to mourn.

"The representative elect of the city is dead; a number of offices are left vacant; the president and teller of one of the banks are dead; the first and second accountants of another; the teller and discount clerk of another; the proprietor, chief clerk, and book-keeper of another; and the cashier of still another, are in the grave, and the wives of at least three of these are also dead.

"The president of the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad, and the treasurer of the Norfolk and Petersburg Road and his wife are gone; the presidents and other members of the Select and Common Councils, and several of the Board of Health, are dead; the Postmaster and one of his clerks, the senior editor of the *Beacon*, the associate proprietor, the estimable foreman of the *Argus*, and others connected with the city papers, were taken.

"Three of the Custom-house officers are dead;

the Deputy U. S. Marshal of the District and the physician to the Marine Hospital are gone; the Superintendent and Instructress of the City Orphan Asylum is dead; the Inspector-General of Lumber, the gentleman who held the offices of the Treasurer of Christ Church, of the Norfolk Military Academy, and Secretary of the Norfolk Provident Society, is dead. The jailor, who was also one of the Sergeant's deputies, and several of the city constables, together with others, whom I have not mentioned, are among the deceased office-holders. All the hotel proprietors died. In Portsmouth, too, many offices have been rendered vacant by death.

"Among the few who have not had the disease, are some of the oldest citizens. There is one eighty-seven years of age, and another seventy-six—the former a native of Scotland, but for nearly fifty years a resident of this city, and still active—who have not had the fever. The younger of the two is a native of England.

"There were, doubtless, many whose sickness was aggravated, and whose death was hastened by alarm. The disease, aiming its deadliest blows at the nervous system, and aided by fright and the fear of death, prostrated completely, in a day,

some of the strongest, as well as many of the frail and infirm. Those who were addicted to intemperance and other habits of dissipation and irregularity, generally fell an easy prey to the destroyer. But, as I have before stated, no particular class was favored; persons of every description, of all habits, and every shade of moral character, and all grades of physical constitution, swelled the long list of the dead. The greatest personal precaution, the most able medical skill, the most vigilant watching, the most tender and careful nursing; the prayers and tears of devoted relatives and friends; the most heart-rending shrieks and lamentations of women; the loud, shrill cries of sons and daughters of tender years, suddenly aroused to a full, dread sense of the loss to be sustained — all, all were unavailing. Beating hearts grew still; eyes closed on all earthly things, and death *would* have the victory."

"Oct. 15.—The return of warm weather, and also of some of the refugees, has caused the yellow fever to develop itself again in some new cases. Mr. Beane, painter, and several others, among those who have come back, are down. Another son of the late Col. John G. Colley died to-day, and also Miss Jane Lee. These have been ill for several days,

and have not been from home. The wind having changed to the south again, the temperature is warm, and it is probable there will be several days of mild, spring-like weather.

"Let those who are absent beware how they return to this poisoned atmosphere, which, though apparently not injurious to those who are here, and who have gone through the ordeal, would, no doubt, be fatal and deadly to those who might come from abroad.

"The progress of the yellow fever here has been very singular, and those who have been careful and thoughtful observers of its progress, have not only been impressed with the malignity and rapidity of its attacks, but with its steady, gradual progress in a northerly direction, from its commencement. Manifesting itself in Gosport, a few rods from the massive gate of the United States Navy Yard, it soon spread desolation and dismay among the people, who fled panic-stricken in every direction. In a week or two it reached Portsmouth—treading on slowly, silently, invisibly, and fearfully. Soon Portsmouth was in alarm—the monster was there striking down some of the best of the citizens. Five, six, seven, etc., died in a day. Then the citizens hurried away by the thousand,

leaving but few to contend with the enemy and submit to its attacks. Twenty, and as many as thirty, died daily, and there were four hundred cases in the town. Disease, suffering, and death combined to render Portsmouth one of the most intensely afflicted communities in the world.

"But the epidemic slowly strode on to Norfolk, and in a week or two the alarm was given that the yellow fever had broken out in Barry's Row. The number of cases increased, the people hurried away, in consternation; but enough were left to feed the voracious cravings of the destroyer. Soon it appeared on Main Street, then marching quietly on, in six weeks it had spread in almost every part of the city. Now, after the lapse of ten weeks, it still lingers about the suburbs. Satisfied at first with three or four victims per day, no less than eighty would appease the violence of the monster when its power was exercised to its full force.

"Then the mortality gradually subsided to fifty per day; which continued for a week. After which there were reported forty, thirty-five, thirty, etc., every twenty-four hours, until nearly every remaining citizen had either died or recovered from the disease."

"Oct. 16.—A press of business to-day prevented

me from ascertaining definitely the facts with regard to the fever in the city. But I can state on authority that seems reliable, that there are several new cases, and that there have been four or five burials to-day. The new cases are, with one or two exceptions, among those who have returned. I shall be prepared to give the names in my next.

"Matters are assuming a much more encouraging aspect. I will mention several things that are calculated to excite hope, and relieve the hearts of the people of a portion of the burden of sorrow that has oppressed them so long: The appearance on the streets of many who are rapidly recovering from sickness; the opening of some of the stores; the increase of the number of carts and wagons at market; the arrival of a schooner in port, loaded with coal; the re-issue of three of the daily papers; a full supply of wood in the dock; the appearance of ladies down town on some of the principal business streets, and a much greater noise made by drays and carts passing from place to place loaded with goods. But Norfolk is still a dull, gloomy city—a mere wreck compared with its former activity, bustle, and advancement.

"Signs of life and returning vigor appear, however, and the effects of the powerful blow that

was inflicted are gradually passing off. Like a strong man, who had been overpowered and deprived for a while of his ability to act and move with his accustomed strength and force, our city is still sadly deficient in the usual characteristics of active business, advancement, and prosperity. Hundreds of the stores are closed, and hundreds of our most enterprising and extensive merchants are absent, and they dare not return to the city. And, alas, a number of the best of those who remained are silent in the grave. It is believed, however, by men of intelligence and sound judgment, that, after the return of the citizens, and after the lapse of a few weeks, required to bring the various departments of business into their wonted channels, a new impulse will be given to commerce and local enterprises of every description, and that the progress of the city will be retarded but little, if any, in business and general prosperity. Some, however, are not of this opinion, and are discouraged, improperly asserting that many years will be required to place Norfolk and Portsmouth in the position in which they were found by the raging pestilence that has blasted so many bright hopes, and arrested the progress of so many enterprises of importance.

"Almost every interest of the city was in a prospering condition. A heavy business was transacted by many of our merchants and tradesmen; manufactories were busy and flourishing; a large number of vessels rode at our wharves; public and private buildings were being erected in different parts of the city; men of enterprise, character, and capital, were hastening hither, and settling among us; and the least visionary of our citizens thought their hopes of rapid advancement to increased wealth and greatness were based upon a sure foundation. But suddenly all were appalled; commercial transactions were soon at an end, the ponderous wheels of machinery ceased to revolve, and were soon neglected, silent, and rusty; vessels of every class—the ocean ships, the noisy steamboats, and the slow-moving canal boats—left our waters; buildings, large and small, were left half finished on every street.

"But the pestilence has passed, and it is hoped will return no more, for many long years, if ever. Let those, therefore, who are here be hopeful and active—those who are absent be patient till prudent to return, and then engage in the work of restoring our lost energies, and establishing our

former character of commercial importance and rapid local advancement.

"The physicians have decided that the absentees should not return until freezing weather. There is good reason for this decision. Let it be heeded by our absent people; anxious as they may be to return, and delighted as their friends here would be to see them."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CORRESPONDENCE—THE BUSINESS OF THE UNDERTAKERS AND GRAVE-DIGGERS — NATURE BEAUTIFUL — MOURNING — NUMBER OF DEATHS DIMINISHING—THE FEVER SUBSIDING—THE CHANGE —DESOLATION—SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE—DEATH AND BURIAL —WEATHER—PHYSICIANS AND NURSES—A NIGHT IN THE PESTILENCE—NORFOLK DURING THE SCOURGE—THE SICK AND THE DEAD—INCIDENTS OF THE PESTILENCE—THE VICTIMS—A MEMORABLE WEEK—THE EPIDEMIC—DEATH'S FEARFUL WORK—THE WEATHER AND THE FEVER—RETURN OF REFUGEES—THE CAREER OF THE PESTILENCE AND ITS VICTIMS.

EXTRACTS from the special correspondence of the *Southside Democrat*, Petersburg:

"Sept. 12.—The business of the undertakers and grave-diggers still goes on flourishingly here and in Portsmouth. Verily, it is terrible to contemplate the gloom and desolation that reign here.

"The sun shines on as brightly, the breezes are as gentle, the gay birds sing as sweetly, the insects hum as merrily as ever. But yonder go the death-wagons with the corpses, hurrying on to the silent repository.

"I have seen strong and stout-hearted men weeping in our streets to-day. It is a time of sor-

row and woe, and death, and sad, sad bereavement. Widows are weeping and refusing consolation; helpless orphans are uttering their heart-rending and piteous cries; and there are tales of woe that reach down deep in the heart, and cause the whole frame to shudder and tremble."

"Sept. 14.—The number of new cases and deaths, I am happy to state, is still diminishing, and a ray from the star of hope has gleamed down at last upon our forlorn city. This is, indeed, some relief from the constant panic and dread that were so observable but a day or two ago. There are still many cases, however, and death claims his victims by the dozen."

"Sept. 15.—I am glad to say, the rage of the fever begins at last to subside—a brighter day has dawned upon us, and we feel some relief from the ponderous weight of woe that has crushed us down so long. Our citizens that are well, breathe easier, and there are even some cheerful, smiling countenances. The feeling caused by the change, may be akin to that produced by the probable escape from shipwreck, when hope had plumed her wings and flown, when the sea yawned to receive its helpless, hapless victims; after the battle with the wild fury of the howling storm-spirit had ceased,

and the frail bark had careened hopelessly to the play of the winds upon the surging billows. The fearful dread of disease, the vomito, delirium, gangrene, death, and the cold, damp grave, has measurably passed away from the minds of some. The people, some of them, again think of health and returning friends; of fond caresses, joyful greetings, and happy, peaceful firesides. But alas! how many are desolate, inconsolable, gloomy, heart-broken? And as they attempt to tell of the great loss they have sustained, tears bedim their eyes, and their utterance is choked—they turn away in deep, heart-felt, inconsolable sorrow and distress.

"I have gone in the infected room, and witnessed the fearful disease in all its various stages—the chill, the pains—pains in the head, the back, the limbs, the breast, the bowels, and sometimes all over and through the entire system. One told me that the flesh seemed to be torn from his limbs. But in some cases the pains are not very severe. And then, the fiery, yellowish or reddish, and melancholy eye; the saffron tinge of the cheek; the parched, dry skin, and the dozy, drowsy, sleepy feeling that comes over the sufferers, and precedes dissolution, and the black vomit, and often the

blood vomit, when the patient throws up quarts of pure blood, and it comes from his nose and his mouth in a stream. Then death has marked his victim, and youth, loveliness, goodness, nothing is respected; the man, the woman, the child, the friend, the parent, the dearest companion, must die, and be buried, and buried quickly, or else fill the air with the hateful pestilential stench, as has been, sad to say, but too often the case during the fearful time of woe, almost unequaled, and death and desolation without a parallel, in this recently prosperous and happy city.

"The weather is damp and sultry; wind east, but only a very light breeze during the day. Heavy showers this morning, deluging the streets, and filling up all the low places from which the water cannot run off.

"There are a number of valuable nurses here from New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, and a dozen able physicians, etc., and they are invaluable and indispensable. It would be difficult to tell what the people would do without them. Many persons have died for the want of proper and efficient nursing.

"It is now half-past nine o'clock, P.M. (Saturday). The young pale moon has just gone peacefully

down behind the tall mountains and dense verdure of the west. The tramp of the horses of the physicians, and the rumbling of the hearses, with the dead, over the dull stones, and the wagons with the sick for the Hospital, have nearly ceased for the night. The lowering clouds have passed away, the twinkling stars look down smilingly upon us; the bright gas-lights are sending forth their rays, and, in hundreds of houses, dim lights are seen from the windows, while the fever scorches, and burns, and kills its victims in the infected chambers.

"To see Norfolk as it is now, causes the most strangely sad and doleful feelings. Few, if any, at a distance, can realize the desolation that now reigns, the mournful aspect of all things visible, notwithstanding the seeming abatement of the pestilence.

"Let us step in that house, where the fever rages; almost every window is dimly illuminated. Here are father, mother, children, servants, all suffering from the treacherous, fatal, mysterious, malignant distemper, that parches the skin, crazes the brain, crushes the spirits, feeds upon the heart-blood, and paralyzes all the vitals. Can the scenes that are witnessed here ever be obliterated from the mind?

"This hurried letter is now long enough, and I must throw down my pen, and try to rest. But the sorrow, the alarm, the disappointed hopes, the desolate homes, the loss of dear friends, the death of so many noble men, elegant women, and lovely children—the thought of these will drive the necessary sleep from my couch, or dreams of death and coffins, and ghastly corpses, and death-struggles, may cause a night of trouble and restlessness."

"Sept. 21.—After four or five days of damp, cloudy and rainy weather, this morning, at nine o'clock, the lowering vapors passed away, and the sun shone out brightly and cheeringly, affording some relief from the long days of darkness and gloom.

"The physicians are still actively engaged in various parts of the city, and especially in the northern and northwestern sections, where the disease is still at work, finding its way in almost every house, large and small, and leaving few families, if any, without sufficient cause of mourning and grief.

"A faithful history of this fearful pestilence would be one of the most heart-rending productions ever written. There have been events during the continuance of the scourge, and con-

nected with the doings of Death, that would answer well the foundation of the most thrilling romance.

"A few short weeks ago, there were many families here—father, mother, and children—all in the enjoyment of health, happiness, and plenty, and looking forward to long and peaceful years to come; but who are now, all, or nearly all, dead and slumbering in the silence of the grave, while their spirits have entered upon their eternal destiny.

"In very many happy homes, the fairest, the loveliest have fallen, the roseate blush of health upon the full cheek of youthful beauty has suddenly changed to the sallow hue of the fatal disease, the cheerful countenance has assumed the ghastly look of death; and then the cherished object of fond affection has been borne away quickly to the charnel house.

"How many houses of mourning there are here, and how quickly made!—the symptoms follow each other quickly—and then the stillness and ghastliness of death, the coffin, the hearse, the damp grave. The physician's skill, nursing, watching, prayers, and tears have all proved unavailing.

"How many pleasant and familiar countenances have gone! How many voices hushed! What

numbers of graceful, active forms have been palsied by the touch of Death's cold finger, since the commencement of this frightful scourge!

"I will allude to one family, well and favorably known. There were nine members. All had the fever, and *one* only recovered. The father, mother, daughter, sons, and other members of the household have been cut down in two short weeks. The spacious house is left unoccupied: the single one spared has gone sorrowing from the scene of death—the chambers where his dear relatives met their fate."

"Sept. 22.—Another week of sickness, suffering, and painful death-scenes in this infected city, has passed, and, during its progress, upward of two hundred more of our citizens have gone to the grave.

"This is a week to be remembered with sorrow for many a long year to come; for numbers of our most esteemed, worthy, and useful citizens have died of the terrible fever that has so long been at its cruel work in our midst. The loss of them cannot be estimated to their families, their relatives, and friends, and to this intensely afflicted city. An epidemic of a more fatal type was scarcely ever known in any part of the world—on any con-

tinent in either hemisphere. It has baffled the skill of the physician, and rapidly run its course till it has terminated in death, in spite of medicine, watching, or the most careful nursing.

"How many of the loved and loving ones have been snatched away by the fell destroyer! Alas! they are dying—dying in the spring-time of life, as well as in the ripe maturity of manhood and womanhood, and in the winter-time of age and decrepitude; and homes are left so cheerless and comfortless, that long, monotonous years will not suffice to give back the wonted comfort and happiness, or to relieve the sorrow that cruel Death has caused."

"Sept. 24.—The weather is getting cool. September will soon be gone, and we are beginning to think of frosty mornings, healthful air, and the return of our scattered people to their homes and firesides. The wind, for a day or two, has been blowing from the northeast, and this morning the tide is quite high. What effect the change in the weather may have upon the plague, remains to be seen. Up to one o'clock to-day, the fever continues its fearful havoc, and deaths are occurring every hour. I have to report, since my last, the death of other prominent and useful citizens."

"Sept. 25.—At last the mighty angel of destruction seems to be less rapid and terrible in the appalling work of death. The change in the weather has, no doubt, had a favorable tendency with regard to the fever. The number buried to-day was only about fifteen. On Saturday there were about forty interred, and on Sunday, twenty-five or thirty."

"Sept. 26.—With feelings of the highest gratification, I have to inform you of the material abatement of the yellow fever in Norfolk.

"The cool, dry weather seems to have stayed the onward march of the destroyer of life and happiness, and we may confidently hope now that health and prosperity will soon return. I hear of but few new cases, and the number of burials yesterday did not exceed a dozen in all the cemeteries."

"Oct. 3.—During the damp, cloudy, and rainy weather, which has prevailed for several days past, many persons were severely attacked, and deaths have regularly occurred every night and day, although the number, on account of a lack of subjects, has been comparatively small.

"I heard an eminent physician say to-day, that our scattered population should not return until the weather is cold enough at night to cause the

formation of ice. A few have already returned, and several have quickly sickened and died since they came."

"Oct. 7.—There were only three or four burials yesterday; none, as before stated, on Sunday; and, as I have heard of no new cases, and learn that those who are ill, are, for the most part, recovering, I hope to be able to inform you in my next, that deaths here by the yellow fever have entirely ceased to occur. The anxiety to return, however, has induced some, who were absent, to hazard their lives, and run the risk of coming in contact with a disease that proves fatal in a majority of cases; and on this account, I have no doubt that here, as in Portsmouth, more will die of this disease, before the weather is sufficiently cold to put a stop entirely to its attacks upon the lives of the people.

"The career of this pestilence in our city has been as mysterious, eccentric, and singular, as it has been fearfully rapid and fatal. While many families have been deprived of several of their most loved and valued members, and others have been entirely swept into the grave, every member in a few—all or nearly all have survived an attack of the disease, and are now almost recovered. In a

large family on Bute Street, all died. In one on Church Street, ten in eleven; while in another on the same street, consisting of twenty-one persons, though all were down with the fever except one, only one died. The individual who escaped in this family, attributes his exemption to an attack in 1821. But some who were ill of the fever in '21, have been dangerously ill here during its present visit to our city.

"In some families, the strongest have been taken, and the most frail left to deplore their sad loss. In others the weak only have fallen, and the robust and active spared. Only children have died in many families, and in some they have escaped, while both parents have died and left them desolate orphans, to be cared for by sympathizing strangers, who came on the mission of love and mercy to the scenes of woe, that were going on here, when Death held his sway, and transformed our beautiful city almost into a mammoth charnel house."

CHAPTER XIX.

CORRESPONDENCE—DECREASE IN THE NUMBER OF PATIENTS—THE CONVALESCENTS—THE WEATHER—AN AGED VICTIM—DEATH HOLDING HIS SWAY—THE REFUGEES—THE DESTROYING ANGEL—THE CALAMITY—DEATH OF A MINISTER—THE PATIENTS RECOVERING—STORES OPENING—THE VACUUM—THE SEVERITY OF THE DISEASE—THE GRAVE-YARDS—DEATH OF A PRINTER—A WEEK OF SUSPENSE—THE PHYSICIANS—THE DISEASE DISAPPEARING—REFLECTIONS—THE SCOURGE.

EXTRACTS from the special correspondence of the Baltimore *Sun:*

"Sept. 17th.—There is a manifest decrease in the number of deaths, but many valuable citizens are still dying of the fatal and alarming epidemic that has spread desolation, consternation, and terror throughout our city and our neighboring town across the water. There are many pale and sallow faces, and emaciated forms in our streets, of those who have nearly recovered. They show the sad effects of the ravages of the scourge; but there are often happy, joyful greetings between many who meet after the terrible ordeal has been passed, and the sufferers have escaped death and the grave. There are thankful as well as sad hearts; for, some

have been restored nearly to health, that did not expect to withstand the fierce attack of the death-dealing agent of destruction that has stalked abroad through every street of our city, in the bright face of day, and in all the dark and gloomy hours of the night.

"Of the small number of whites that are still here, a few have thus far escaped an attack of the disease; but there is scarcely a family that has not suffered, and, as before stated, in some instances all are gone, every member has been taken to the grave, and within a few short days, heads of families, children, and all, have been laid, side by side, in the burial-place.

"We have had very heavy rains recently; and to-day (Monday) the air is cool and pleasant, wind northwest. Some excellent citizens died yesterday and to-day, and since my last letter was written.

"Mrs.——, a lady of some property, died to-day, and, all of her relatives having died, numbering some half a dozen, others had to attend to her burial. She stood like a forlorn stranger amid the death and desolation around her—the last of the family—trembling with the weight of seventy-two years; but soon she will sleep quietly with her children, and grandchildren, who went just before.

There were tears shed at her grave, but by the faithful servants who had watched at her bedside, while the disease preyed upon her frail and aged form. The family are all buried, and as in other cases, it may be difficult to find the legal heirs to the property that has been left."

"Sept. 22.—Death is still fearfully at work here, and there is a considerable increase in the number of cases. Those who have been attacked this week have nearly all died; scarcely one in ten survives. The fatality is absolutely awful to contemplate, and our remaining population are still in great distress, and oppressed with feelings of the deepest grief and sorrow."

"Sept. 26.—The weather here is now delightful; the wind has changed to the South, and it is feared we may have it warm and sultry again, and a consequent increase in the fever cases. But it is most earnestly to be desired that there will continue to be a rapid diminution of the new cases, and of the victims of the pestilence; that we soon shall be free from the wasting and devastating scourge, and be healthful and prosperous again.

"The thousands of our citizens who are scattered about in various parts of this and other States, are very anxious to return to their homes. This, how-

ever, it will be hazardous to do until the appearance of frost, which, we trust, may not be delayed more than a week or two longer; although we may not have it in three or four. A strange as well as a sad state of things they will find when they return to this plague-stricken city, and long years will be required to restore it to its wonted prosperity and happiness. Wives who are absent have lost their husbands, who remained at home; mothers, their children; sisters, their brothers; and hundreds of relatives and friends, who separated a few weeks ago, will meet no more in this world. The friends and acquaintances of some families will look in vain for a single member of the household.

"The destroying angel, in the execution of his awful commission, and in the exercise of his stupendous power, has gone in among many a happy family circle, and in a few brief days made it desolate by the removal of the fairest and the best, striking down, and removing one, two, three, and, in some cases, all of the inmates of the once joyous and peaceful home.

"It is painful, indeed, too, to reflect upon the many men of mind, genius, enterprise, and character that have been swept away. How great a vacuum

has this calamitous visitation caused in a few weeks? Certainly a large number of our most valuable citizens are gone from our midst. We should bow submissively to the decree of the Great Ruler and Creator, but sadly and awfully, indeed, is our city afflicted.

"I regret to add to the list of recent deaths the name of Benjamin Charles, the printer in the *Argus* office, who stood firmly and fearlessly at his post by the side of Mr. Finch, the lamented and intelligent foreman, and toiled with him night and day, when the fierce destroyer had attacked the rest, or caused them to fly. The writer noticed this young man at his work, striving faithfully to give the desired information of the progress of the disease to our scattered people. He seemed as calm, amid the storm of excitement that prevailed, as he ever was. He deserves to be kindly remembered, as one who was faithful and fearless when thousands were hurrying away in alarm.

"In looking back, as it were, upon the widespread desolation which the fell destroyer has left in its track, the heart is pained at the sad vacuum which has been made in many an excellent family."

"Sept. 29.—Another week of painful excitement and activity has come to a close, and with it seems

to have nearly ended the cruel and merciless career of the destroying agent that has held its sway in Norfolk for so many long and tedious weeks.

"There have been but very few new cases to-day. The disease may now be said to have almost entirely ceased its furious attacks. But some are still contending painfully and severely with the enemy.

"Physicians have fallen rapidly and numerously. Ministers, merchants, editors, mechanics, bank officers, clerks, and so on, have gone one after another to the silence of the grave. Old men and tender infants, men of cultivated minds and unlettered laborers, masters and servants, prisoners and their keepers, friends and enemies, the strong, the weak, the halt, and the maimed, have died off with amazing rapidity. Before the familiar sound of their voices had been forgotten, or it was known by many that they were ill, they were sleeping in their 'narrow beds.'

"We may hope now, however, that the fearful commission of the angel of death has well nigh been executed in this ill-fated and unfortunate Atlantic city; that the wails of the bereaved, and the heart-rending cries of the orphan, may soon be unheard, and our wonted healthfulness and happiness

return, and take the place of this silence and desolation."

"Oct. 6.—The great conflict with the monster malady is almost over, and those who retreated may soon return, as they are anxious to do, to the battle-field; but the dead are removed, and buried, and the wounded are recovering. The proud and powerful monarch, Death, that has held sway here so long, has nearly finished his fearful work upon friends and foes, good and bad, great and small, treading down all alike, regardless of station or influence. The dim lights that burned in five hundred infected chambers no longer give forth, through the half-closed windows, their sickly, melancholy glare upon the few that ventured out upon the deserted streets by night.

"The people now seem relieved; their countenances give evidence that a great burden has been measurably removed—that the good angel of hope has taken the place of the dread angel of death, and gives joy to hearts that have known only sadness and sorrow for dreary months that have passed.

"The flight of souls immortal, at the rate of five hundred per week, from the afflicted cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, has nearly ceased, and the

deserted streets, stores, dwellings, and public buildings will, ere long, present scenes of life and animation, social greetings, and active business. The proud and noble ocean ships that have left our deep waters, will come into our capacious harbor again; the gay steamers that are gone will return and appear with their human freight, all anxious and active with life and hope; and merchant vessels will crowd our docks and wharves, now rendered silent and vacant by the fearful work of death that has oppressed and afflicted us. But the recollection of the scenes of suffering and woe that have been witnessed here, will remain for months and years, and deep grief will sadden and weigh down many a heart; for numbers of the loved and the loving, the noble-minded, the beautiful that were here, are gone, to return no more. A long night of sorrow will be the portion of many a true soul. But Father Time will work a mighty change and a cure in many a bleeding heart.

"There have been but three or four burials today. No prominent citizen has died since Wednesday, and I hope to be able to inform you in a few days that the fearful scourge has passed by, and gone entirely from among us—and may it never return hither again—never!

"A child died at the hospital yesterday, and another at the Orphan House to-day; and five or six colored persons have died during the last forty-eight hours, and others, who are sick, are recovering rapidly."

"I hear of but few deaths now in either Norfolk or Portsmouth. I regret to state that Rev. Mr. Devlin, the Catholic priest in the latter place, died yesterday. He had the fever a few weeks ago, and, after having nearly recovered, exposure to inclement weather caused a relapse that soon closed his earthly career. From the commencement of the fatal epidemic at Gosport, almost to the termination of its fearful ravages, Mr. Devlin was unceasing in his pastoral visitations and kind attentions to the sick, the suffering, the needy and the dying. He is the seventh minister who has fallen during the frightful reign of the merciless destroyer that has devastated the two adjacent towns.

"We have had two frosts, which will, no doubt, soon stop the progress of the scourge entirely. The weather is perfectly charming—the temperature just such as to make the healthy feel more vigorous, and the invalid better and stronger.

"Most of the cases now under treatment are

rapidly recovering, and many who were sick appear on the streets, and will soon be able to attend to their accustomed duties again.

"More than a dozen stores are open, during the greater part of the day, on Market Square and Main Street; and business matters will soon get into their accustomed course again. The wide vacuum that has been made by Death will be gradually filled; the deep wounds that have been inflicted will be healed by time, and many long and happy years of prosperity are before us. Some will probably never recover from the effects of the fearful calamity that has crushed so many to death, and sunk them into the grave; but rising suns and bright and healthful days, and the excitement of business and news, will dissipate the dark clouds of gloom and despair that Death has caused to gather over and around us, and many who are now sad will be happy and joyous again, in spite of the sad remembrances of the sting of Death and the victory of the grave.

"I heard one of our citizens regretting his great loss during this pestilential visitation. Eleven of his relatives, including his wife and five children, were taken. Another spoke in terms of the most inconsolable grief and despair. He had but re-

cently removed to the city with a lovely wife and a young child. They are in the grave, like the rest, and he looks as if a weight of sorrow will soon press him down, and close his joyless earthly career, too.

"The grave-yards present a strange sight. In Cedar Grove, Elmwood, the Catholic and Potter's Field, the graves are interspersed in every direction over the grounds. I never expected to see so large a number of new-made graves—a sad sight, indeed, a melancholy evidence of the fearful and rapid work of death that has been going on. The pits, which contain from fifteen to more than thirty bodies, are upon the banks of a stream that glides peacefully and quietly by, while the winds moan and sigh deeply among the thick branches of some noble trees that throw their shade upon the sleeping dead below. Their bones will mingle promiscuously, and crumble together in close union, till roused to life by the archangel's trumpet, with the countless millions who sleep the death-sleep, and who must hereafter submit to the common fate of man."

CHAPTER XX.

MISCELLANEOUS CORRESPONDENCE—LETTER FROM T. G. BROUGHTON, ESQ. — REMOVAL OF THE CITIZENS — GENEROSITY OF RICHMOND—LETTER FROM REV. T. HUME—THE RUSH FOR FOOD — INCREASE OF DEATHS — DRS. CAPRI, CRAYCROFT, UPSHUR, AND CROW—THE SUPPLY OF COFFINS EXHAUSTED—DESOLATION AND DEATH — JOSIAH WILLS — JOHN TUNIS — NO ABATEMENT OF THE DISEASE—THE GRAVE-DIGGER—A BEAUTIFUL SABBATH MORNING—THE CLERGY SUFFERING—THE FAMILIAR WORK OF DEATH AND BURIAL—THE RETURN OF THE ABSENT—CORRESPONDENCE—ACTING MAYOR OF NORFOLK AND F. H. CLACK, ESQ., OF MOBILE.

"NORFOLK, Sept. 11.—My dear sir: I have received your letter, earnestly pressing our few remaining citizens to flee to Richmond, where, you say, I well know they would be received with open arms—everything being provided to make them comfortable. But to me it seems impossible. There is no means by which the appeal you suggest could be made to reach them. Few, indeed, are at leisure to bring about what you propose. Indeed, I may say, *all* who could be useful in promoting that object have their minds entirely

engrossed by their duties to their sick families, connections, and friends; and I could not name the individual who is not thus engaged, far beyond his desire to do good in any other way. Those who are not thus circumstanced, of course, continue to obey the instinct of self-preservation, by fleeing to a purer atmosphere.

"Being, in my position of Secretary to the Board of Health, about the only one of our city authorities present and fit for duty, I take the liberty to tender you the thanks of the city for your benevolent proposition. Nobly has Richmond used the liberal means with which a kind Providence has endowed her, in ministering to the relief of her poor, afflicted, heart-broken sister; and may the same Providence continue to increase those means, since she has so well proved that she knows how to use them. Heaven bless you and her, is the sincere prayer of your friend,

"THOS. G. BROUGHTON."

"To the Editor of the Richmond *Dispatch*.

"PORTSMOUTH, Sept. 17.—I have confided the receipt of the articles mentioned by you to my friend Holt Wilson, who will make you a due acknowledgment. I must tender to you and your

kind-hearted fellow-citizens my unfeigned and fervent thanks for this renewed token of your benevolence towards us. The sufferings of our people are greatly relieved by the gifts thus generously bestowed upon us, while the tender interest in our behalf which they revive cheers us amid the gloom which gathers around us.

"What an affecting sight is presented during the whole day at the office of the Relief Committee? There a crowd is almost constantly gathered, seeking supplies for their destitute families. The press has been so great to-day, that we have been compelled to close the office door, and require them to wait without at the window. If we could raise the requisite force, we would open another office, and another store, but we are unable to do so.

"Last night and to-day, the proportion of deaths and new cases (compared with the three or four previous days) among us has been sadly increased. This is, I learn, the fact also in Norfolk. Yours truly,

"T. HUME."

—*Richmond Dispatch.*

From Dr. W. H. Freeman, of Philadelphia.

"NORFOLK, Sept. 21.—My last visit, less than

half an hour ago, was to Dr. Julius Cæsar Capri, of the Sixth Avenue, New York. He now lies dangerously ill at the "Howard Infirmary," whither he was carried from the hotel on the morning of the 10th. He has black vomit, and lies in a comatose condition.

"This gentleman, and three nurses who accompanied him, arrived in this city only this day one week ago; now he and Mrs. Wallace, a female nurse, lie dangerously ill of the disease. I saw them on the afternoon of their arrival—was introduced to them by Mr. Cooke, of the Howard Association; and most earnestly did I implore them to return home, stating that they would add to the number to nurse, and perhaps to bury. His reply was a noble one: 'I came here to attend the sick, and I would rather die than return.' He brought with him high recommendations from Dr. Mott, of New York, and is a man of very superior attainments. He has been under my charge, in the private wards of the hospital, where he has been nursed most faithfully by Vincent Torras, sent by you from Philadelphia. Yesterday and to-day, I have had the valuable assistance, in consultation, of Professor J. B. Read, of Savannah, Georgia. Both of us have seen him some half a dozen times

a day, and the greatest interest is manifested in 'poor Capri,' by all here.

"This recalls to mind one who hails from our goodly city—I mean Craycroft. I knew him well while here, and twice had I obtained his consent to go home, and for which he had made preparation; but each time he was induced to forego the promise, because, being exceedingly useful and active, he was urged to remain by a gentleman of the Howard Association, who knew his value. He became thereby a martyr; and while his friends and family may mourn his loss thus early in life, they are at least consoled by the reflection that he fell in a holy cause, and that nothing was wanting that could in any way contribute to his comfort, during his brief illness. Dr. Wm. J. Moore (one of only three of the resident physicians left on duty here) had him at his residence, and not only was with him constantly, but he availed himself of the skill and attention of Dr. Huger, of Charleston, S. C.

"Dr. Upshur died the night before last, and Dr. Crow to-day. Over one-half of the resident physicians now sleep beneath the sod. Is not this a fearful mortality, and does it not speak volumes for the moral courage of the remnant?"

"Norfolk, Sept. 22.—The malignity of the disease has not abated, but, owing probably to the moist, oppressive condition of the atmosphere this week, has rather increased. It is said that scarcely a case taken since Monday has recovered. Thirty orders for coffins were in waiting this morning at ten o'clock; and although the supply is large, not enough can be obtained. One hearse passed by, containing three bodies sewed up in canvas. Last Sabbath, not a church was open in the place; and for a long time all houses of business have been closed. Not a person is to be seen in the streets, save here and there a servant, or the physicians hurrying to and fro.

"Sept. 24.—Dr. Upshur, whose death was mentioned yesterday, was a most excellent citizen and physician. Foremost in the fight, he has fallen a prey to the fell disease that in nowise abated his zeal in the contest, until exhausted nature compelled him to retire, and await that summons which no human skill can avert, and which all must, sooner or later, obey. He filled the office of surgeon of the Marine Hospital, at this port, had an extensive practice, was a pious and a good man, and had a heart ever open to the claims of "melting charity." Josiah Wills, one of our most eminent

merchants, also died this morning, after a brief illness. His loss will also be deeply deplored by all the various business men of the place, to whom his extensive concerns gave much employment. Able and liberal, he was foremost in good works, and was always engaged in every scheme that promised to advance and improve the trade and commerce of the place. John Tunis, also, is no more. One of our wealthiest, most intelligent and liberal citizens, full of enterprise, and possessing a large share of sound practical wisdom, he leaves a vacuum in society which will be difficult to fill. Cases of all classes are occurring, without any favorable signs of modification or abatement.

"PORTSMOUTH, Sept. 26.—Uncle Bob Butt, the noted grave-digger, was up to the city yesterday. The sight of that personage in town is considered a good omen, as he has been seldom seen since the epidemic commenced. He alone has had nine or ten men employed, night and day, burying the dead, outside of the city. He is a slave, and deserves great credit for his attention to this important part of the debt due the dead."

"This is a beautiful Sabbath morning. The atmosphere is clear, cool, and invigorating. Several

of the Norfolk churches are open for worship, but few of the congregation are in attendance; others are closed. In some instances the faithful pastor, who, like the lamented Dibrell and Jackson, preferred death to desertion, has been summoned from the scene of his labors, to receive his reward. In other cases, the surviving pastor discovers most of his congregation either exiles from home, or occupying the silent sepulchre.

"Much suffering and distress have existed in Norfolk and Portsmouth during this epidemic, but the end is not yet. The excitement and absolute necessity for constant activity have afforded but little time for reflection.

"I have seen husbands consigning their wives to the tomb, wives their husbands, parents their children, and children their parents, with an apparent callousness, that to me was truly painful. In fact, they appeared, in many instances, entirely incapable of appreciating their loss, and even now they do not realize it. To this, it is true, there have been exceptions. I have witnessed some outbursts of emotion which irresistibly excited the sympathy of the spectators.

"But when those who are absent return, attired in the habiliments of mourning—when the social

circle is formed, and the surviving members of the respective families surround the domestic hearth—then will the truth, with all its horrors, become apparent. Then will the eye in vain search for the absent wife or husband, father or mother, son or daughter, brother or sister. The scenes of intense mental suffering which will then transpire, no pen can depict, nor pencil portray.

"Norfolk, 10 A. M.—I learned this morning, from a reliable source, that several families who have been residing in the adjacent country for some weeks past, have recently returned to Norfolk. The result has been (as one would naturally expect), every family has one or more of its members down with the fever."

Extract from a correspondence between N. C. Whitehead, Esq., Acting Mayor, and F. H. Clack, of Mobile, who acted as Chief of Police during the continuance of the fever.

"NORFOLK, Va., Sept. 27.

"To N. C. WHITEHEAD, Esq.

"Acting Mayor of the City of Norfolk:

"SIR:—By your appointment of the 4th inst., I was placed at the head of the police of this city, with full authority to direct and govern all police

matters within the corporation limits. In entering upon the discharge of these important duties, I felt all the responsibility entailed upon me by such a position, and I trust I have properly fulfilled its duties.

"The exigency which required, in your opinion, such an appointment, has now passed; and I beg leave to resign into your hands the authority and office received from you. I am induced to take this step by the belief that there is no longer occasion for the exercise of any such extraordinary authority, as the violence of the epidemic has abated, and affairs here are beginning to take their usual regular course.

* * * *

"I have realized, sir, from the beginning, the delicacy of my position, and determined, as soon as I could do so with prudence and safety, to resign my office.

"And yet, sir, I did not feel as a stranger would, in acting in the capacity I have filled. In visiting those scenes where I had passed my days of childhood, I felt that Norfolk had a right to claim from all her children every aid they were able to give. In this spirit I have acted, and striven to do my best.

* * * *

To F. H. Clack, Esq.

* * * *

"That you, though young in years, have more than fulfilled the expectations of myself, and a community to which you are in a great degree affiliated, is proved by the universal testimony of those who have experienced protection from your vigilance; by the efficacy, peace and good order which have prevailed under your management; and by the regret which we personally feel, that your resignation is prefatory to your departure from among us in common with other gallant associates who have also officially notified me of their purpose to leave.

* * * *

"The early day which you have fixed upon for departing, and the forlorn condition to which our remaining families are reduced, prevent the majority of our citizens from making more than slight individual manifestations of the profound gratitude which they cannot fail always to cherish; and from giving such united expression to their feelings as would be agreeable to them, and, I trust, not unacceptable to yourself.

"Be pleased to accept, sir, for yourself and the

bands of heroes whom you represent, the assurance of my warmest gratitude and high personal esteem.

"Yours, very respectfully.

"N. C. WHITEHEAD, J. P.,

"Acting Mayor of Norfolk."

CHAPTER XXI.

SISTERS OF CHARITY — WOMAN AT THE BEDSIDE OF THE SICK, DYING, AND DEAD — THE PERIOD OF TERROR — A PROCESSION WITH FORTY COFFINS — THE FEMALE NURSES — CAPT. BOYD — THE MAYOR AND EX-MAYOR — REMINISCENCE — A FEARFUL REALITY — HELP FROM ABROAD — BALTIMORE, RICHMOND, ETC. — THE BAY LINE COMPANY — PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK — NATIONAL MUNIFICENCE — LIBERALITY OF NEW YORK — THE EPIDEMIC — ALLEVIATING CIRCUMSTANCES — ACKNOWLEDGMENTS — GRATITUDE — LIBERALITY OF PHILADELPHIA — F. WEBSTER, JR. — THE ORPHANS — STATEMENT OF THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION — THE ORPHANS — RICHMOND — REV. D. P. WILLS — THE LITTLE ONES BEREAVED.

Soon after the fever was first announced, the Sisters of Charity, connected with St. Patrick's Church of this city, received a note from a physician informing them that their services had been offered by a friend to attend the sick, if desired. They replied with commendable promptness, and in terms expressive of a self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of suffering humanity, and stated their readiness to enter at once upon the work of love and mercy. They added, that their force would probably be divided between Portsmouth and Norfolk, and if so, aid would immediately be pro-

cured at Emmetsburg; so that, in case the fever should unfortunately spread in our city, the public might not want for careful and experienced nurses to attend at the bedsides of the sick, the suffering, and the dying.

Woman, in almost every land, and of every religious persuasion, has cheerfully and nobly engaged in the merciful and angel-like work of alleviating human suffering—has stood firmly and heroically by the bedside, amid the pestilential breath of fever, and cholera, and plague; nor retired until the patient gave unmistakable signs of returning health, or the hapless victim was held fast in the unyielding embrace of the "king of terrors," when, with big tears of heart-felt grief, she has left to repeat her efforts beside other couches of suffering and death. But here was an association of ladies, holding themselves ready, at the first startling cry of alarm—the first call for aid to the suffering, the first announcement of a fatal and dreaded pestilence—to go to the rooms of the diseased and do the kindly offices so greatly needed there—to whisper words of encouragement, administer the remedies, and wipe the death-damp from the sallow brow of the dead. Surely, the harsh and discordant voice of bigotry

and sectarianism should be hushed now, and the meed of praise freely awarded to those who justly merit it, without regard to party or creed. And there were many others, whose generous deeds and works of love are known, remembered, and acknowledged.

We will not attempt to express now the high appreciation and the deep sense of gratitude of our citizens for so noble and whole-souled benevolence. Here, and in our sister city, we wanted aid—we needed nurses and helpers on every hand. We speak not in terms of censure, but fifteen thousand of the people had fled. They were scattered among the beautiful hills and luxuriant valleys of our State; were safe in the healthful cities of the North, where the breezes were balmy and fresh, or elsewhere far away from the sickening and tainted air; and their relatives, their friends, their neighbors, their faithful servants, their sick and dying townsmen wanted help; they wanted familiar and friendly hands to smooth out the pillow for the aching head, to wipe off the cold death-drops that collected upon the pale brow and the sunken cheek. But strangers came to their assistance; and let this be proclaimed to the honor of humanity, and to the lasting fame of

the great souls that sacrificed the comforts of home and the society of loved ones in the endeared family circle—let it be inscribed in indelible letters of gold. But it is deeply graven in the hearts of our people; and whether these moral heroes and heroines fell beneath the stroke of Death, or came out of the ordeal unhurt and pure, their benevolence and kindness will be remembered, and their deeds of love will descend far down in the track of Time, and be known and acknowledged in vast Eternity.

"However natural it may be," says the *Argus*, "to seek to relieve our memory from the burden of that day, in the midst of which we were, and especially of that dark Sabbath morning when we saw forty men, each bearing a coffin on his shoulder, sent in saddest mercy from abroad, and seized as soon as sent, that the corrupting remains of those dearest to them might be removed from their sight forever; however natural it may be to seek forgetfulness of such scenes, still we should not forget the silent, and almost unobserved, and wholly unrewarded services of the strangers who came among us, to do for us, or to die with us. It is true that the names and deeds of some of those have been borne upon the trembling wires, and filled the gazettes of all parts of our country, and

will be known for long years as angels of mercy; but there were scores of patient, tender, self-devoting nurses, who served without notice, and, thoughtless of observance, to whom our highest gratitude is due.

"We are led to these remarks by our recollection of the services of the many excellent female nurses who chose to be humane, even at the peril of their lives. They have left us, and their names are as unknown to our citizens as if they had never made any sacrifice.

"There were men among them, too—men indeed—whose advent cheered many death-beds, and saved survivors from despair. Among those was the modest, unobtrusive, and intelligent Captain Boyd. At the gloomiest period of the epidemic, Hunter Woodis led him to the bedside of the Ex-Mayor of the city; the fever had prostrated the whole family. His services were at first declined, because one of less respectable deportment, who could wait upon females, was most to be desired. But he would not be refused; and, as a menial, doing the duties of the humblest servant, and most faithful nurse, to master and slave, for weeks, without disrobing himself, without necessary food, without rest, and without the desire of reward,

save what conscience brings, did this stranger work in his Samaritan office."

"When we look back upon our city"—wrote the senior of the *Herald*, after passing unhurt through the storm of death—"as it was a little more than two months ago—in the enjoyment of more than its wonted share of health; smiling in the midst of peace and plenty; prosperous in all its various departments of business, commerce, and mechanical industry; looking into the future with high hopes and bright anticipations from its works of internal improvement; its inhabitants, happy in themselves and their families, and mutually happy in one another, as a community in which were combined the elements of reciprocal good-will, social harmony, and a common interest—when we recall to mind this painful portraiture of the condition which our city so recently presented—and contemplate the scenes of horror and dismay which so suddenly followed it, as with the rush of a whirlwind, appalling, bewildering, stupefying, and stunning all the faculties of mind and sense, and steeping them in a vortex of woe unutterable—we find it difficult to assure ourselves of the reality of what we have passed through in that brief space of time; and we feel as if it were all a frightful

dream—a vision of woe which still haunts and terrifies us, while we would fain persuade ourselves that it is an unreal mockery. Oh, that it were so, indeed! But no. We wake to a dread reality of all the horrors of a sweeping calamity which has spared neither sex, nor age, nor condition; which has widowed and orphaned hundreds; swept whole families entire into the grave; torn asunder the strongest ties of kindred, love and affection; stricken down the strongest and most ornamental pillars of our social fabric, and caused a general disruption in the frame-work which held us together as a business community.

"Sad and gloomy as the picture is, Oh! how infinitely more so would it have been but for the prompt, the generous, the almost super-human benevolence interposed in behalf of our stricken communities by all portions of our beloved country, in every city, and in almost every county and village in our own State, and in her sister States, from the sea-board to the interior, by their populous commercial marts and smaller communities, not only in pouring in upon us the means for mitigating our sufferings, but in sending us their Good Samaritans, their noble corps of medical volunteers and nurses—an immortalized host of moral chival-

ry, to battle with the destroyer at the bedside of the sick, and rescue its victims from its remorseless grasp. Would that it were in our power to rehearse the almost countless instances of these noble benefactions, and to command adequate language to express the sense of gratitude which they have indelibly impressed upon the hearts and minds of the people of both communities. To name even the most prominent agents in the merciful work of their preservation, might seem ungracious.

"But Baltimore and Richmond—our nearest neighbors—what would the condition of the plague-smitten cities have been without their ever ready aid, and their lines of steamboats bringing daily supplies for the wants and sufferings of these afflicted communities? When the panic from the pestilence had scattered abroad more than the half of our population, and suspended all the operations of commerce, industry, and labor—leaving hundreds of families, dependent thereon for their daily support, in utter destitution; when not even the munificent donations in money from abroad, added to the contributions at home, could procure subsistence for the needy while in health, nor the necessary provision for the accommodation of the sick who were to be a public charge; and when

all intercourse with our sister-cities, North and South, and with the neighboring country, was cut off by a general and rigid quarantine—and famine was thus threatened to be added to the pestilence that was raging in our devoted cities; then Baltimore, with a heart ever throbbing responsively to the calls of humanity, and with that generosity in which she cannot be excelled, through her whole-souled Relief Committee, promptly sent forward all that was required to supply the wants of the famishing poor, and ameliorate the condition of the sick—food of every description, medical stores, mattresses, bedding, clothing, and even *coffins*—which, as we have before shown, were, for some time, among the most pressing of our wants. And Richmond gloriously followed the example of Baltimore, and entered into a friendly competition with her in the race of benevolence, anxious for opportunities to render assistance.

"And here let us, in the name of our twin sisters in affliction, acknowledge the incalculable obligations they are under to 'the Baltimore Bay Line Company'—of which the Monumental City may well be proud, for it has on this occasion proved itself one of the brightest gems in her 'crown of rejoicing.' For weeks the Company continued to

run their boats *daily*, after the travel by their route had so fallen off as to make it a losing business to do so, in order that the sick and indigent might receive the supplies which their wants daily called for. Nor did they change the daily to a tri-weekly run, until assured by the Howard Association that the former was no longer necessary. This great accommodation was rendered still more effectual by the considerate courtesy of the Baltimore Board of Health, in sending a medical agent by each boat, under whose supervision the communication was kept up, and those of our citizens who were permitted to do so, could take passage for Baltimore free of quarantine. It was through this channel that the ever-active Relief Committees of Philadelphia and New York were also enabled to forward supplies of various articles. The boats were permitted to approach as near the city as was deemed by the agents of the Board consistent with safety, and were there met by the Norfolk ferry-steamer Princess Anne, which received the welcome offerings of our kind Baltimore friends, and conveyed them to the Howard dépôt for distribution. But even this caution was not observed till an advanced period of the epidemic; for as late as the 1st of September one of the line boats

(the Georgia) continued to pass through our harbor to the upper wharf, and land the supplies sent by the relief committees. The value of the services thus rendered by the Bay Line Company, under circumstances of so much danger, cannot be adequately estimated or appreciated. May they receive the reward of their noble and disinterested benevolence in a never-failing stream of prosperity flowing from the well-earned approbation of an appreciative public."

"We know of no more gratifying theme of contemplation for the lover of humanity," wrote an observant citizen, "than the success which has recently attended charitable appeals of various kinds.

"No sooner does distress break out anywhere—be it an epidemic in a southern city, or a famine in so distant a region as Madeira—than donations of ten, twenty, and fifty dollars pour into the hands of relief associations, and in a marvelously short period of time a fund is collected, which effects what money can avail to heal the suffering. New York has always been preëminent among the donors on such occasions.

"The Norfolk epidemic is one of the severest calamities with which any portion of our country

has been afflicted for many years; but among the alleviating circumstances attending it, the heart softens at the spontaneous manifestations of aid and sympathy from every quarter of the land. It is under such powerful appeals that the nobleness of human nature spontaneously bursts forth."

"When the pestilence commenced its ravages in Portsmouth and subsequently in this city," wrote another gentleman, "the spirit of benevolence and heaven-born charity (before an appeal could go forth from the afflicted cities), in anticipation of their sufferings, awakened in every bosom throughout the length and breadth of our country those sympathies and benevolent impulses which were calculated to relieve them—and they were relieved, as far as ample provision for the wants and necessities of the sick and the destitute could relieve them. Norfolk and Portsmouth will ever recur to this 'tempering of the wind to the shorn lamb' with feelings to which language fails to give utterance. But while they cherish one common sentiment of gratitude to ALL who aided in alleviating the horrors of their dread visitation, it behooves them to render special reverence to the city of Philadelphia for an act that deserves an imperishable record. Philadelphia was among the

foremost in signalizing her benevolent action in behalf of the sufferers. The contributions of her citizens in money, in provisions, in medical stores, and in the ready aid she rendered by sending them physicians and nurses, were unsurpassed. Nor should we overlook the deep interest which her generous, self-sacrificing son, Thomas Webster, jr., took in their sufferings, and his noble efforts to relieve them ; but let his memory be perpetuated in the grateful remembrance of the citizens of both towns. As soon as it was ascertained that the disease must become epidemic, he, with other benevolent spirits, caused a public meeting to be called in Philadelphia, by which a Committee was appointed to solicit contributions for the relief of the victims of the pestilence in Norfolk and Portsmouth ; and a very large amount was soon collected, and from time to time remitted or disbursed by the Committee, for the benefit of the sufferers. When the pestilence ceased its work of death, there remained of the fund contributed for the relief of its victims, in the hands of the Committee, the sum of *three thousand dollars.* The Committee submitted to Mr. Webster to decide what should be done with this surplus ; and he promptly proposed that it should constitute a fund, to be called

the 'Philadelphia Fund,' invested in Philadelphia city scrip, the interest accruing from which to be divided between the towns of Norfolk and Portsmouth—the former receiving interest on $1,600, and the latter on $1,400, of the fund, for the benefit of the orphans of persons who died of the fever. The proposition was unanimously concurred in by the Committee, and a deed in trust, appointing Thomas Webster, jr., trustee of the fund for the Norfolk orphans, was transmitted to Messrs. Aug. B. Cooke, President, and Solomon Cherry, Secretary of the Norfolk Howard Association, with the power of attorney from the trustee to them, to receive the semi-annual dividends on the fund thus set apart for the benefit of the orphans in charge of the Howard Association. The scrip for $1,600 (a beautifully engraved document) also accompanied the deed in trust.

"The deed in trust provides, that in case of the redemption of the scrip by the city, the $1,600 shall be re-invested in some other stock paying the lawful interest; and the three thousand dollars, thus dividing its product between the two towns, will continue to be held in trust, under the designation of the 'Philadelphia Fund'—the portion awarded to Norfolk being drawn semi-annually by

the President and Secretary of the Howard Association—Augustus B. Cooke, and Solomon Cherry, Esqrs., and their successors in office.

"This disposition of the surplus of their contributions, is honorable alike to the citizens of Philadelphia, to the Committee who had the disposal of the fund, and to Mr. Webster, their estimable agent in the transaction; and, as generous and disinterested friends of the orphan and of humanity, we render them the homage due to noble deeds, and invoke the protection of an over-ruling Providence to shield them from the dread pestilence, and shower its choicest blessings on them and their beautiful city."

"While the heart of the country is throbbing with sympathy for the unfortunate sufferers of our sister cities," wrote the able editor of the Petersburg *Southside Democrat*, "the sad condition of their hundreds of orphans should not be overlooked. The shaft of death has not been hurled with half so distressing effect, as when, in the very ruthlessness of its nature, it has sundered the sweet ties which bind the parent to the child. The husband who has lost his wife, though afflicted to his heart's inmost core, can stem the rude current of life, and breast the fierce waves of the world's

contentions. The wife who has been bereft of her husband, though realizing the acutest anguish of soul, can find peace and enjoyment in the days to come, with the darling objects of affection bequeathed to her by a fond and devoted father. But who will care for the orphan? Who will generously assist it up the rugged mount of life? No one is left to love it now. Father and mother are swept away by the awful storm of death, which is brooding darkly over the cities of the sea-board. Who will be a friend to the fatherless—a mother to the motherless? The cold world may dole out its sympathies and its comforts to this noble little army; but no tenderness, no affection, can be like that of a parent—no attention, however unremitting, can compensate for the loss of a mother. That heart is not to be envied, which does not mingle its sympathies with the orphans made by the fell scourge at Norfolk and Portsmouth."

A statement showing the amount of receipts of, and disbursements by, the Howard Association:

Total amount of receipts, ...		$179,288 30
Remitted to Portsmouth,	$20,619 98	
Disbursed in Baltimore, for provisions, etc.	26,000 00	
Paid to doctors and nurses,	3,500 00	

Paid in Norfolk, ...	62,481 95	
Balance on hand in bank, and invested for the support of the Howard Asylum, . .	66,686 37	
		$179,288 30

"Early in September, the orphans were first collected together in Christ Church Lecture-room, under the sanction of the lamented Ferguson, then President of the Howard Association, by our fellow-townsman, Capt. (at that time Lieut.) James L. Henderson, U. S. N. (who, we are glad to see, has since obtained his well-merited promotion). They were visited and ministered to at the instance of Capt. H., by the martyr Jackson, and all the resident clergymen, without discrimination, and without any intention of exclusive control; and by Nicholas W. Parker, Esq., and other citizens of different denominations.

"We regard this asylum, which we trust to see properly founded sooner or later, as the best monument of those noble charities which the people of our various counties and towns contributed in the holy cause of relieving abject suffering, and providing remedies against its inevitable consequences. Those one hundred and twenty hapless children will, through its fostering care, ever have cause to feel that their lot has been cast in a day of love

and tenderness, as well as in a region swept by pestilence and death.

"About sixty children, of both sexes, were conveyed from Portsmouth to Richmond. Some of these children were so young as to be unable to give any intelligible account of themselves, and nothing whatever is known of their parentage or history. They were accompanied by the Rev. D. P. Wills, the Methodist clergyman who suffered so keenly from the fever, and whose death was announced more than once in the public prints. Ample preparations were made in Richmond for the reception of the orphans, and the generous heart of the city was moved with compassion for their sad condition."

"There are eight among the number," wrote a Richmond editor, "that are mere infants, and one or two of them are teething and feeble. The rest are cheerful, and one week only has been sufficient to increase the red of their cheeks. The 'captain' is fine, and the oak grove resounds daily with the merry laughter of the joyful children, who reck not of their afflictions, and the departed ones whose last moments were embittered by the reflection, that their little ones were to be left to the care of strangers and the charity of the world."

CHAPTER XXII.

INCIDENTS OF THE PESTILENCE—STRANGE PREDICTIONS AND THEIR FULFILLMENT—HAPPY DEATH OF A PIOUS YOUNG MAN—DEATH DISARMED OF HIS STING—A THRILLING SCENE DURING A THUNDER-STORM—WOMAN'S LOVE AND DEVOTION—DEATH PREVENTS A MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE.

A FEW months before the yellow fever broke out, a minister who was not a resident of the city, while preaching in one of our churches, and urging his hearers to repent, remarked, that he was impressed with the idea that Norfolk would soon be visited with *some great calamity*, and declared, that he would not be in the condition of many of the citizens for the whole world. Gentlemen present on the occasion noticed particularly the strange prediction, and when the fearful disease commenced its ravages upon the people, the remarks of the preacher were recalled to mind with singular force and appropriateness.

After the fever had made its appearance on Wide Water Street and seemed to be subsiding, and while the citizens were vainly hoping that the mysterious and subtle agent of destruction would spend its force in a week or two, the resi-

dent minister of the church alluded to signified his belief, with strange and startling earnestness, that the disease would rage with extraordinary severity. He said the apparent decrease in the number of deaths was deceptive, and would probably prove to be like the calm upon the ocean, which induces the unskilled seaman to hope that the storm would not rise and rage, and sweep over the bosom of the deep in the wild fury of its resistless power. But the experienced mariner could see the foretokening of the cruel and defying reign of the howling storm-king. "I shall not be surprised," he continued, "if thousands of our citizens are carried off by the pestilence that has already commenced its work of death." It is a fact that the pictures of death that he drew seemed so uncalled for, and were so unexpected by some of his hearers, that remarks were made in regard to their alarming and exciting nature. Alas! the tornado of destruction, as it were, that soon swept away two thousand of our people, was a sad and awful reality of what existed in the imagination of the clergyman alluded to.

Among the large number of the sick and the dying, a pious, intelligent, and gentle young man

was suddenly prostrated by the overwhelming power of the deceitful and treacherous malady. He was unassuming in his manner, quiet, unpretending and retiring in his deportment, and possessed a well-cultivated mind of a thoughtful and decidedly poetic turn. Though not generally known as a poet, he wielded a ready pen, and his productions are chaste, beautiful, and descriptive. For correctness of sentiment, and appropriateness of expression, they are creditable alike to his mind and his heart, and would bear a favorable comparison with the writings of some far better known in the literary world. The writer had known him, and observed him for years ; had never seen him do an unchristian act. But "how now," in the hour when the king of terrors demands admittance to his chamber, and he languishes on the pestilent bed, soiled with blood pressed from his vitals by the unyielding grasp of the relentless yellow fever monster—when the dreadful disease is rapidly changing to putridity, death, and corruption ?

A friend whispered in his ear — soon to be dull, deaf, and cold—that nothing more could be done for him, and that he was *dying*. "What ! is this death ?" said the meek and quiet sufferer ; "Is *this* death ?" His countenance was lighted up with

a joyful smile, that implied more than he could tell. His mild, blue eye assumed a look of surprise, mingled with love and delight; and he continued: "If this be all—if *this* be death, then it is a very pleasant thing to die." Thus he spoke, and thus he felt, just before the skeleton finger of "the last enemy" was placed upon his frail and youthful form. His heart suddenly ceased its feeble beat; his eye grew dim; his small and almost transparent hand lay motionless upon the pillow; he was stirless in death's chilly embrace, and his pure spirit passed upward to the unspeakable regions of glory—eternal glory—saved by simple faith in the Crucified—and his sallow corpse was soon on its way, with the rest, to the sad and crowded "city of the dead," whither he was followed on the succeeding day by a fond mother whom he loved and revered.

"Hardened as I thought I was," wrote a gentleman to his friend, "by two weeks' residence among the dying and the dead, I could not resist a thrill of horror that overwhelmed me on one occasion, when attending a dying man, who was a raving maniac, who threatened my life, because I would not let him get up; and, to raise an alarm,

would every now and then cry fire, with a most unearthly yell. And, to add to all this, just as he was breathing his last, a tremendous thunder-cloud came up, accompanied by the loudest clap of thunder I ever heard. I assure you my feelings were anything but pleasant at that time, during which, his poor mother, eighty-five years of age, was wringing her hands and walking the floor in the greatest agony. It would have required a man with a heart of stone to resist shedding a few tears of sympathy with this poor woman, whose heart seemed to be breaking."

One of those attacked in the noted Row had obtained his license to be married; but the fever interfered, put a stop to the proceedings, and the nuptials were not celebrated. The man was taken exceedingly ill, and the intended bride nursed him day and night, with woman's unflinching devotion, till the fearful struggle with the monster was over. Then, after being forced away from the bedside, she, too, was taken with the fever, but recovered from the attack.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN AFFLICTED FAMILY — A DAUGHTER'S DEVOTION — SUDDEN DEATH—AN INFANT SUFFERER—A MINISTER'S SON WRECKED BY THE SCOURGE—A FRIGHTFUL AND PITIABLE OBJECT—SOME OF THE VICTIMS—THE BIRDS AND THE PESTILENCE—BILL, THE CAKE BOY—THE FIRE BELLS—THE GAS-LIGHTS AND THE LAMP-LIGHTER—THE CITY AT NIGHT—MUSIC IN THE PESTILENCE—A FAIR SUFFERER.

"AFTER the death of Dr. R. W. Silvester and his son William H. Silvester, Mrs. Silvester, weighed down by the accumulated afflictions with which an all-wise Providence had seen fit to visit her family, was seized with the fever a few days after the attack of her son, R. J., and only survived him one day. Thus, in a fearfully brief period, were four members of this interesting household swept from time to eternity.

"The unwavering devotion and earnest solicitude," wrote a friend, "with which the four were watched and nursed by a young lady of fifteen years of age, the only surviving member of the family who was in town, was one of the most intensely interesting spectacles to which the epidemic

gave rise. Such devotion and attention displayed a strength and beauty of character rarely witnessed in maturer life, and give evidence of an affection worthy of the warmest admiration and emulation."

About 2 o'clock, August 14, a stranger, carrying an oil-cloth bag in his hand, was seen staggering in Main Street, opposite Bank, it was supposed from the effects of liquor; but on turning into the entry to go up a flight of stairs to a physician's office, he fell, and in less than fifteen minutes expired. Upon inquiry, it appeared that he was one of several boarders at a house which had been closed, and he was left in it sick with the fever, without attendance or necessaries of any kind; that in the last stage of the disease, when the victim is mocked with the deceptive consciousness of returning health, he went out in order to procure a permit to go to the hospital; but had just strength to reach the spot mentioned when he became exhausted, and death closed the scene.

Passing through the hospital one day, we saw an infant, about two months old. The little fellow was sitting alone upon one of the mattresses in the infected room, where there were men and

women in all the different stages of the dreadful disease. The child, too, had the fever. His soft, tiny hand was hot, and his fever high. It was a beautiful baby, and a patient, quiet little sufferer. The mother had been taken from him, and from the room, along with others, to the grave, and no one could tell of the father or any near relative. It was alone in the world, and among strangers, but kind strangers, from far-distant cities; and they admired the child, spoke gently to the little one, and took pleasure in watching and nursing it faithfully and fondly. The melancholy expression of this lovely infant's blue eye, its light, silken hair, the beauty of its full, round face, and its bereaved, its fatherless and motherless condition, excited the most painful interest, and tears were shed—tears of deep and heart-felt sympathy.

We noticed, also, in one of the rooms, a young man, whose face we thought it barely possible we had seen before. He was certainly one of the most sad, emaciated, and forlorn-looking beings we ever looked upon. He called our name, and we recognized him. He was the son of a minister of the Gospel, of good standing and character. Having been attacked with the fever here, he was taken to the

hospital and attended to. We knew him well; but really, the fearful disease had so changed and disfigured him, that he did not seem the same individual. He was a complete wreck. His sunken and yellow cheeks and melancholy countenance excited the sympathy of those who saw him. But his eyes gave him the most singular and unnatural appearance—one being perfectly yellow, and the other as red as blood could make it. He was a frightful as well as a pitiable object to behold; and yet we saw still worse effects of this awful scourge among the sick and the dying; and fortunate and blessed, indeed, are they who escaped with their lives, while so many died and went to their long homes.

When the fever broke out, and the people were scattering in every direction, four young men went down to the Bay Shore, some eight or ten miles from the city. Having exhausted the small amount of funds which they had jointly raised to supply their wants for a few weeks, and fearing to return to Norfolk, they pawned their watches and other valuables. But the fever continuing to rage week after week, they held a consultation, and three of them determined to return to town and hazard

their lives with the rest amid the pestilential air of the plague-stricken city. The other resolved to try his luck in Baltimore, and they all acted according to the decision to which they came in the hour of want and distress. The three who came to the city were soon attacked with the fever, and are all in the grave; the other, who sought refuge in Baltimore, had the fever, but is still among the living.

It was gravely announced by some person, and readily believed by many, no doubt, that the swallows and other birds suddenly took their departure from Norfolk and Portsmouth, as soon as the pestilence made its appearance. We are not quite prepared to deny that the swallows did follow the example of the panic-struck citizens; but very certain are we that numbers of the noisy and innocent species of the sparrow kind, known as the *wren*, remained fearlessly at their posts, or rather upon the pendulous branches of the shade and fruit trees. Right merrily and busily did they go on, too, attending to their accustomed duties, gathering worms and insects for their newly-fledged young, and pouring forth from their tiny throats their joyous matin songs, as perfectly unconcerned about

the sad havoc the yellow fever was making around them, as the public in general was about the terrible slaughter among the Russians and Allies at Sebastopol. There was one little fellow, about half a mouthful for the hungry old grimalkin that watched and longed for a taste of him, that seemed to think it his special business to sing *pro bono publico*. While the first red rays of the sun, returning from his nightly march, tinted with golden hues the eastern horizon, he would come forth from his retirement as self-confident as Lola Montez, take his position near the window at which we sketched the doings of Death, and almost split his throat in the effort to deliver himself of his pleasing though monotonous morning carol.

Some of those attacked with the disease, when under the influence of the fever, which often greatly affected the brain, became frantic and raved like madmen. Some were almost unmanageable, and it became necessary, as before mentioned, to confine them upon the bed with strong cords. The case of Bill, the well-known cake boy (colored), presented a remarkable instance of this kind. Soon after he was taken to the Howard Hospital and put to bed, he insisted on getting

up, and succeeded in the night, notwithstanding the vigilance of the nurses and other attendants, in finding his way out in the street, where he wandered wildly about in his madness, uttering loud and unintelligible words, and greatly disturbing some of the citizens. After being well drenched with a bucket of water from the upper window of a house, by some person who took him to be a noisy inebriate, he was found, and several men succeeded, with much difficulty, in getting him again in the appropriate ward of the Hospital, where he was confined with cords. He became so restless, however, that he was allowed to get from his bed upon the floor, where the writer noticed him in the agonies of death.

Shortly after the fever commenced its havoc in the city, the deaths among the members of the fire companies were very frequent; and as the lifeless remains passed out to the grave-yard, one of the large fire-bells, which has a melancholy sound, was tolled dolefully. Every day, during the lapse of nearly a week, this bell sent forth its sad notes, announcing the departure of some unfortunate fireman, and causing a deeper shade of sorrow and gloom to come over the citizens. Its

iron tongue seemed to cry out incessantly and mournfully, *death, death, death!* The Board of Health very properly caused the unpleasant and injurious sound to be discontinued.

During the continuance of the pestilence, the streets were generally lighted up as usual. Night after night, the lamp-lighter wended his solitary way up and down the deserted thoroughfares, with his ladder, quickly ascending to the lamp, applying his match to the snake-like gas-burners, dispelling the surrounding darkness—though causing many a gloomy shadow—and then hurrying on apace, as if well aware that he was breathing an active poison. It was fortunate that the lighting of the streets went on, for the death-like silence was sufficiently oppressive without the unpleasant addition of midnight darkness.

One night, we found some of the principal, and hitherto crowded thoroughfares, not only as silent, dreary, and deserted as a village church-yard—save the dashing to and fro of the physicians and nurses—but enshrouded in darkness, thick, gloomy, and dismal. The deep stillness was occasionally disturbed by the winds, which were "playing at their pastimes" with the loose sash

and unfastened shutters, and an occasional dim light shone from the windows of the infected rooms where loathsome disease was rioting, and death was thinning out the suffering inmates. But soon the belated lamp-lighter came along, the burners sent forth their rays, and a brilliant light drove away the sombre darkness and gloom, to the great relief of those who were out on errands of duty to the abodes of sickness and distress.

The regular lighting of the streets also tended greatly to the security of the vacant dwellings and the protection of property. There were but few robberies of consequence committed during the progress of the epidemic, and not even a single alarm of fire, excepting on the occasion of the burning of Barry's Row.

We were surprised, and almost startled, on a bright pleasant morning, during the rage of the fever, by the soft and distinct sound of a piano-forte, in a dwelling on one of the most fashionable avenues. Although these instruments are, of course, very numerous in the city, and are played upon by hundreds of its fair daughters, with great skill, correctness, and gracefulness, for weeks the fa-

miliar sound of one had not been heard, nor was it expected. The soothing strains of instrumental music, or musical voices, in melodious tones, were not heard. Alas, many a sweet voice, familiar and attractive in sentimental song and social converse, had been suddenly silenced by the stifling, crushing pressure of Death's bony hand; and the wondrous human instrument lay worthless, shattered, and broken; not to be retuned till the coming day of glory, to join in the universal and triumphant song of "Moses and the Lamb;" and the soft, tender, and practiced fingers had been rudely spoiled by the fatal palsying touch of the "last enemy," and were motionless, and stiff, and cold, beneath a heavy covering of damp clay—thus to remain till the golden harps are ready for incorruptible hands, that shall cause soul-thrilling music to flow out in heavenly strains.

What could have prompted any one to press the keys of a piano, so softly, slowly, skillfully, and charmingly, at a time of so much sadness, silence, gloom, and death? Who wanted music then? We had heard that a fair one lay sick of the fever, in hearing of those full, rich tones, that were so ingeniously and stealthily flung out upon the pestilent morning air. There she lay, uttering low

moans, with the fevered brain, weak, powerless, and languishing, upon her couch, feebly contending with the frightful monster-malady; and we imagined that some dear friend of hers, with a full heart beating with sympathy, was performing the favorite air of the sufferer, fondly hoping thus to soothe her sorrow, calm her shattered nerves, or charm away her fears. But, verily, the familiar notes fell strangely on the ear, and broke in upon the silence of that solemn hour in sad keeping with the distinct rustle of the foliage in the breeze, and like the sweet, soft whisperings of Faith and Hope in the still room, when the last hours and minutes are breathing away, when disease is preparing the victim for death, or death for the grave.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SOUTHERN ARGUS—A. F. LEONARD, ESQ.—ELOQUENT SKETCH OF THE PESTILENCE—THE GRAVE-YARDS—THE BURIED—THE BEREAVED—THE REMEMBERED HORRORS OF THE SCOURGE—THE QUIETLY-SLEEPING DEAD—CONDITION OF THE CITY—DAY AND NIGHT—LIFE AND ACTIVITY RETURNING—WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT—PROSPECTS OF NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH.

THE publication of the *Daily Southern Argus* was resumed after a suspension of thirty-nine days. We present some eloquent extracts from the pen of the editor, A. F. Leonard, Esq., whose labors among the sick, the dying, and the dead, are well-known.

"Once more upon the waters!"

"The storm is over, and again our good ship lays her course. Her sails are swelled to fullness in the crisp October wind, and, anon, her flag is given to the breeze. But that flag floats sadly at half-mast; and the call to quarters reveals that wide havoc has been made in our crew. Our deck has been swept by the pestilential billow. *All* have been disabled, from the quarter-deck to the forecastle; and one-half of our white complement will never more greet us with the once-familiar smile.

* * * *

"For nine and thirty days have our editorial labors been suspended. To us, it has been no interval of holiday, but of participation in the miseries of as dire a visitation as was ever made by the plague-spirit, in fulfillment of the Almighty behest, to a region of doom and devastation.

"We have looked Death full in the face, in its most hideous form. We have seen the proud, the humble, the young, the aged, the lovely, the unseemly, the timid, the brave, the weak, the strong, the foe, the friend, alike fall by the swoop of the destroyer. We have seen a population melt away like snow before the noon-tide sun. We have seen science at fault, and triumphant pestilence claiming relentlessly its chosen spoil. We have seen—but why bring to light the sire deserting the infectious bedside of the son of whom he once boasted; why speak of the daughter leaving the imploring mother, who gave her being, to yield up her forlorn spirit amid the revolting filth of the plague; why awaken the memory of the unutterable horrors of a calamity that *cannot* be realized in description? There is a brighter side to this dark picture, to which we can, and *will* often recur; there is a ray of mercy tempering the night of agony, which makes us feel that man (and angelic

woman) has that in his nature, which, when called forth, assimilates to the mighty heaven from which he derived existence.

"We have seen our lately flourishing mart reduced to the scanty number of 4,000 surviving souls. In the short space of less than ninety days, out of an average population of about 6,000, every man, woman, and child (almost without exception) has been stricken with the fell fever, and about 2,000 have been buried—being not less than *two* out of *three* of the whites, and *one* out of *three* of the whole abiding community of Norfolk, white and black. One-half of our physicians who continued here are in the grave, and not less than *thirty-six* physicians, resident and visitant, have fallen in Norfolk and Portsmouth.

"Long will the day of visitation be remembered in the afflicted cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth. They are now sisters in sorrow, as they have always been in interest and prosperity. The present generation will ever retain sad reminiscences of the plague among us; and the page of history that will contain the record of our sufferings must be melancholy, for the unmitigated rage of pestilence which it will recount.

"Is there a special chastisement in this dispen-

sation? If there be, we cannot fathom it. We do not regard it as a direct rebuke of abolitionism, know-nothingism, or fanaticism of any sort. It is one of those mysteries that we cannot solve, and which we do not think it is intended for man to solve. If we must wield the weapon of inscrutability, we should not point the inculcation towards any but *ourselves*. And it should prove to us a full lesson of humility and benevolence; for God knows, in this poor era, we have great need of both. '*Those eighteen upon whom the tower of Siloam fell—think you that they were more wicked than these?*' "

"In yonder suburb lie near two thousand festering corpses of those who, but a few days since, were moving in our midst in hope, and engaging intently in their various avocations. The green of the quick-springing grass is wanting upon their new-made graves, and the vacancy of desolation which they have left among us has not begun to be filled.

"No; turn where we may, we find heart-breaking indications of the dispensation which we deplore. The neighboring fireside lacks its proper element, and the bright lineaments that once reflected happiness in its glow are no longer there—the round of daily duty has ceased for ever—the

household key is rusted on the stained floor where it has dropped—the dark mould has collected in the vacant boudoir, and the soft flowers, formerly so carefully tended, have withered in the frosty night. The sun rises, ay, *smiles* through the live-long day upon comparatively empty streets; and the silent counting-room, in many cases, can be entered only by authority of law.

"The solitary foot-fall that approaches, is awaited as betokening the bearer of a greeting smile; but, no, the band of crape and the grave mien tell of thoughts that hover around the precincts of a buried household. The orphaned child meets you at each turn of your daily path—the dying wail still rings with distinctness in the dreams of the night, and the picture of motley bodies *packed* unwitting of color, sex or condition, is ever present to the mind without effort of memory or imagination.

"For deliverance 'from plague, pestilence and famine, and from sudden death,' are prayers to be found in all well-ordered litanies. If we have never before felt the need of such petitions, we have spontaneously offered them under our recent affliction. The helpless dead, in their promiscuous groups, have proved monitors of awe and condem-

nation to hearts that were callous to other teachings. And there, in their quiet graves, they will continue, as time rolls on, to inculcate those same solemn lessons, which all can appreciate, and none can disregard, and which should prompt the offering up in due season of fit prayer for deliverance."

The condition of our city might have been appropriately compared to a busy day, after a night of darkness and stillness. A long night of death and sorrow we had. Day after day, and night after night, the still work of disease and death went on. Weeks and months passed, and yet silence reigned. The sun rose, and shone, and set in beauty and glory, as usual, but the stores and work-shops remained unopened, dark, and damp. The moon looked down brightly and clearly, and revealed a city, in the pleasant quiet eve of summer time, with vacant streets and unoccupied houses. Family mansions, that had been noted for social gatherings, gayety, and happiness, were as silent and cheerless as a deserted and haunted castle in the depths of a wilderness.

In the first week in November, there was a vast difference. Indeed, how striking the contrast! To one who had lived through the long and dreary night of stillness and death, it seemed

like a resurrection of the dead. Hundreds and thousands of familiar faces appeared in the streets.

The people were again hurrying in crowds, as formerly, up and down Main, Church, Bank, and other streets. They swarmed in the market-places, and at the ferry landings. The returned refugees were rather careful about going out at night; but there were many to be seen after the shades of evening fell around. And then, the ding-dong of the steamboat bells, the lumbering of the express wagons, the rattle of the heavy dray wheels, the loud and careless laugh of the laborer, the voices of buyers and salesmen, the musical jingle of gold and silver, the ring of the hammer on the smooth-faced anvil, the puff and hiss of steam—in short, the noises usual in a city, sounded strangely here, and formed a striking contrast to the stillness that pervaded the city during the long night of death that had just passed by.

"We rejoice sincerely," said an able writer, "that the bitter cup has at last passed from the lips of those afflicted cities, and we trust that, with returning health, there may be a restored energy amongst the people. We have testified an interest and sympathy during the prevalence of the pestilence; we will now add some words of

encouragement. The recurrence of the yellow fever as a periodical disease, is not at all apprehended, and we may suppose the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth—which are in fact one—again offering their attractions to the enterprise and capital of the Union. Those who will look at the importance of their port in a commercial point of view, as the terminus of a great system of works which is fast turning the trade of the middle of the Mississippi valley to the Atlantic sea-board, will see that their progress and prosperity are inevitable. Whilst Virginia, therefore, mourns because of the afflictions of the land, let her take courage in the prosperous career which opens upon this future mart of commerce. Already, the enterprise of the Union must have marked the vacancies caused by the lamented loss of merchants, professional men, and practical mechanics; and just as New Orleans is annually filled with thousands who wish to fill the vacuum occasioned by the ravages of the annual epidemic, so will population and capital seek Norfolk and Portsmouth, because, whilst the attraction and inducement to immigration are very great, the danger of a regular visitation of the pestilence is not to be apprehended."

"We say unhesitatingly," says an observant

writer, "that if Norfolk were razed to its foundations, and *all* her people laid low in the dust, there is an outside influence at work along Southside Virginia, that would still build up a mart here of which the entire southern country might be proud. Let us not discourse ruin, when we can grasp fortune if we will; but let every man, as far as in him lies, push on the advance in his particular path of duty, and we may live to rival the palmiest days of proud emporiums."

Portsmouth, as well as Norfolk, is admirably located for trade. The water-front is spacious, bold, and deep, and but little outlay, comparatively, would be necessary to improve the wharf property to the greatest advantage to the owners thereof. The town is admirably planned, the streets wide, level, and at right angles.

CHAPTER XXV.

MAYOR WOODIS—WILLIAM B. FERGUSON.

MAYOR OF NORFOLK.

The earthly career of His Honor, Mayor Woodis, closed on Sunday morning, August 25th, at half-past eleven o'clock, and a deeper gloom than ever settled over the remaining portion of our population. A darker shade was added to the great sombre pall of sorrow that seemed to enshroud our city, as it were, in its darkening folds. Elswhere, as well as at home, many a heart was made sad, and many a cheek felt a tear at this melancholy intelligence. Our city lost a friend *indeed*. He would not spare himself; repose, rest, comfort, health, and even life itself, he sacrificed to the good of his suffering fellow-citizens. Night and day, he was out in almost every part of the city, striving, with the most determined and unyielding perseverance, to alleviate the sorrow and woe of the people; to have the sick attended to, or removed to the hospital, and the wants of the poor supplied. He sought

out the sick, the dying, and the *dead*. He visited the most infected districts, entered the most filthy hovels; stood at the bedside of the diseased; went into the desolate habitations of poverty and distress; relieved the disconsolate inmates, and did all that man could do to lessen the force and power of the desolating scourge that was sweeping off the citizens. But he, too, fell a victim, and the shaft of Death ne'er struck a nobler mark. Deep were the pangs of sorrow that thrilled the hearts of our people.

Hunter Woodis was a gentleman of fine talent and education, a faithful friend, an agreeable companion, an attractive and impassioned speaker, and an able lawyer. In the midst of a career of usefulness, and in the prime of life, he was suddenly cut down. Our people will revere his memory, and mourn for him as one loved and honored—as an officer tried and found faithful; and the best monument to his worth will be the enduring sentiments of love and deep respect enshrined in the hearts of his friends and fellow-citizens.

"One of the shafts," wrote Mr. Lee, of the *Daily News*, "which the King of Terrors has been sending thick and fast among the good, the gifted, and the beautiful of our ill-fated city, has at length pierced

the heart of one whose loss is a public as well as a private calamity, and will be deeply felt, deeply mourned by every heart capable of a throb of sympathy for philanthropy and heroism. Our noble and beneficent Mayor is dead—Hunter Woodis, around whose memory will cluster the admiration and regret of his fellow-citizens, and whose enduring monument—loftier and firmer than sculptured column or painted dome—will be the tribute of esteem and reverence which living witnesses delight to pay to deceased worth and virtue.

"From the commencement of the dread disease, which is fast filling the grave-yards with tenants, up to this last and splendid trophy of its triumphant ravages, Hunter Woodis was indefatigable in his exertions to afford succor and hope to the poor, the sick and the dying. Not content with performing the mere duties of his office, he was everywhere where the least chance existed of doing good, and ever prompt at the faintest call for relief. Once before, overcome with fatigue and anxiety, he was forced to cease awhile from his labors of love, and the whole community then stood aghast, fearful he had been stricken. But hardly two days elapsed, before he assumed the arduous and self-sacrificing duties in the discharge of which he has fallen a

victim, alas! but a victim crowned with flowers of perennial bloom and fragrance."

He was confessedly bold, energetic, intelligent, and affable. During his service as Mayor, the condition of the city, in all its departments, would favorably compare with that of any preceding administration. The Police Department was controlled with vigor and vigilance; the sanitary regulations of the town effectively enforced; a wholesome supervision was exercised over all the various branches of our municipal matters; and, in addition thereto, the business of the Hustings Court, in which so many of our citizens are immediately interested, was presided over with a degree of intelligence, decision and dignity, that elicited the applause of all concerned in the transactions of that tribunal.

WILLIAM B. FERGUSON, PRESIDENT OF THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION.

Soon did he follow his daily companion in benevolence, the self-denying Woodis, to the tomb; and not only do our people weep for him, but his native city, Baltimore, divides with us the *privilege* of grief, and will honor his name with a commemorative monument.

The *Patriot* said: "The announcement of the death of Mr. Ferguson, the President of the Howard Association at Norfolk, fell upon our citizens yesterday with all the weight of a public calamity, and excited a keenness of regret which spoke at once of the high merit of the individual, and the heavy loss which the suffering city of Norfolk has sustained in his decease. A true estimation of those who act worthily, places Mr. Ferguson among the heroes of the highest stamp. From the breaking out of the pestilence at Norfolk he was assiduous, untiring, and unceasing in his endeavors to mitigate the evils of disease and death by which he was surrounded. He seemed to have fallen naturally into the position of President of the Howard Association, from the general recognition of that indomitable courage and unvarying perseverance of purpose, which fitted him to assume responsibilities and undergo labors that would have appalled and discouraged others.

"In that position, he was the animating spirit of the noble efforts of those who battled the pestilence with an ardor and courage that almost seemed to bid it defiance, and challenge its approach. Exposed hourly to the contagion in its worst forms, living amidst the miasma which sur-

rounded the sick and the dying, Mr. Ferguson labored on from day to day, until hope grew strong that he would escape the contagion, and live to enjoy the rich return which the estimation of his fellow-citizens would award to such self-devotion. This expectation was sadly disappointed, and to the names of those who so nobly proved their devotion by the sacrifice of their lives in the cause of humanity, we have to add that of William B. Ferguson."

Says the *American:*

"Mr. Ferguson was a native of Baltimore, and, until about four years since, resided in our midst. In the year 1851, he served in our City Councils, was, for a considerable period, an efficient member of the First Baltimore Fire Company, and, in all the relations of life, won the affectionate regard of those who were best qualified to judge of his merits. After his removal to Norfolk, he was appointed Agent of the Baltimore and Norfolk Steamboat Company, and in the performance of the duties which were thus devolved upon him, his estimable qualities were not less appreciated by his new friends than they continued to be by his earlier associates. He was taken from us at the early age of thirty-one years; but, though the

term of his existence was brief, indeed, when compared with the usual period allotted to man upon earth, it was so crowded, within the past few months, with acts of beneficence and charity, with heroic self-sacrifices and unwearied devotion to others, that the measure of his life should be calculated rather from the good deeds he has done, than from the calendar of his years."

CHAPTER XXVI.

RESIDENT CLERGY—REV. WILLIAM M. JACKSON—REV. ANTHONY DIBRELL.

Of the four ministers of the Gospel, who remained in Portsmouth during the pestilence, three died—Christian heroes—in the performance of their Master's duty—the Rev. F. Devlin, Catholic; Rev. Mr. Chisholm, Episcopalian; and Rev. V. Eskridge, Methodist, and Chaplain in the U. S. Navy. Mr. Handy, of the Presbyterian Church, remained until he was stricken down by the fever, and attempted to resume duty after a protracted illness, but was urged by his medical attendant to leave.

In Norfolk, Rev. Wm. M. Jackson, Protestant Episcopal; Rev. Anthony Dibrell and Wm. Jones, Methodist Episcopal; and Rev. Wm. C. Bagnal, Baptist, all died of the fever. Rev. D. P. Wills, Methodist Episcopal; Rev. Mr. O'Keefe, Catholic; Rev. Dr. Armstrong, Presbyterian; and Rev. Louis

Walke, Protestant Episcopal, were dangerously ill of the fever and recovered. They were busily and usefully engaged in their efforts to give consolation to the sufferers. Some of them were in regular attendance at the hospital; and none of those mentioned manifested a desire to fly from the scourge—preferring to die in the faithful discharge of their known duty, rather than to leave the suffering and afflicted members of their flocks in the midst of disease and death, without those words of comfort and consolation which it becomes the Christian minister, especially, to impart in the hour of extraordinary calamity and trial.

"Among many others, the estimable, the talented, the noble, the heroic of our city, in the all-wise and inscrutable providence of Almighty God, the Rev. William M. Jackson, Rector of St. Paul's Church, was numbered a victim of the dread fever. 'Mid the blossom of his holy labors, he died, conquering a deathless name upon the field of pestilence; and over his tomb the tears of the church and of the community have been shed. It is the dear privilege of the writer to offer a feeble tribute to his memory; to the memory of him, the beloved pastor, who, as a

minister of the Gospel of Christ—a title which no rank ennobles, no treasure enriches—stood forth undisguised by anything of this world's decoration, resting all temporal, all eternal hope, on his sacred labors, his talents, his attainments, and his piety—the highest honor, as well as the most imperishable treasures of the man of God. Rich the inheritance of his spotless reputation! Pious the example it testifies; pure, precious, and imperishable the hope which it inspires.

"By the death of this distinguished servant of Christ, the Diocese of Virginia—the Church in Norfolk city especially—sustained a sad, severe, and, to human view, an irreparable loss; and although, over his very sepulchre, where corruption sits enthroned upon the merit it has murdered, a voice is heard vindicating the ways of Providence, and proving that even in its worst adversity there is a might and immortality in virtue, yet it is a privilege to mourn over our sad bereavement; and to record on the innermost shrine of our hearts, the memory and worth of the departed."

"Soldier of God! thy conflict's o'er, thy Captain's voice obeyed,
And now, the conqueror's crown for thee, 'mid angel bands displayed;

The victor's palm within thy hand, the wreath upon thy brow—
The suffering one of earth, we feel, is Heaven's blest one now!"

Mr. Jackson was the pastor of honored "Old St. Paul's;" but, when the demon of pestilence had stalked into our city, he did not confine his active labors to those specially under his charge. When the sustaining hand of the holy father in God was wanted, he did not ask "to whose church" the lorn sufferer might belong. It was enough for him that he was needed, whether by saint or sinner.

What adds melancholy interest to his fate, is the poignant fact, that, like the Rev. Mr. Devlin, of Portsmouth, he survived till the ravages of the epidemic had nearly ceased, and his friends, both at home and abroad, had begun to encourage the hope that, as the day was breaking, and he yet spared, God intended him to survive the night, and speak his solemn messages in the ears of men. But the day dawned, and the faithful pastor was no more.

"The Rev. Anthony Dibrell commenced his ministry in 1830. He was then of mature years, had spent some time at the University of North Carolina, and had studied the law, to which it had

been his purpose to devote his life. Under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. William A. Smith, then stationed in Lynchburg, he embraced religion, and, soon afterwards, offered himself as a candidate to the Conference. He entered upon his work with flaming zeal, resembling a blazing torch, ready to be cast into dry stubble.

"He stood deservedly high in the estimation of the Conference, and by their suffrage was successively a member of the Louisville Convention, and of the General Conferences at Petersburg, St. Louis, and Columbus, Georgia. His last appointment was to the Granby Street station, in Norfolk, which he received under peculiar circumstances, and where he terminated his useful life. He labored there with his usual fidelity, until the approach of the yellow fever. While others debated the question of flight, he solemnly resolved, in the strength of God, to stand by his charge, let the issue be what it might. He remarked in an official meeting, that this was his purpose, and that he felt prepared for the trying ordeal. He did remain, and consecrated his time to the offices of his holy vocation, visiting the sick and burying the dead.

"His preaching, while it evinced a masculine grasp of thought, had two peculiarities: first, its

propositional, rather than its discursive character; secondly, its perpetual tinge of terror. More than any preacher we ever knew, he dealt to his hearers the dreadful thunderbolts of Sinai, and it seemed to be the principal part of his commission to do it."

CHAPTER XXVII.

REV. JAMES CHISHOLM—REV. FRANCIS DEVLIN—REV. WILLIAM C. BAGNALL—REV. VERNON ESKRIDGE—REV. WILLIAM JONES.

"WHO, that knew the Rev. James Chisholm by sight, would have dreamed that that frail body of his held such a lofty spirit! Weak and delicate, with a degree of modesty that almost amounted to bashfulness, as shrinking and retiring as a young girl, thousands would have passed him in the crowd unconscious that they were in the presence of a ripe scholar and an able divine. His look a personification of meekness; and, to the superficial thinker, he would seem to have been one of those who would quietly have retreated to his solitude, far away from the noise and bustle of an excited community. But the disease came—Chisholm's flock nearly all left—and he, too, was preparing to spend a portion of his summer in the mountains—but stern duty said 'Stop.' And then it was that this pale, delicate, frail, retiring man came forth to the struggle, and the great and noble soul, which was, after all, the stature of the man, rose in its

God-given strength, and he was here at the bedside of suffering, and there by the fresh-made grave; here pointing the sinner to the cross of Christ, and there carrying food and drink to the needy; now in the pulpit, seizing upon the circumstances of the visitation, to warn men to prepare for death, and then in the hospital whispering peace to the penitent and departing soul. Death came to *him*, and he met him as one who,

> —— 'Sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approached the grave;
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'"

On the 15th September he wrote as follows, to the *Christian Witness:*

"It probably occurs to you, that in the present appalling condition of our plague-smitten community, but one alternative presents itself to the consideration of every one. Shall I regard personal safety alone, and flee with all speed from this atmosphere of poison and death, or shall I look the question of my relations to society, to humanity and to God, full in the face, and decide accordingly? The question of duty, as a minister of Christ, has determined me to stand at the post to which, I believe, all along the providence of God

called me. Up to this moment, for the period of seven weeks that the desolating scourge has been doing its remorseless work amongst us, I have been perfectly well; not one uneasy or uncomfortable feeling—and never in my life have I had a finer appetite. For five weeks of this time I have been a daily and sometimes a nightly attendant, as occasion may call me, at the sick and dying beds of the sufferers and victims by this malignant fever. My present condition surprises myself; and I trust that I more than ever realize the 'Eternal God is my refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms.' I am in his hands to do with me what seemeth Him good.

"The wards of the United States Hospital, temporarily granted for the use of our Portsmouth people, are crowded to the number of one hundred and fifty or two hundred with yellow fever patients, and I pay these wards a daily visit, endeavoring to administer, as far as desired or needed, the blessed resources of our holy religion. It is some comfort, amid these dreary walks of duty, to reflect that I have aided some poor creatures to seek and find that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

"I also visit wherever in town I am called for.

As to the details of woe presented by our present condition, I do believe that it is utterly incompetent to any descriptive power to convey a picture of them. Never since the continent of America was settled (I speak calmly, and with reference to what I have read or heard of), never has so terrible a calamity overwhelmed the same amount of population. You will find it extremely difficult to lend credence to some statements which I could make to you from knowledge and observation.

"Yesterday a communication was received from that city of human beings with human sensibilities and sympathies in their souls, Baltimore, offering to convey the entire remaining and surviving population of Norfolk and Portsmouth to any salubrious point that might be selected, or could be obtained by them, and likewise guaranteeing to them, so long as they might be thus detained, all things in the way of provisions, furniture, bedding, etc., which they should stand in need of. The very fact suggests to you some idea of the horrors of our position."

Rev. Francis Devlin, pastor of St. Paul's (Catholic) Church, also fell a victim to the fever. The *Transcript*, in recording his death, said;—

"He had partially recovered from an attack of the fever some weeks ago, but suffered a relapse from which he never entirely recovered. We saw him out and spoke to him on Friday afternoon, and though he looked very much reduced, we had cherished the fond hope that he would be spared. From the commencement of the sad times from which we are emerging, up to the period of his attack, he had been actively and faithfully engaged in ministering to the sick and dying; since which time he has been mostly confined to his bed. He was an exemplary, mild, humble, and godly man, and has, no doubt, gone to reap the reward of his firm adherence to duty under the most appalling circumstances. His course formed an example worthy of all imitation, and it affords us sincere gratification, as it enables us to exercise a sweet privilege, thus to do homage to a character which we have always esteemed. Such, we estimate, was the compeer of Chisholm and of Eskridge."

"Rev. Wm. C. Bagnall was a young gentleman of fine promise. He became a member of the Cumberland Street Baptist Church, in 1854, when he commenced studying for the ministry, under the Rev. Mr. Winston. He was, after a short time,

licensed to preach, and he displayed talent which showed that if his life had been spared he would have made an eminent minister of the Gospel. His sermons would have done credit to an older head than his. He was untiring in his visits to the sick and dying, during the whole time that the fever made its appearance amongst us, reading and praying with them, and giving them all the consolation in his power—thus showing an example for older ministers to follow. But he is gone to his reward, having fallen in the spring-time of his life."

Rev. Vernon Eskridge (Methodist Episcopal), Chaplain United States Navy, and Wm. Jones, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, were both men of great worth of character; devoted, faithful, and zealous. They were highly esteemed as ministers of deep-toned piety, sound judgment, and extensive usefulness, and their loss is sadly felt.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE RESIDENT PHYSICIANS—DRS. SILVESTER—HIGGINS—UPSHUR—CONSTABLE—SELDEN.

The brave band of physicians belonging to our city, suffered fearfully from the onslaught of the enemy. Not one of those, who were at home during the epidemic, escaped a fierce attack, and ten were laid in the dust—martyrs in one of the holiest of causes.

Drs. Wm. Selden, Wm. J. Moore, Robert B. Tunstall, E. D. Granier, Herbert M. Nash, G. W. Cowdery, F. S. Campos, Thos. I. Hardy, Robert H. Gordon, D. M. Wright, V. Friedeman, and D. W. Todd, were all severely ill of the fever, and recovered. Dr. J. J. Simkins was compelled to leave during the fever, on account of his own ill health; and he was also detained to attend a sister who was dangerously ill of the disease at Hampton, after leaving this city. He was one of the first to offer his services to the Board of Health, when the fever broke out. Dr. Wm. M. Wilson escaped an attack, having had the disease in the South in 1852. He

was appointed physician-in-chief, at the Julapi Hospital, at Lambert's Point, where his superior skill, and judicious official conduct were manifest; and his efforts there were spoken of in terms of the highest praise. Though he had retired from the profession of medicine for a not less lucrative calling, our valued fellow-citizen, Dr. Robt. W. Rose, is deserving of prominent mention among the gallant surviving ones. Disregarding all selfish considerations, and actuated by the pure desire to bring aid in the day of trial, he went into the arena where his former companions were engaged in the death struggle, and continued his zealous work till the latest moment when it could avail. He was ill of the disease; but the attack was not a severe one.

We give a list of the resident physicians, who died, in the order in which they fell: 1. Richard W. Silvester; 2nd. Thos. F. Constable; 3rd. George I. Halson; 4th. Rich. J. Silvester; 5th. Francis L. Higgins; 6th. Junius A. Briggs; 7th. Thomas Nash; 8th. George L. Upshur; 9th. Richd. B. Tunstall; and 10th. Henry Selden.

"Dr. R. W. Silvester was born in Princess Anne County, in the year 1801, and received his academic education in Norfolk, in which city he

studied medicine under Drs. Fernandez and Andrews, with great zeal and success; and after attending the lectures at the University of Pennsylvania, entered upon the practice of his profession in Norfolk County, admirably prepared to discharge its high and varied responsibilities. Here he rapidly acquired a high professional reputation, and won, in an extraordinary degree, the affection and confidence of the entire community for a circle of many miles. After a practice of eighteen years of great labor and success in the country, he was induced to abandon his large and lucrative business, in consequence of declining health, which had suffered severely from constant exposure in a miasmatic district. He removed to Norfolk to regain his health, and to educate his children in the best schools which the city afforded, and resumed his professional duties in the year 1843.

"His was a character pure and unselfish, gentle and amiable—constant in his attachments, and inflexible in the discharge of duties. As might have been expected from one of his exalted worth, when the recent epidemic made its appearance in our midst, he did not abandon his post, but went where duty called—and nobly fell."

"It is to be supposed that, among medical men, those who went into the dens of the enemy for the purpose of grappling with him in his strength, there must have been proud victims. Among the foremost of those who thus fell, was the late Dr. F. L. Higgins.

"It was announced in August, that this gentleman was convalescent from his sharp attack of fever, and that he had gone to Philadelphia to recover strength for renewed labors in the cause in which he was disabled. His friends expected to see him return to duty in a short time, with renovated strength and skill—but alas, the *treacherous* disease fully maintained its character in his case. He experienced, in his retreat, the well-known, and almost surely fatal 'relapse'—and Death 'flapped its funeral wing' over the frame of the skillful physician and heroic devotee.

"Dr. Higgins was about forty-five years of age. He was born and reared in Norfolk, and laid the foundation of his medical attainments under the training of his relative, the celebrated Thomas F. Andrews, who retired from the profession a few years since, to enjoy the affluence and fame which he had acquired in his practice in Norfolk. Dr. Higgins was 'the nephew of his uncle,' in the

proudest sense of the term. The mantle of ability and success seemed to have fallen upon his shoulders—and many will bear testimony that he was cut off in the midst of a noble career.

"As a surgeon, he was eminently successful. Many very delicate and skillful operations were performed by him, with the happiest results. He had won a reputation to be envied. In his death, our medical constellation lost one of its fixed stars."

"Dr. George L. Upshur, although he had not been in practice more than twelve years, had gained, by his untiring energy and earnest thirst after knowledge, a well-deserved and honorable position with his professional brethren. He was endowed with remarkable physical and intellectual activity. He was called to see the first cases in Norfolk, and was, for some days, the only physician in the city who witnessed the disease. His labors, during the prevalence of the plague, were immense; yet, during them all, he continued to take a series of careful notes for future publication, and was to have prepared for the pages of the *Medical Journal* a history of the fatal epidemic. He fought with the pestilence, unscathed, almost up to the

hour of its retiring from the field, and then, struck by a Parthian arrow, the hero fell. He was calm and firm in death, as in life; prophesied the time of his dissolution, and appointed the hour for his funeral, which he selected to suit the convenience of his brethren, whom he desired all to surround his last resting-place. He died in the thirty-sixth year of his age."

"Dr. Upshur's loss will not soon be made up," wrote Dr. Freeman, of Philadelphia. "I saw him three hours before his death: he had just called his wife to his side, and essayed to speak to her, but could not. He died 'the death of the righteous.' Only two days before his decease, his wife remarked to some friends standing at his bedside, 'We are both prepared.' Never can I forget the instructive lesson I learned at that death-bed. 'May my latter end be like his.'"

"We had all seen him day by day, in his usual round," said another, "ministering to the unceasing call of suffering humanity, and bestowing his professional aid upon the poor and the humble, as readily as upon the proud and exalted. There was a peculiar cheerfulness and sympathy in his tone, that struck the chord of hope in many an anxious sick one's breast; and we were almost disposed to

think that his enviable temperament rendered him invulnerable."

At the time of his melancholy demise, the following appropriate tribute appeared in the *Petersburg Express:*

"Dr. Upshur was as true a moral hero as the world ever saw, and his course, during the present epidemic, has fully established the truth of our assertion. Like the gallant Woodis, he commenced with the fever when it was in Barry's Row; and, without even the hope of reward—except that which an approving conscience bestows—he battled manfully with the disease, and tendered his services alike to all the suffering. So untiring was he in his exertions, and so wholly regardless of self in all that he did, that an eminent physician remarked that he believed it was scarcely possible for Dr. Upshur to take the fever; for while others had been seized with it and died, he, notwithstanding the risk incurred, was still alive and well, and grappling with it more manfully than ever. He was truly one of nature's noblemen, and lived for the good of others.

"'He had a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.'"

Dr. Thomas F. Constable was anotner of the resident physicians who fell at his post, after battling faithfully and skillfully with the monster-malady that swept through our city and deprived it of so many men of usefulness and sterling character. His age was about thirty-nine. He, too, was a favorite student of Dr. Thomas F. Andrews, deservedly celebrated as a man of extraordinary skill and success in his profession. Dr. C. subsequently repaired to Philadelphia, where he was noted for his correct deportment and studious habits ; and he was soon graduated.

He was a careful and thoughtful observer of whatever tended to increase his knowledge in the different branches of his useful profession. By a judicious and systematic course of reading, he had stored his mind with valuable scientific information, was consequently successful in his practice, and had gained the confidence of the community as a wise and judicious practitioner. Unpretending and unostentatious in his general deportment, and in his intercourse with men ; deliberate and cautious in the performance of his official duties ; conscientious and honorable in his dealings with others, he possessed a weight and force of character, and an influence in the circle of his acquaint-

ance, that were known, acknowledged, and appreciated.

A few weeks before he was attacked, he accompanied his estimable and devoted wife and two lovely children to the salubrious mountain regions of our State, where he could have remained, breathing the pure and healthful atmosphere, far away from the pestilence that reigned here, and surrounded by friends and relatives who esteemed and loved him. But his idea of duty called him home to the scenes of death and wretchedness that were witnessed in this afflicted city. As a member of the Board of Health, he was punctual and faithful in the discharge of his duties, and until seized by the unmistakable premonitory chill, he was constant in his professional visitations to the abodes of disease, death, and woe.

Soon after his attack, it was too evident that his name would swell the long list of the dead. Calmly watching the fearful inroads of the fatal malady, and after patiently submitting to the remedial efforts that were deemed requisite in his case, he told his friend and attending physician, *in Latin*, that his remedies would prove unavailing, and came to the conclusion that the progress of the disease could not be arrested by human power, and

that he must soon be in his grave. Then he quietly awaited nature's dissolution, and the eventful moment when he would exchange this for another and an unending state of existence.

On being told by one who watched at his bedside, that he must soon enter upon the untried realities of another world, and on being asked if he felt ready for the awful change, he simply and pleasantly remarked, "*I prepared for this long ago.*" He had been faithfully instructed in his childhood and youth, by pious parents, in the saving principles and doctrines of the Bible, and had learned and embraced the all-important lesson: That faith in Christ alone was the only hope of salvation. As peaceful and calm as the setting of the summer's sun, he closed his eyes in death. His active form sleeps quietly now, like the rest of the great company that were hurried out to the silent burial place; and his redeemed and happy spirit has returned to the great and merciful Creator, doubtless to be glorified, peaceful, and joyful, during the ceaseless and ample sweep of eternal ages.

"The professional education of Dr. Henry Selden was a fair model for aspirants to skill and fame in

the useful and honorable vocation of the practice of medicine. In his studies he neglected nothing which could add to the stock of his already well-stored mind. His private preceptor, Dr. W. W. Gerhard, was one of his firmest friends and warmest admirers.

"After taking his diploma at the University of Pennsylvania, he was elected resident physician to Blockley, the largest and best conducted hospital in the city of Philadelphia. Here he showed the most untiring industry, and his attainments were constantly brought into view, and became the theme of daily admiration on the part of his associates.

"After a residence of eighteen months in the hospital, he went to Paris to complete a professional education which seemed already finished. His associates there awarded him the credit of being one of the most industrious and intelligent of the American students then in that great medical emporium. He remained in Paris three years, returned to his native city, and commenced his career, which promised to be so brilliant.

"Clear and decided in diagnosis, firm and self-relying in practice, his success was such as might have been expected from one who, with talents of

a superior order, had cultivated and trained his mind in a most judicious manner. His success commanded the admiration of his patients and friends—and his generous, kind, and charitable conduct won the love of all who were brought within the sphere of its bearing. Though young, having a little more than completed his thirty-seventh year, his reputation was already great; and yet, in his death, and in the midst of his usefulness, was he taken from us. Truly, the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and past finding out."

CHAPTER XXIX.

DRS. HALSON, NASH, BRIGGS, TUNSTALL, SILVESTER, JR., AND THE RESIDENT PHYSICIANS OF PORTSMOUTH.

"Dr Geo. I. Halson was one of those who, knowing his duty, had the courage to stand at his post, and with the heroism of gallant soldiery in his profession, did he labor day and night to relieve the suffering of his fellow-citizens. His physical strength was inadequate to the task necessarily imposed upon him in the condition of things in our devoted city. He was among the first in the profession to take the disease: the worst fears of his friends and relatives soon became a reality. He fell a speedy victim, after bearing the sufferings of his malady with the resignation and submission of a true Christian. He was about thirty-seven years of age.

"From his early boyhood to the time of his death he displayed such qualities of heart and mind as to endear to him a large circle of friends. His moral and scholastic education was conducted by his father with the utmost care. The progress

and promise of an only boy made glad the heart of his aged parent, who felt justly proud of such a son.

"He read medicine in the office of Dr. W. B. Selden, where his fidelity as a student won the warm regard of his preceptor. His professional education was completed in Philadelphia. After taking his diploma, he remained as a resident physician in the Blockley Hospital for eighteen months, thereby securing all the advantages which that great school could give.

"He practiced medicine in this city fifteen years, during which time his attention and skill won the confidence and regard of his patients, and none enjoyed the respect and esteem of his brother physicians more than he. His high tone and sense of professional courtesy were acknowledged by all who knew him. He was incapable of any violation of professional etiquette. His conduct was a code of medical ethics. His morality was proverbial, yet he had a claim still higher in being a consistent Christian—having united himself to the Protestant Episcopal church in the spring of 1851.

"His death is a great affliction to his aged mother who loved him with all the devotion and pride due a good, affectionate and noble son."

Dr. Thomas Nash was a gentleman of much intelligence and experience. He was highly respected for his urbanity and consistent piety. A large circle of relatives and friends mourn his loss. His last hours exhibited a triumph over Death.

Dr. Junius A. Briggs also fell a victim to the scourge. He was quite a young man, of pleasing manners, fine personal appearance, and a liberal education, having enjoyed superior facilities, in Europe as well as in this country, for acquiring an extensive acquaintance with the different branches of his profession. His father, A. Briggs, merchant, and a sister, were also cut down by the unsparing hand of the destroyer.

"Dr. Richard B. Tunstall, the subject of this notice, was one of the many who fell victims of the yellow fever while diligently and constantly engaged at his post during the epidemic.

"He was a young man when thus suddenly and unexpectedly cut off in the midst of usefulness; but it needs not gray hairs to give proper weight to character. Even upon the young will moral worth and devotion to the nobler duties of life bestow a capacity to influence, and a power to charm,

which demonstrate that virtue's ways are those in which we should delight to move—onwards and upwards.

"Dr. Tunstall, after having received a good preparatory education, attended the lectures at the University of Pennsylvania; and so faithfully had he availed himself of the opportunities there offered, that, before taking his diploma at that school, he appeared before the Naval Board for the examination of candidates for admission to the medical corps of the United States Navy, and passed the examination with credit to himself. He afterwards continued his studies, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, in the spring of 1849.

"His first and only cruise was made in the United States ship St. Mary's, with Captain Geo. Magruder, during which he became the special favorite of all the officers and ship's company. The service, however, did not suit his taste, and he, therefore, resigned his commission. During the fever, he faithfully kept his post, to which duty, humanity, and heroic inclination called him. It was here he fell. On the 19th of September, he was seized with the disease, and died on the 24th, after five days of patient suffering.

"As an officer, he was loved and respected for the

sterling qualities of his character, and his faithful and energetic performance of every duty. As a civilian, he had the warmest personal regard of the citizens of the place where he was born and reared. In his deportment, there was no air of pretension; but there was a simple and dignified candor in his address, which, like 'the window in the breast,' gave insight to the promptings of a pure nature."

Dr. Richard J. Silvester, the oldest son of Dr. R. W. Silvester, by nature delicate and frail, and worn down by fatigue and distress in the death of his father, and the approaching dissolution of his brother, Wm. H., could hold out no longer against accumulating afflictions—and, after a feeble resistance, yielded to the disease.

He was born in Norfolk County, in 1828; his education was conducted, with great care, in Norfolk, at F. W. Coleman's, and at the University of Virginia, where he attained great distinction for his acquirements, not only in the classics, but also in the sciences, especially in pure mathematics, in which, we have been assured by his associates, he had very few equals. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, in the spring of 1854, and immediately entered upon the practice of his pro-

fession, in which he gave abundant promise of distinction. He, too, like his father, fell a victim to that high sense of professional duty and honor that would not suffer him to desert his post in time of danger.

RESIDENT PHYSICIANS OF PORTSMOUTH.

Drs. J. N. Schoolfield, C. Spratley, G. W. O. Maupin, James L. Hatton, and Wm. J. Cocke, had the fever, and recovered.

Drs. J. W. H. Trugien, R. H. Parker, M. P. Lovett, and L. P. Nicholson, died of the disease.

Drs. Bilisoly and Hodges escaped, or were not attacked.

We regret that we cannot present some brief biographical sketches of the worthy martyrs who fell, the noble victims among the physicians of Portsmouth. The omission is, however, unavoidable; suffice it, therefore, to say, that they behaved heroically, generously, and ably in that fearful battle with the unseen and insidious foe to life and health. Day and night they were seen in the performance of their labors of benevolence in the cause of suffering humanity; doing more than ordinary men could bear, till, worn down by fatigue, the disease found them easy and ready victims.

They who survived, and the fortunate two who escaped, are not less entitled to the gratitude and honor of their fellow-citizens. Those who witnessed that period of death and suffering, can alone appreciate the services of the heroes who strove to stay the destructive progress of the fearful disorder.

CHAPTER XXX.

VISITING PHYSICIANS AND OTHERS—THE ROLL OF HONOR—DRS. GOOCH, CAPRI, ETC.

THE following is the list of physicians and others who came to the relief of our suffering people, with their places of residence, and the date of their arrival. It will be observed that *twenty-five* of those who came met the fate which they sought to avert from others. Honored be their memories and green be their graves!

Dr. W. Stone, New Orleans, August 16, 1855.
Dr. Thos. Penniston, New Orleans, August 17.
Dr. Wm. H. Freeman, Philadelphia, August.
Rev. T. G. Keen, Petersburg, August 20.
Dr. De Castro, Cuba, August 21.
Dr. John F. Carter, Richmond, August 23.
Dr. John Morris, Baltimore, August 24.
Capt. Nathan Thompson, Philadelphia, August 24.
Dr. A. A. Zeiglefuss, Philadelphia, August 25.
Dr. Jas. McFadden, Philadelphia, August 26.
Dr. J. T. Hargrove, Richmond, August 25.
Dr. E. D. Fenner, New Orleans, August 25.
Dr. C. Beard, New Orleans, August 25.
Dr. E. T. Worl, Philadelphia, August 25.
Dr. St. J. Ravenel, S. C., August 27.
Dr. N. J. Crow, Richmond, August 28.

Dr. A. B. Williman, S. C., August 28
Dr. J. Hitt, Georgia, August 20.
Dr. W. H. Huger, S. C., August 29.
Dr. T. C. Skrine, S. C., August 29.
Dr. F. M. Garret, N. C., August 29.
A. M. Loryear, S. C., August 29.
A. R. Taber, S. C., August 29.
Dr. Bignon, Georgia, August 29.
Dr. Donalson, Georgia, August 29.
A. J. Gibbs, Philadelphia, August 30.
Dr. Marsh, Philadelphia, August 30.
Dr. E. C. Steele, S. C., August 30.
W. Porcher Miles, S. C., August 30.
Dr. Campbell, New Orleans, August 30.
D. I. Ricardo, New Orleans, August 30.
Dr. J. B. Read, Georgia, August 30.
Dr. Godfrey, Georgia, August 30.
Dr. Skinner, Georgia, August 30.
Dr. Charlton, Georgia, August 30.
Dr. McFarland, Georgia, August 30
Dr. Nunn, Georgia, August 30.
Capt. Thomas J. Ivy, New Orleans, August 30.
E. E. Jackson, S. C., August 30.
Dr. Williams, D. C., August 31.
Dr. G. S. West, N. Y., August 31.
Dr. J. B. Holmes, S. C., August 31.
Judge Olin, Georgia, Sept. 1.
John Taliaferro, Georgia, Sept. 1.
Dr. Freer, N. Y., Sept. 1.
Franklin H. Clack, New Orleans, Sept. 5.
Dr. Robinson, N. Y., Sept. 3.
Dr. R. M. Miller, Mobile, Sept. 3.
Wm. Ballantine, Mobile, Sept. 3.
Dr. W. B. Thompson, Georgia, Sept. 6.
Dr. Baker, Key West, Sept. 7.
Wm. T. Walthall, Mobile, Sept. 7.

Dr. R. R. McKay, Georgia, Sept. 9.
Dr. A. B. Campbell, Philadelphia, Sept. 9.
Dr. Wilson, Cuba, Sept. 11.
Wm. C. Miller, Mobile, Sept. 12.
Wm. N. Ghiselin, New Orleans, Sept. 12.
Mr. Rucker, Montgomery, Ala., Sept. 13.
Mr. Clowes, Montgomery, Ala., Sept. 13.
Dr. Fredericks, N. Y., Sept. 14.
Dr. John Vaughan, London, Sept. 17.
Dr. McFarlane, New Orleans, Sept. 18.
A. H. Jennett, Mobile, Sept. 18.

The labors of the following physicians were confined principally to Portsmouth.

Drs. Riser, Briggs, Mierson, Kennedy, Bryant, Azpell, Molle, Hammill, McClosky, and Randall, of Philadelphia.
Drs. Webster and Hungerford, of Baltimore.
Dr. Thomas, of Cincinnati.
Dr. Flournoy, of Tennessee.
Dr. Baker, of Key West.
Drs. Rich and Covert, of Charleston.
Dr. McDowell, of Richmond.
Dr. Thomson, of Virginia.

All of the above had the fever and recovered, excepting Drs. Randall, McClosky, Baker, and McDowell, who escaped.

"THE DEAD."

Dr. Leon Gilbardt, of Richmond.
Dr. P. C. Gooch, of Richmond.
Dr. Walter, of Baltimore.
Dr. Robert Thomson, of Baltimore.
Dr. T. H. Craycroft, of Philadelphia,
Dr. Fliess, of Baltimore.
Dr. T. Booth, of Baltimore.

Dr. Howe, of Baltimore.
Dr. Howle, of Richmond.
Dr. T. Mierson, of Philadelphia.
Dr. Richard Blow, of Sussex, Va.
Dr. Thomas W. Handy, of Philadelphia.
Dr. A. C. Smith, of Pa.
Dr. Jackson, D. C.
Dr. Dabershe, D. C.
Dr. Schell, of New York.
Dr. Obermuller, of Georgia.
Dr. R. B. Berry, of Tennessee.
Dr. Dillard, of Montgomery, Ala.
Dr. Capri, of New York.
Dr. Hunter, of New York.
Dr. Cole, of Philadelphia.
Dr. Walter, of Baltimore.
Dr. Marshall, of Baltimore.
Dr. Crowe, of Richmond.

The services of the five last named were rendered principally in Portsmouth.

The following tribute to the memory of the lamented Dr. Gooch, of Richmond, is from the pages of the *Stethoscope*, Richmond, the journal which he founded, and which was the child of his fondest love:

"It is but seldom that we have been called to a more melancholy duty than this record of the death of Dr. Philip Claiborne Gooch, of this city. When cries of distress were borne on every breeze from our sister cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth,

he repaired to the scene of woe; and, having been an eye-witness to the dreadful havoc of the pestilence, he hastily returned to his home, and, after completing some business arrangements, with characteristic heroism and self-devotion, he repaired again to the scene of suffering, determined to peril all in the cause of humanity. But, alas! he had scarcely entered on his humane mission, when he became the victim of the invisible foe.

"Dr. Gooch was just entering upon the career of matured manhood. Possessed of decided talents and unusual energy of character, he had before him the prospects of fame and fortune. As a physician, he had a high appreciation of the dignity and duties of his calling, and was a zealous coworker for the maintenance of its respectability and progress.

"Having spent several years abroad, in the prosecution of his professional education, his views were liberal and enlarged. He was a punctual attendant on all conventions of medical men, and labored efficiently for their thorough organization. He was the founder of this journal, and bravely and successfully encountered all the discouragements of a pioneer in that sphere of labor.

"Perhaps his characteristic trait, was a bold,

independent outspeaking of his honest convictions. He sought no advancement or preferment by the arts of the sycophant. Brave, generous, just, possessed of a genial disposition—few men have left behind them fewer enemies, or more attached friends.

"During his illness, which lasted some time, he had the very best attention that could have been given him under any circumstances. Two young physicians, who had been companions of his while in France, were with him almost every moment of his sickness; besides whom, he had, among other nurses, a colored female from Charleston, who is regarded as one of the best of the troop who came. Everything was done for him that kindness and skill could suggest. His attack was a severe one, and, though possessed of a powerful constitution, he sank under it. He retained the possession of his senses to the last, and died quietly and calmly. Mr. Henry Myers, of Richmond, a most active and efficient nurse at the hospital, was sent for a few moments before his death; and Dr. Gooch, upon being aware of his presence in the room, attempted to say something to him, but could only pronounce the words, 'Tell my mother ——." He was too far gone to say more, and expired im-

mediately afterward. Thus died one of nature's noblemen, who gave up his life for the good of his fellow-men, and whose memory will long be cherished by all who delight to dwell on the blooming spots in this desert world, through which we are traveling onward to eternity."

"Amongst the many noble hearts and gallant spirits who fell victims to the terrible pestilence which desolated Norfolk and Portsmouth, was Dr. Richard Blow, of Sussex. To those that knew him well, this occasioned more regret than surprise. It was only a short time before, when, deaf to the remonstrance of friends, and to the calls of even duty and affection, but true to the impulses of his nature, he left his native county (where his practice was extensive, and where his reputation was well established), on that voluntary mission of mercy from which he never returned. But this was in character with the man, and with the whole tenor of his life. For him, danger had always a sort of charm, and death had no terror. A kinder heart, a warmer friend, a manlier foe, a braver and more generous spirit, never lived, than Richard Blow. He died as he lived, without fear or reproach—

without one particle of selfishness—an enthusiast in feeling and in principle—an ultraist in the cause of humanity."

"Dr. Capri was a Hungarian, and physically one of the handsomest specimens of the *genus homo* that was ever seen. He came over to this country in the suite of Gen. Kossuth, and followed him in his tour of the United States. When he reported himself to Judge Olin, at the Howard Office, that gentleman strongly advised him to leave the place immediately, assuring him that he would most certainly fall a victim to the disease; that there were already physicians enough here who were acclimated, or came from a southern climate, to attend to the sick, and that it was needless for him to peril his life hopelessly. Indeed, so far from doing any good himself, he would only be in the way of others, as, by getting sick, he must require attendance and nursing. But to this his response was: 'I shall not leave; I am resolved to stay.' He then appealed to some of the prominent physicians, who all gave him the same advice, and to whom he made the same responses as to Judge Olin. He had only been here four days when he took the fever, and, although he received every aid from

the best physicians and nurses, in four days more he was under the sod."

Where so many acted bravely and efficiently, and died gloriously, of course it is impossible to present sketches of all, or even the greater portion. We have added these brief tributes with no intention of giving undue credit to a few, to the neglect of the rest. Many noble men fell. These tributary remarks suffice as a fair exhibit of the character of those who sank beneath the power of the pestilence. To write out even a short account of each, would require a volume of, perhaps, a thousand pages.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MRS. BAYLOR—MISS HERRON.

The terrific, pestilential storm that swept so furiously by, deprived our city of many of its brightest and most valued ornaments. Manly forms, brave hearts, beating with nature's noblest impulses—men and women of intellectual strength and culture, were hurried with the rest, from our midst, in the overwhelming ruin.

Our city suffers a sad and incalculable loss in the death of a number of ladies of superior mind, rare accomplishments, and most estimable character. Among those who were thus suddenly called away from a sphere of usefulness, was Mrs. Catherine B. Baylor.

Possessing, naturally, uncommon mental endowments, and having enjoyed the advantages of careful and skillful intellectual training, with an innate fondness for study, for the acquisition of knowledge, and, indeed, for the pursuit of the beauties of literature and science, she was deservedly distinguished

as a lady of high mental cultivation, and refined literary taste. She was noted as a linguist, and especially as a Latin and French scholar.

Mrs. Baylor was remarkable, too, for firmness and decision of character, which, with her varied attainments, a naturally judicious mind, and, withal, a mild and amiable disposition, admirably fitted her for the discharge of her responsible duties, as principal of the Female Seminary, to which she devoted many years of her life, and whose success and popularity were the surest evidences of her faithfulness and ability in the highly honorable calling she had chosen.

The great calamity that desolated our city, and spread over its entire limits, as it were, a pall of deep and deepening sorrow, found few, if any, more interesting families than that of which the lamented subject of this notice was the respected head; and with few, alas, was the destroying agent more unsparing and relentless. She had watched, with all the anxiety and tender solicitude of a devoted mother, at the death bedside of three interesting daughters. The deceitful and treacherous malady had appeared in its most virulent type, and attacked, one after another, the members of her happy and united household. The roseate

blush of health and beauty gave place to the sallow hue, deeply imprinted upon the cheek by the dreadful African fever, and forms of gracefulness lay powerless, cold, and still. Death hushed the soft, familiar voices of the most loved, and, with his "skeleton finger," closed the eyes that had beamed with the native light of love, and joy, and intelligence. The young hearts that had beat in unison with hers—pulsating with the fondest emotions of reciprocal and filial affection—had ceased to move with the gentle throbbings of life; and her strongest ties to this "vale of tears" were rudely severed.

Oppressed with a weight of affliction too heavy, even for her disciplined mind, to sustain, and exhausted by overtaxing her physical energies, the mysterious foreign malady found her a ready, though bereaved, and chastened victim. Her spiritual eye gazed far beyond the limited bounds of time and earth. Faith plumed and lifted its wings for the upward flight, as if weary of the unequal earthly strife, and anxious to soar heavenward—to rise triumphant to the blissful land of unclouded brightness, and re-unite with those whom Death's palsying touch had spoiled—and God had taken—to part no more. Thus exulting with hope, and cheered on in the "dark valley,"

by the priceless faith of the Gospel, she uttered, in feeble, but distinct accents, while yet lingering upon the verge of time: "Rejoicing and praising the Lord forever and ever!" And thus she sank into the chill arms of Death. She was a member of Christ Church—Protestant Episcopal.

"MISS ANN P. B. HERRON

was one among the brightest and purest of those who were wrecked in the common ruin of hopes in our late afflictive visitation. Her works live after her; and the memory of her exalted character and her self-sacrificing spirit, her Christianity and charity, constitutes a monument endeared to the hearts of thousands who felt and prized her worth.

"No one could have left the miasmatic hold with more convenience than Miss Herron. Possessed of a noble fortune, and of a refined nature, she had every incentive to participate in the attractions which are presented to the taste and fancy, in more populous portions of our country; but with the united firmness and benevolence which were her characteristics, she decided to remain amidst desolation and disease, though the sky was laden with portents of her fate. Miss H. was a Roman Catholic."

The following extract is from a touching letter, written by one who well knew her rare virtues. We will not mar its beauty by any other remarks than to call for its careful perusal by the reader:

"It seems as if God demanded the purest victims, the noblest of his creatures, in these dismal days of sacrifice. Alas! I had so confided in his considerate mercies, so fondly clung to the merits of that excellent heart, which, through long years, had served him well, that I could not persuade myself that he would recall from earth, which she sanctified and adorned, our dear Ann Herron. And now, when the reality of her death stares me in the face, I am stunned by the unexpected blow, and seem bereft of power to think and feel as I ought. Oh! it is a very sad visitation! I know that she has merited and received a very great reward in Heaven. Therefore, it is not for her I mourn. But for the friendless, the poor, the fatherless, the timid, the pusillanimous whom she protected, succored, edified, and strengthened; ah! these are the objects of my compassion; these are the true sufferers whose lot is to be deplored."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE EDITORS OF THE BEACON, MESSRS. CUNNINGHAM, GATEWOOD, ROBERTSON, ETC.—WM. D. ROBERTS—HIS WILL—WM. D. DELANY —TRUE HEROISM—JAS. H. FINCH, AND OTHERS.

"THE cases of Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Gatewood, of the *Norfolk Beacon*, were particularly harrowing. They were well-connected in Norfolk, both single men, and both could have left; but their connections began to be seized, and they would not fly and desert them. Mr. Cunningham attended upon and buried a dear friend and relative, Mrs. Commander Barron, in her day one of the most brilliant of the Southern belles at the Ballston Spa. Almost alone, and in the dead of night, he buried her in the Barron family graveyard; and subsequently her daughter; Captain Starke, of the United States marine corps—a relative by marriage—and then his wife and her daughter; and then a near and dear cousin, Mr. Starke's sister—all of whom he nursed and cared for with the tenderest interest, and with whom he would remain, in spite of the most earnest solici-

tations from relatives abroad, to abandon the pestiferous place. But while nursing the last of them —the favorite cousin—the disease seized him and hurried him to the grave. Another cousin—R. Gatewood, his partner—doubtless, waited upon and nursed him; but Mr. Gatewood died, and only the old and worthy father and mother remain of a once large circle of relatives. The branches are withered, but the trunk remains in Norfolk. Death so interlaced the destinies of one with another, that no one could leave without deserting some other, on the bed of disease and death."

But there were many victims who merit more than a passing notice. Joseph H. Robertson, Esq., a talented lawyer, and attractive orator, and the efficient Register of the city, having been deprived by the scourge of his accomplished lady, retired to the beautiful country-seat of Hon. F. Mallory, in Elizabeth City County, where he, too, was prostrated by the disease, and soon sank, a ready and easy victim, beneath its wilting power. On a calm and beautiful evening, when the moon looked serenely down, and lighted up the charming landscape, and Nature seemed in silent contemplation, his remains were conveyed to the quiet grave-yard, in a beautiful rural spot,

where the closing ceremonies attending a burial by moonlight are represented as having been solemn and impressive to an extraordinary degree.

"Among the many valuable citizens who had contributed by their industry, their enterprise, and their means, to the prosperity of Norfolk, and who were swept away in the whirlwind of the pestilence, Wm. D. Roberts, jr., was one of the most prominent. Bred to a mechanical occupation, he began the world with no other resources than those which sprung from his own native energy and perseverance, directed by a strong mind, a sagacious judgment, and strict moral principle. Upon these, however, he soon laid the foundation of success, and, ere he passed the meridian of life, had completed the superstructure of an ample fortune. Yet he never practiced a niggard economy in his acquisition of wealth, but showed, by his many acts of private generosity and public spirit, that he had a noble and a generous heart, that was a stranger to all narrow and sordid impulses. His fellow-citizens saw his merits, and honored him with their confidence in various public trusts in the affairs of the city, in which he took an active and a useful part." At the time of his death he was the member elect, for this city, of the Virginia House of Delegates.

His age was forty-seven. He was a man of strong and active frame, and of fine constitution. On his death-bed he bequeathed to his aged mother all his stocks, amounting to a handsome interest, besides $300 per annum during her life-time, and two new buildings. To an only-surviving brother,* he gave $1000 per annum; to the Norfolk Female Orphan Asylum, four three-story brick buildings, and an interest (in remainder) in another valuable dwelling on one of the principal streets. To his surviving partner, Mr. D. S. Cherry, he gave a large and handsome warehouse and lot on Roanoke Square, all his interest in a valuable stock of goods, and all debts due the firm. To Mr. Sol. S. Cherry, who ministered to him in his illness, he gave a valuable warehouse and lot, and to the journeymen in the employment of the firm, a valuable house and lot.

On the 17th September, Wm. D. Delany, Esq., formerly mayor of the city, fell a victim to the fever, at the age of forty-five. He was first elected to the office of Mayor on the 24th June, 1843, and was annually honored with a large majority of the votes of his fellow-citizens for eight years. He discharged the duties pertaining to the office faithfully

* Another brother, Thomas, who was a partner in business, having died of the fever.

and firmly, and, as a citizen, was respected for his amiable qualities and obliging disposition. He possessed a fine physical constitution; was active, strong, and vigorous, with a well-developed frame. Only a day before his attack, he told the writer that his health was never better; but he was a fair specimen of the many healthful, strong, and powerful who fell before the terrific tread of the dreaded fever-monster. After a conflict of only two or three days, he was laid in the grave. At the time of his death he held the office of cashier of the Merchants and Mechanics' Savings Bank.

"Chas. H. Beale, Esq., also fell a victim. For many years of his brief career he was editor of the *Daily News*, which ably-conducted journal was founded by himself, and which sufficiently attested his merits as a man of enterprise and talent; but while his literary reputation rests chiefly upon his ability as a journalist, there are yet other productions of his pen which justice to his memory, justice to surviving relations, and justice to the lovers and appreciators of true genius, should bring to light—that a discriminating public may receive those testimonials of worth and talent which those who knew him best needed not—to which he, alas! in the land whither he is gone, is all indifferent."

The death of Mr. James H. Finch, the intelligent and gentlemanly foreman of the *Argus* office, was greatly lamented by all who knew his sterling worth of character. He well deserves all of the many tributes that were offered to his memory by the press.

The writer might be induced to consider much of what has been said and written, of the brave though unassuming and unpretending Finch, mere superfluous praise, if he had not known him—if he had not been an eye-witness of his noble and self-sacrificing acts—his true heroism and genuine benevolence, especially in the alarming and memorable time of the pestilence. In addition to his extraordinary labors in publishing the *Argus*, with insufficient help, he was active in visiting the sick, and assisting in burying the dead—going fearlessly in the hottest of the battle, and acting his part bravely. After feeling the symptoms of the fever, he accompanied his wife and child to Petersburg, and his attack being a violent one, he soon, calmly and resignedly, breathed his last.

Good deeds, equivalent to those of an ordinary life-time, are sometimes crowded into the short space of a few weeks or days—when mind, heart, soul, and body are all exerted to their utmost

capacity, in the holy cause of benefiting and relieving suffering, perishing, dying men, women, and children; and the reward is in proportion to the good effected, the sorrow relieved, the blessings conferred, without regard to days or years. "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: * * * I was sick, and ye visited me."

"These are trying times," wrote a talented lady of Petersburg. "Many are heroes who were not heroes before, and many are no longer heroes who were apotheosized before. It is during such soul-trying periods that men spring up, as if by magic, to meet emergencies, which the vain-glorious hero of prosperity's glittering days flies appalled. True heroism shrinks from display, and scorns to cringe unto the powers that be—bares its noble breast before the pestilence, and lo, a hero falls! Many are the noble, self-sacrificing spirits which have fallen before the pestilence; but there were none more noble — none more self-sacrificing — none more deserving of a tribute from lip and pen— than he, whose name adorns the head of this article. And we esteem it a privilege—and we glory in the privilege, which enables us this day to pay a tribute to such a hero. We have no compli-

ments for the leaders of the allied armies, who, with columns of dauntless men, fight for a despot's crown. We have no pean for the conqueror whose path is strewn with the slain, and no flourish of our pen shall exalt the bloody hero of a battle-field; but for James H. Finch we would weave a garland of immortelles, and with our hand place it upon the pallid brow of the man who, through all the terrors of the awful scourge, 'tried to do his duty.' Such, dear readers, are the men whom our columns shall honor—such the actions that, with all the powers we can invoke from Heaven, we shall endeavor to exalt.

* * * * *

"No sectarian feeling—no tinge of bigotry is wanting here. Closer are the ties uniting us, now that disease stalks unchecked, and the great and the small are falling at each terrible stroke. When brother calleth unto brother for help, and all petty creeds, and prejudices, and modes of worship, shrink into insignificance in the terrible hour of His wrath. Now is the time to visit the widow and the orphan, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world. Now is the time for heart to encourage heart, and for the living to smooth the path of death. Now the religion of the Most

High—that religion which is of the heart, and not of this church or that, or this tenet or that, or this jealousy or that unchristian pride—shines forth like a beacon in a very dark hour. And while we do not unite with those who deride the weak-hearted, who deserted their post, we say all honor to those who, through pestilence and famine, sickness and death, and infection and the horrors of the unburied dead, and all the awful scenes and soul-harrowing incidents of this unprecedented visitation, 'tried to do their duty!'* We have no sneer for those who fled; but for those who, like Mr. Finch, walked unterrified through the awful ranks of death, we have honor, and praise, and plaudits from the heart."

And we might, if time would allow, allude in merited terms to the benevolent and kind-hearted Walter H. Taylor; the skillful and facetious Bernard; the well-known and gentlemanly B. B. Walters; the indomitable Dalrymple; and a number of others; but, as before stated, too much space would be required by a suitable notice of all the meritorious who fell.

Messrs. O'Brien and Quick, undertakers, both

* Among the last words uttered by the deceased were: "I tried to do my duty."

died of the fever. They worked heroically to the last.

Wm. H. Murphy and I. R. Robertson, at Salusberry's cabinet and furniture establishment, both survived. R.'s duty was in the extreme unpleasant and dangerous, but he stood at his post from the beginning to the end, always courteous and obliging, laboring night and day among the dead and the dying, and, as he says, "working off the symptoms of the fever."

Among those who rendered themselves conspicuous for faithful services in the trying times of the pestilence, John Jones, a mulatto slave, employed by Messrs. O'Brien and Quick, in his humble, but highly important capacity of hearse-driver, by the diligent and faithful performance of his laborious duties, won for himself the esteem and regard of the entire community. From the commencement of the disease, he was actively employed, night and day, in driving the hearse with the ill-fated fever victims to the cemetery; in many instances having to shoulder the coffins in which were the bodies of the dead, place them in his hearse, and unload, without any assistance whatever. He had a severe attack and survived.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

POETICAL.

DEATH OF A TRUE HERO—SPARE THEM, O GOD!—THE CRY FROM VA. NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH DEAD—DEATH AND THE CHURCH BELL—THE SCOURGE AND ITS VICTIMS.

(From the Alexandria Gazette.)

THE DEATH OF A TRUE HERO.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF HUNTER WOODIS, LATE MAYOR OF NORFOLK.

Oh! why this mournful wailing,
Amid the city's gloom?
Ye men with footsteps failing,
Whom bear ye to the tomb?
For manly eyes are weeping,
That never wept before,
O'er him, who softly sleeping,
Shall wake to earth no more.

Fell he on field of glory,
Insensible to fear?
And shall he live in story—
A name to freemen dear?
Did thousands fall before him,
When flashed his sword on high,
That thus ye now deplore him,
With wild, funereal cry?

'Twas not mid sabres flashing,
Or cannon thundering loud;
'Mid hostile squadrons dashing
On ranks of foemen proud;
'Twas not 'neath banners waving,
O'er gallant hearts, though few—
The battle's fury braving—
That fell our hero true:

But in the silent dwelling,
Where pestilence and woe,
With tenfold fury telling,
Laid many a victim low;
'Mid weariness and watching,
'Mid desolation deep,
The last sad accents catching,
Where none were by to weep.

No crown of laurel moved him,
No music cheered him on;
But deep affliction proved him,
When every hope was gone.
Amid the dead and dying,
Unmoved, he knew no fear,
But checked the orphan's sighing,
And dried the widow's tear.

Then pause, and o'er him, weeping,
Your last fond tribute pay,
While to the cold earth's keeping,
We give his lifeless clay.
We lose him not forever,
For his spirit lives above,
Where death can enter never,
In the home of light and love.

SPARE THEM, O GOD!

BY FANNY FALES.

WRITTEN AT PLYMOUTH, MASS., DURING THE PREVALENCE OF THE YELLOW FEVER IN NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH.

THY children, with clasped hands, O God, look up,
Pleading with tears, thy smiting hand to stay;
Take wholly from their lips the fearful cup.
Hear us, O God, we pray!

Coffins lie piled at corners of the streets;
The dead-cart rumbles on its gloomy way;
The bravest heart with pallid terror beats;
Spare them, O God, we pray!

Touched by the yellow demon, maid and sire,
Mother and babe, with white lips closed for aye,
Sleep side by side—the pestilence is dire—
Spare them, O God, we pray!

Angels of pity, o'er the suffering bend,
And yet, *alone*, some gasp their lives away
Dreaming of cooling waters none extend—
Spare them, O God, we pray!

Pale orphans shudder by the hearth-stone dark;
Gather in tearful groups, from day to day,
Where all is strange, on this wild storm the Ark,
Spare them, O God, we pray!

In Death's black shadow the doomed cities lie;
Night with no star—night with no silver ray;
Thou who art enwrapped in awful mystery,
Spare, for Christ's sake, we pray!

Sprinkle the lintels of each door, Most High,
That Death may turn his muffled feet away;
Seeing thy token—mightily we cry—
Hear, for Christ's sake, we pray!

(From the Boston Courier.)

THE CRY FROM VIRGINIA.

Virginia's ocean shore sends forth
A cry of wailing sorrow;
To-day but gluts the greedy earth,
To crave the more to-morrow.
When hath such woe unheeded been?
Joy not our full hearts ever,
To pour the wealth of oil and wine
O'er wounds that bleed and quiver?

Let trait'rous miscreants stand aloof,
The sister States who'd sever;
Our outstretched hands to them are proof
We'll heed their vile arts never!
In party strife we sometimes rave,
And choose our words but blindly;
The touchstone of our faith we have,
In deeds that speak more kindly.

Our noblest son no party knew;
Pure patriot and statesman!
"No North—no South," the words were few—
Resistless as the ocean.
There are, who breathe his spirit yet,
Whose watchword is the "Union;"
Who feel that words of love beget
Kind acts in rich profusion.

Virginia! once a gallant band,
We braved the foe together;
Close now as then we clasp thy hand,
The storm of grief to weather.
Pulse beats to pulse, as with one heart,
Our great Exemplar heeding,
We pant to act a God-like part,
All common love exceeding.

(From the New York Sun.)

THE NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH DEAD.

Peace in our palaces has been,
And health within our gates been seen;
But wailings on the southern winds
Have touched our hearts, and led our minds
To sympathize with those who knew
The "pestilence" and the "arrow" too.

Norfolk and Portsmouth! cities doom'd!
Your streets were still'd, your people tomb'd!
For the death angel rode the blast,
And broke his vials as he pass'd.

Scourge of the tropics! backward turn
To where fierce Cancer's summers burn.
Can'st thou not in thy proper place
Find victims for thy dread embrace,
To satisfy thy hunger fell,
But northward roam to wake the knell?

How blest the sons of mercy! they
Who sought thine awful course to stay,
And periled life and its delights,
Through lonely days and fearful nights,
To nurse thy victims, smitten low;—
And fair and gentle woman, too,
E'en braved thy foul, polluting breath,
To dress and smooth the bed of death.

Thou'rt gone, thank God! but yet we see
A tablet to thy memory,
In many hearts by anguish torn,
And orphans unto sorrow born.

DEATH AND THE CHURCH BELL.

BY W. S. F.

THE slow and regular strokes of the old bell of Christ Church were distinctly heard in every part of the town, and for miles around. The measured notes sounded strangely and sadly, and fell upon the ear like the melancholy toll of a funeral knell—another evidence of the work of death that was going on. The song of the stevedore was hushed; the tools of the artisan lay unused and rusting upon the work-bench; the roar and clank of machinery were not heard; but the familiar sound of the old clock waked the sleeping echoes in every street and lane, in every deserted hall, in every vacant house, while Death ruthlessly swept his scythe into the ranks of the remaining citizens.

Death held his cruel, frightful sway,
In that dread time of woe,
And fearfully, by night and day,
He laid his victims low.

The doors were closed, the merchants gone,
Or sick, or lying dead,
While nurse and doctor hurried on
To the suff'rer's dying bed.

And on the streets and river side
Had ceased the city's din;
The grave-yard gates were open wide,
And the dead were crowded in.

And still thy voice, "old belfry bell,"
Rang out both sad and drear,
Like the tolling of a funeral knell,
To the lonely mourner's ear.

But soon the church was vacant, too;
For the pastor lingering lay,
And the sexton ceased his work to do—
The sexton old and gray.

Thy tongue, at last, was still, old bell,
But the pond'rous chain was wound,
And the hammer of the old clock fell,
And still kept up the sound.

In every vacant thoroughfare—
The river's surface o'er,
The echoes floated in the air
And reached the southern shore.

And dolefully and solemnly,
In measured notes and slow,
Thy voice still wakes the memory
To the fearful time of woe.

THE SCOURGE AND ITS VICTIMS.

BY W. S. F.

The tropic scourge walked forth in pow'r,
To quench the vital flame;
In the darkness of the midnight hour,
In the light of day it came.

The summer breeze was charged with death,
And saint and sinner fell
Alike before its venom'd breath—
Their doom the Book can tell.

Affection's tears, the doctor's skill,
The scourge disdained to heed;
The cup of sorrow Death would fill,
Tho' a thousand hearts must bleed.

Youth's blushing cheek soon lost its hue,
The brightest eye grew dim;
The strength of manhood yielded, too,
To the monster stern and grim.

He crush'd the old, the young, the gay,
The beautiful, the fair;
The tender babe a victim lay,
All sallow, dark, and sear.

A grave-like gloom around was cast,
A silence to be feared,
Unless the pale physician passed,
Or the wail of woe was heard.

The orphan's cry, the widow's scream,
Rang out by night and day—
That time of terror seemed a dream,
When the plague had ceased its sway.

'Twas then the Christian's faith was tried,
Its pow'r to save and shield;
True faith in Christ, the Crucified,
The death-test then revealed.

"I'll ne'er desert my post, and fly!"
A faithful "watchman" cried;
Nor feared the hero thus to die,
And thus, brave Dibrell died.

And so did Jones and Eskridge fall,
In the hottest of the fight;
And Jackson, Chisholm, Bagnall, all—
They scorned the thought of flight!

"Rejoicing, yes, and praising there,"
A dying mother said,
Whose three fond daughters, young and fair,
Were sleeping with the dead.

"We're both prepared," a meek one cried,
Whose dear companion lay,
All faint and gasping, at her side,
And soon to pass away.

"For this I long ago prepared,"
A man of God replied;
That day his blood-bought spirit shared
The joy of the glorified.

"'Tis blissful thus to pass away,"
A pious son averred;
And soon, both son and mother lay
Among the dead interred.

* * *

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONTAGIOUSNESS AND PORTABILITY OF THE YELLOW FEVER—ITS ORIGIN—TYPE—PREVENTION—CAUSE—EPIDEMICS AT NIGHT—THE FEVER SUPPOSED BY SOME TO BE MIGRATORY.

"CONTAGIOUSNESS AND PORTABILITY OF YELLOW FEVER.—This is a knotty point, and I can here do no more than express my conclusions. Under the term contagion are compounded two distinct questions, viz.: CONTAGIOUSNESS PROPER, or the communication directly of yellow fever from one human subject to another; and, secondly, the PORTABILITY of the cause or germ by vessels from one port to another. Although my mind leans at present towards a belief in the contagiousness of this disease in certain instances, I still doubt, and my judgment is in suspense; but with regard to its PORTABILITY by vessels from place to place and by rail-roads, I do not see how any human being familiar with its history can doubt, and I should advise our Northern friends to quarantine rigidly against it. THE DISEASE HAS GONE TO EVERY POINT WITHIN A CERTAIN DISTANCE OF THE GULF WHICH

WAS FREQUENTED BY STEAMBOATS AND RAIL-ROAD CARS, and I believe would have entered New York in 1853 had it not been stopped at the quaran tine.

"ITS ORIGIN. — Whether this epidemic was really imported from Africa or not, is a point which cannot be settled from any data yet made public, and I shall not offer you any speculation on it. One fact, however, is certain: that this disease has traveled steadily on, since its first appearance in Rio Janeiro five years ago, along the Caribbean Gulf and Atlantic coasts, until it has at last reached Norfolk. No mortal of our day is endowed with the spirit of prophecy; but still we can often, from the lights of history and observation, predict, with tolerable certainty, coming events; and it was on such data that I ventured to foretell that yellow fever would go as far as Norfolk, which is about the boundary of the yellow fever latitude, and also suggested the strong probability that it would visit our Northern cities, where it does occur at long intervals. Now, the grounds upon which I made these predictions were as follows:—Yellow fever has at long intervals, not only in the Mediterranean, along the Spanish and French coasts, but in the United States (about

fifty years ago), taken on this traveling character. About the time alluded to, yellow fever extended from Southern ports to Norfolk, and thence to Winchester, in the interior; to Philadelphia, to New York, and thence to Catskill, on the North river, and to Hartford and Middleton. The epidemic in question had steadily progressed, for three years, from Rio to Mobile, and on to Key West; and with all these facts before me I did not hazard much in predicting that its progress was onward in the direction it had been traveling.

"TYPE OF THE DISEASE.—Few men in the United States have seen more of yellow fever than I have, and I have no hesitation in saying that this is substantially the same disease as the yellow fever which occurred in Philadelphia in 1793, and which has appeared from time to time since. It is the fact with typhoid fever, cholera, plague, scarlet fever, smallpox, and all epidemic diseases, that they appear in different grades of violence at different times, and occasionally have a greater tendency to travel over a large extent of country. This has been the case with the yellow fever in question; but its mode of attack, its course of symptoms, including yellow skin and black vomit, its average duration, etc., are the same as other yellow fevers,

and, though it may have been somewhat more virulent, it is still the same."—*Dr. Nott, of Mobile.*

PREVENTION OF FEVER.———Dr. Wood, an eminent physician of Philadelphia, says that the prevention of the disease is more important than its treatment. He states that persons who frequent places where the disease prevails, "should sleep preferably in the highest part of the house; should avoid the night air; should abstain from fatiguing exercises, exposure to alterations of temperature, and excesses of all kinds; should endeavor to maintain a cheerful and confident temper; should use a nutritious and wholesome but not stimulating diet; and if compelled to enter any spot in which the atmosphere is known to be infected, should take care not to do so when the stomach is empty, or the body exhausted by perspiration or fatigue. Attempts to guard against the disease by low diet, bleeding, and purging, or the use of mercury, are futile, and even worse than futile. The feebler the system, the less it is able to resist the entrance of the poison, or its influence when absorbed."

"In the great plague of London," says another writer, "four thousand perished in one night. At Hamburg, during the cholera, stoves and open fires

were kept burning through the night, and at Sierra Leone the natives have a practice, in the sickly season, of keeping fires constantly burning in their huts at night; not that they have been prompted to do so by the aid of chemistry; but they assert that the fires keep away the evil spirits to which they attribute fever and ague. It is said that, latterly, Europeans have begun to adopt the same practice, and those who have tried it assert that they have entire immunity from the tropical fevers to which they were formerly subject."

"As there is much speculation with regard to yellow fever, and as much has been said, and much more will be said, we may venture to state the cause and its remedies. The cause of yellow, broken bone, bilious, intermittent, and the congestive fevers, are nearly akin, only of different types, and brought about by the same general cause. Fevers in general are caused by congestion, or stoppage of the various secretions of the human system. When the vessels, absorbents, capillary, or lymphatic, become filled with foreign matter, the healthy organization cannot be carried on in the human physical system. A congestion of the liver will derange the whole economy of the

system, and produce a similar effect upon the other organs, which will be shown in a natural chemical action, termed fever. The different types depend upon the amount of the absorbent of foreign matter the system has taken up. It may be that all vegetable life is connected with animal life, as when vegetables are decomposed in water it will yield a large amount of animalcula. It may be that the yellow fever originates from the reception of animalcules into the human system, and the various secretions are stopped, or rather clogged, by this foreign matter; after which an action takes place of a chemical character—an action upon the part of the system to throw off the foreign matter; and this is styled the fever, from the heat and frequent beating of the pulse. When vegetable matter is put into water, such as roses in bloom, or lilies, or any other flowers, it produces, in twelve to twenty-four hours, in the summer season, animalcules, as will be seen by a microscope of 2500 to 5000 diameter. These animalcules can be taken into the system in three ways: by changing the venous into arterial blood, by the absorbent vessels of the skin, and with the food we take into the system.

"A person dying with yellow fever or bilious

fever, and having died in June to November, hermetically sealed, in tin or other metal, after remaining in the coffin fourteen days, when open it will be found to contain millions of larvæ; but if the patient should die in our climate, in November to March, by examining in fourteen days, it will be found only to be returning to its native elements. The germ of the existence of the animal, in the first case, must have been there, and brought about by deposition of ova by an animalcule: hence, in the future decomposition of the body, the existence of the larvæ."—*Correspondence Baltimore American.*

The *Westminster Review* gives the following simple explanation:

"It is at night that the stream of air nearest the ground must always be the most charged with the particles of animalized matter given out from the skin, and deleterious gases, such as carbonic acid gas, the product of respiration, and sulphuretted hydrogen, the product of the sewers. In the day, gases and vaporous substances of all kinds rise in the air by the rarefaction of heat; at night, when the rarefaction releases them, they fall by an increase of gravity, being imperfectly mixed with the atmosphere—while the gases

evolved during the night, instead of ascending, remain at nearly the same level. It is known that carbonic acid gas, at a low temperature, partakes so nearly of the nature of a fluid, that it may be poured out of one vessel into another; it rises at the temperature at which it is exhaled from the lungs, but its tendency is towards the floor, or the bed of the sleeper, in cold and unventilated rooms.

"In the epidemics of the middle ages, fires were lighted in the streets for the purification of the air; and more recently, trains of gunpowder have been fired and cannon discharged for the same object; but these agents, operating against an illimitable extent of atmospheric air, have been on too small a scale to produce any sensible effect. It is, however, pronounced by the best authority quite possible to heat a room to produce a rarefaction and consequent dilution of any malignant gases it may contain; and it is, of course, the air of the room, and that alone, at night, which comes into immediate contact with the lungs of a person sleeping."

The Mystery Deepens.—In the fall of 1853, a physician, well known in the city, arrived here on a visit to his relations, after having passed

safely through the fever that raged so fearfully in Pensacola, in the summer and fall of that year. He had noticed the symptoms of the fatal disease, assisted in relieving the sick, and had previously witnessed its progress, and studied carefully its nature, which he thought identical with that which had appeared along the coast of South America.

He remarked, with prophetic certainty, while here, that it would make its appearance in Charleston and Savannah in 1854, and, as in Pensacola, sweep off the people almost by the thousand; and that it would visit Norfolk and Portsmouth in 1855, and rage with extraordinary malignity and severity. He, therefore, advised his friends to remove, and remain absent from the city during the summer and fall months.

His predictions proved, alas, too true in every particular; and although his remarks were little regarded when uttered, they were of course considered as possessing singular interest and force, when our citizens were realizing the truth of the strange prediction.

This circumstance favors the theory that the disease is migratory, and is slowly moving northward; while some are arraying facts to prove it of

local origin, and others that it was brought by the Ben Franklin.

We may appropriately remind the reader here, that Wilmington and other towns in North Carolina were not visited by the fever. If the disease is migratory, the question may be reasonably asked: Why it should pass over a space of hundreds of miles without stopping, and without manifesting itself in any of the towns or villages between Norfolk and Savannah?

CHAPTER XXXV.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE DISEASE—TREATMENT—DIFFERENT SYMPTOMS—REMEDIES—LIGHTNING AND EPIDEMICS.

"ALTHOUGH there were a great number of mild attacks that yielded readily to treatment, I think the epidemic may be said to be one of the severest and most fatal ever witnessed. Black vomit was commonly observed in fatal cases, though there were numerous recoveries, especially in young persons, after the appearance of this usually fatal symptom. Uterine hæmorrhage was exceedingly common; but other hæmorrhages were more rare than we usually see in New Orleans.

"*Suppression of urine* was exceedingly common in the latter stages, and almost invariably a fatal symptom.

"The febrile excitement was generally of a *low grade* for yellow fever, and sanguineous depletion was but seldom strongly indicated; yet I have no doubt that many cases would have been benefited by the more free use of cups and leeches than was practiced.

"The pains of the head, back, and limbs were less severe, I think, than we commonly observe in New Orleans.

"There was a general tendency in the old, or those who had passed the meridian of life, to sink after reaching the critical stage, although the symptoms had been mild from the beginning. There appeared to be a want of recuperative energy in the system, which could not always be acted on by stimulants and nourishment in the hour of need. *Delirium* was often observed, and, generally, a bad symptom. Yellowness of the eyes and skin commonly appeared at the critical stage, and was most intense in severe and fatal cases.

"I may mention one marked discrepancy between the physicians of New Orleans and Charleston. The former recommended the treatment to be commenced with a hot mustard foot-bath, and a dose of castor oil, or some other mild purgative, merely to evacuate the intestinal canal, and the patient to be covered with a blanket, so as to keep up a continued, though not excessive perspiration, from the beginning of the attack to the end of the critical period, cold applications to the head, and local depletion, if indicated by the severity of the pain; whereas the latter pursued a cooling plan

of treatment from the beginning:—the bowels to be gently evacuated, but febrile excitement was to be kept down by the free application of cold water over the head and body, and the use of very light covering; the object being not to keep up a sweat, but only a gentle perspiration, or merely a soft skin. For severe headache, they recommended the free and frequent use of the *cold douche*. They also advised the use of cold drinks throughout. Such is the general plan pursued by the physicians of Charleston, as far as I learned from my friends, Drs. Ravenel and Huger, two highly intelligent and accomplished physicians; and I must say, it was approved by Dr. Wilson, of Havana, a physician of extensive experience in this disease. We all, however, concurred more fully in recommending mild remedies in the second and third stages of the disease.

"I have only mentioned one discrepancy as worthy of special notice, because it relates to a general plan of managing yellow fever patients. I stated to my professional brethren that, whilst almost every possible variety of practice was pursued by some one or more persons in New Orleans, yet, if there was a single point in which there was a greater concurrence amongst the regular and ex-

perienced physicians than any other, it was the propriety of keeping the patient covered with at least one blanket, and sweating freely, though not immoderately, throughout the attack.

"In this epidemic, the physicians of Philadelphia and Baltimore, as far as I learned from conversing with Drs. Freeman and Morris, pursued a mild course of treatment. The same may be said of Dr. Reid, of Savannah, and Dr. Miller, of Mobile. Of one thing I am pretty sure, which is, that whatever practice was pursued, no one, so far as I learned, had reason to boast of any extraordinary amount of success."—*Dr. Fenner, N. O.*

An eminent physician, who has had very extensive experience in regard to this fatal disease, remarked to the writer, that the patient should be very carefully examined, before prescribing for the case—his general constitution, the severity, and peculiarities of the attack.

The disease attacks persons differently. Some are prostrated at once; others but slightly affected; while some, who imagine themselves not very ill, walk about—and sometimes they are dying upon their feet, and they suddenly sink down, and die, as if struck by some deadly blow aimed at their vitals by an unseen hand. In all cases, prompt

and judicious action and careful nursing are very requisite, and highly important.

Captain Jonas P. Levy, late of the U. S. transport ship American, who has had hundreds of cases of yellow fever under treatment, says he never knew of a case terminating fatally, after observing the following directions:—Dissolve in a wine glass of water a table-spoonful of common salt, and pour the same into a tumbler, adding the juice of a whole lemon, and two wine glasses of castor oil. The whole to be taken at one dose (by an adult). Then, a hot mustard foot-bath, with a handful of salt in the water—the patient to be well wrapped in the blankets until perspiration takes place freely. On removal to bed, the feet of the patient to be wrapped in a blanket. Afterwards, apply mustard plasters to the abdomen, legs, and soles of the feet. If the headache is very acute, apply mustard plasters to the head and temples. After the fever has been broken, take forty grains of quinine, and forty drops of elixir of vitriol, to a quart of water. Dose—wine-glassful three times a day. Barley water, lemonade, and ice water, may be used in moderation.

We subjoin a letter from a Savannah physician to the Washington *Globe*, on the treatment of yellow

fever. The course of treatment advised can assuredly do no harm, even if it should not possess all the merits claimed for it:

SAVANNAH, June 14, 1856.

Messrs. Editors:—I perceive, by the papers, that much apprehension of the yellow fever and black vomit is now felt by the citizens of Washington, and of the surrounding neighborhoods. As it is generally supposed here that you will be visited this summer by the fell destroyer, allow me to make a few remarks, which may, perhaps, prove of some benefit to the people.

During the fatal visit of the fever to this city in the year 1854, on account of the scarcity of medical aid, I attended a great number of sick, composed of men, women, and children; and I believe that I gained much correct information of its first approaches, its symptoms, and the treatment best calculated to lessen its hold upon the human frame, and at the same time afford to the sufferer a *chance* of life. To accomplish this, it is of the utmost importance that the mind of the patient should be kept quiet, and not *frightened.*

I will not describe the vast amount of suffering I witnessed, nor the many scenes of horror which came under my observation. My motive is simply

to relieve human suffering ; and as I, with the help of God, *proved very successful* in the treatment of this frightful disease, I think it my duty to impart my mite of acquired knowledge for the benefit of others who may shortly have to encounter this terrible visitor.

I will first describe the symptoms which foretell the insidious approaches of the disease.

First. Symptomatic feelings.

1. A pain, either in the head, back, or all the limbs, similar to a broken bone fever.

2. A general weakness of the system ; the eyes and skin of a greenish yellow, eyes sunk, with fever. This is a very *bad symptom.*

3. A sick stomach, with *light* fever, pain in the back, head, and limbs.

4. Chilly sensations, very much like chills and fever ; a bad symptom.

5. A *constant* pain in the *lower* part of the bowels. This indicates inflammation, and is a very fatal sign.

These are the prominent symptomatic feelings.

Secondly. The appearances of the tongue.

1. A *nearly* natural tongue, clean-looking, with a slight *tinge* of a *watery blood red*, *binding* the tongue *all around.* I look upon this stage of the disease as its mildest form.

2. The tongue heavily furred with white, with an increase of the "watery blood-red" appearance *around* it; patient very restless.

3. The tongue thickly coated with brown, and hard to the touch; the "watery blood-red" ring which encircles it very much inflamed and largely increased in size, attended with hot fever, drowsiness, and great pains in all parts of the body.

The last I consider the worst stage, and the most dangerous period of the yellow fever. Much depends on the rapid use of proper medicines, assisted by injections freely given. The sick crave for drinks, which, given too often, generally bring on the vomito. The patient's life depends, in a great measure, on the close attention of the nurse—a good nurse being equal to the best medical aid. You will generally find the "symptomatic feelings" and the "appearance of the tongue" more or less blended together. I never mistook the disease when I saw the tongue, which I found my best guide.

I have furnished you with the most prominent symptoms of the yellow fever which came under my observation; and, with very slight variations, every case was treated alike by me. My treatment was very simple. My medicines everybody knew,

and were taken with great confidence. The success of my efforts arose from quick action *on the bowels*, and the bringing about a *profuse perspiration* within sixteen hours: for within that time the fate of the patient was decided. Time is precious in this epidemic, and should not be wasted.

TREATMENT.

Take two ounces of Epsom salts, half ounce of snake root, and a quarter ounce of senna, boil them in a pint of water; strain the mixture, and, when cold, give to the patient, every fifteen or thirty minutes, according to the urgency of the case, a large-sized wine-glassful, until the bowels are well operated upon, and the operations entirely lose their dark, tarry, greenish appearance, and regain a healthy, bilious look. To do this is to accomplish much for the patient. Also, place the feet in a *hot* mustard foot-bath. Put mustard plasters on the chest, bowels, arms, and legs.

During the first and second days, I allowed only iced gum-arabic water, and small lumps of ice. The fever generally left my patients in *fourteen* to *eighteen* hours, very much prostrated in bodily strength. Then careful nursing becomes valuable. The moment the fever leaves, give, every

two hours, for eight hours, five grains of quinine; the patient to be kept quiet, *in bed*, and to be allowed only gum drinks.

Second day.—Should there be no fever, give gum drinks.

Third day.—A half tea-cup of salted corn-meal gruel every half-hour, and gum drinks, *iced.*

Fourth day.—Small quantities of chicken broth.

Fifth day.—Weak black tea, pilot bread, soft fresh eggs, and well-cooked hominy.

Be extremely careful with the patient for the next two weeks.

I invariably kept my sick five days in bed to keep them out of danger, or of doing imprudent things.

I attended upwards of one hundred sick persons during the epidemic, and lost but three, who were strong, hearty, bilious Irishmen—their very health having proved their worst enemy.

I send you the foregoing statement, in the belief that it may prove of some benefit, should your part of the country have the misfortune to be visited by Yellow Jack.

Yours, respectfully, L. N. F.

N. B.—Rubbing the body, from head to foot, with whisky and strong red pepper, I found of

great effect. I used for children, mustard and salt-water baths, immersing the body.

Mr. Merriam, of Brooklyn, wrote to the New York *Herald:* "The records of the yellow fever at Norfolk and Portsmouth, last year, compared with the records of temperature and lightning, show that the most appalling mortality by the pestilence was when the thunder-storms were the most active. When Dr. Barton, president of the Sanitary Board of New Orleans, called upon me to examine my meteorological record of 1853, for that portion of the year in which the yellow fever prevailed so fearfully in that city, I said to him, 'if you will refer to your record for the day in which the fever was most fatal, I will refer to my record and see what was the state of the atmosphere on that day.' He said: 'the 20th of August—on that day more than three hundred were numbered with the dead.' Our record says, '20th August—great thunder-storm at New Orleans, reaching to Mobile.' Here the two records met and united in their testimony.

"It is admitted by all who have experience, and the opportunity of observation, that the yellow fever will not remain for a single day in a frosty atmosphere; then, why not, in the commencement

of the pestilence, refrigerate the district? I can, with pounded ice, and salt mixed, cut down a field of vegetation in a single night, by strewing its surface with refrigerating mixture. That which will destroy vegetation will destroy yellow fever poison.

In reply to this statement, an intelligent gentleman, of Portsmouth, wrote as follows:

"I was in this place until the 30th of August, and am confident that there was not a flash of lightning seen, or peal of thunder heard, during that month, and very little during July, June, and May. The most fatal day in August was the 25th, when the wind changed from S. W. to E. N. E., and continued in that quarter about five days, the barometer being unusually low. On the 28th, there was a cool, drizzling rain, but no thunder. It is well known that where the cholera has appeared, the electrical tension of the atmosphere has been lower than usual, and from good authority I assert that the disease has disappeared where the electricity of the air has been restored to its ordinary condition."

Without entering into the controversy, we will just state, for the information of those interested in the matter, that the latter statement is some-

what incorrect, and the writer is mistaken with regard to lightning in August and other months. This location was visited on Friday, 17th August, 1855, with a very severe and exciting electric display. There were some brilliant flashes of lightning, and the peals of thunder were very loud and startling. A large and handsome building at the Fair grounds, not half a mile from the city, was struck by the fluid, and with it another structure took fire and was consumed. On the 31st of July, there was one of the most terrific thunder-storms at Hampton and Old Point ever witnessed, and extending thence a considerable distance south, in the direction of this city, though spending its violence and fury before reaching our immediate locality. Vessels in the Roads were struck by the lightning, and one or two persons killed. There were, also, thunder-storms in Norfolk and vicinity on the 10th and 12th of September.

There was no remarkable increase in the fever cases, or deaths, when the storms occurred. The number of deaths, however, gradually increased in Norfolk from about the middle of August till the first of September; from which time there was, as before shown, a diminution till the disease left the place.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE YELLOW FEVER IN NEW YORK—THE FEVER IN PHILADELPHIA.

Since its foundation, the yellow fever has appeared in New York no less than ten times. Its first visitation was in the summer of 1702. The mortality was dreadful; and almost every one who was seized with the fever died. The period was distinguished as the "time of the great sickness." It appeared a second and third time in the summer and autumn of 1741 and 1742. An interesting account of the disease was drawn up at the time by Dr. Colden, an eminent physician, who pointed out the local circumstances which existed in different parts of the city, as evident causes of adding to the violence of the distemper, and recommended means for their removal, and measures for the general health, which were adopted, and followed by the most salutary effects.

In 1791, the fever again broke out in the vicinity of Burling Slip, where it was probably introduced by vessels from the West Indies. In 1793,

Philadelphia suffered terribly from the yellow fever—4,041 persons having died in that city from the commencement to the termination of the disease. The New Yorkers being greatly alarmed, a proclamation was issued prohibiting the fugitives from Philadelphia to land in New York till after an absence from Philadelphia of a certain number of days. The prohibition could not be enforced. Many of the Philadelphians entered New York, and some of them sickened and died there; but the city remained fully as healthy as usual during the whole season.

In 1798, the fever again appeared in New York, carrying off 2,086, out of a population of 55,000, more than one-third of whom had left the city. It appeared again, though not in so malignant a form, in 1799, 1800, 1803, 1805, and 1822, which was its last visitation. In 1804, the disease appeared in Brooklyn, between which and New York there is only the East River, about three-quarters of a mile in width. Several of the inhabitants of Brooklyn fled to New York, and died in the houses of their friends; but the New York Board of Health knew of no instance in which it proved contagious. The city remained exempt from pestilence during that season.

In the disease of 1805, one-third of the whole population fled; and in the first four wards, two-thirds of the inhabitants fled. In the eighth and ninth wards the citizens remained, pursuing their usual avocations, well knowing, from the purity of the air, that they were as safe from danger of the pestilence, which prevailed in the other wards, by following their business at home, as if they had resided in the Western wilderness.

An account of the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, in 1793, was written and published by M. Cary. We make a brief extract.

After describing the symptoms of the disease, viz.: the chill, fever, prostration, yellow tinge, black vomit, hæmorrhages, etc., precisely as manifested in the disease in Norfolk (by which description our idea as to the identity of the disease is confirmed), the writer goes on to say:

"The first death that was a subject of general conversation, was that of Peter Aston, on the 19th of August, after a few days' illness. Mrs. Lemaigre's, on the day following, and Thomas Miller's, on the 25th, with those of some others, after a short sickness, spread an universal terror.

"The removals from Philadelphia began about the 25th, or 26th of this month: and so great was

the general terror, that, for some weeks, carts, wagons, coaches, gigs, and chaises, were almost constantly transporting families and furniture to the country, in every direction. Many people shut up their houses wholly; others left servants to take care of them. Business became extremely dull. Mechanics and artists were unemployed; and the streets wore the appearance of gloom and melancholy.

"The consternation of the people of Philadelphia, at this period, was carried beyond all bounds. Dismay and affright were visible in almost every person's countenance. Most of those who could, by any means, make it convenient, fled from the city. Of those who remained, many shut themselves up in their houses, being afraid to walk the streets. The smoke of tobacco being regarded as a preventive, many persons, even women and small boys, had cigars almost constantly in their mouths. Others, placing full confidence in garlic, chewed it almost the whole day; some kept it in their pockets and shoes. Many were afraid to allow the barbers or hair-dressers to come near them, as instances had occurred of some of them having shaved the dead, and many having engaged as bleeders. Some, who carried their caution pretty

far, bought lancets for themselves, not daring to allow themselves to be bled with the lancets of the bleeders.

"Many houses were scarcely a moment in the day free from the smell of gunpowder, burned tobacco, nitre, sprinkled vinegar, etc. Some of the churches were almost deserted, and others wholly closed. The coffee-houses were shut up, as was the city library, and most of the public offices—three, out of the four, daily papers were discontinued, as were some of the others. Many devoted no small portion of their time to purifying, scouring, and whitewashing their rooms. Those who ventured abroad had handkerchiefs or sponges, impregnated with vinegar or camphor, at their noses, or smelling-bottles full of thieves' vinegar. Others carried pieces of tarred rope in their hands or pockets, or camphor-bags tied round their necks.

"The corpses of the most respectable citizens, even of those who had not died of the epidemic, were carried to the grave on the shafts of a chair, the horse driven by a negro, unattended by a friend or relation, and without any sort of ceremony. People, uniformly and hastily, shifted their course at the sight of a hearse coming towards them.

Many never walked on the foot-path, but went into the middle of the streets, to avoid being infected in passing houses wherein people had died. Acquaintances and friends avoided each other in the streets, and only signified their regard by a cold nod. The old custom of shaking hands fell into such general disuse that many shrunk back with affright at even the offer of the hand."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE MONUMENT—ABLE REPORT.

A POPULAR movement having been made, and measures having been taken, with regard to a suitable and lasting commemoration of the virtues and efficient services of the heroes who nobly fell at their posts, during the late terrible visitation, the wishes of the people will, no doubt, be carried out by the erection of a handsome monument, in a suitable location.

At a meeting of the citizens of Norfolk, held at Ashland Hall, on Thursday, the 15th of May, according to previous adjournment, to take into consideration suitable measures to commemorate the names of the illustrious dead who fell at their posts, during the pestilence of the past summer,

Major George Blow in the chair, and William Lamb, Secretary,

The Chairman of the Committee, appointed for the purpose, Charles A. Santos, Esq., presented and read the following able report:

"*Mr. Chairman*:—In the performance of our

commission, ' to report a suitable mode of commemorating the virtues and services of those who sacrificed their lives in the cause of humanity, during the late terrible epidemic,' words are inadequate to express the feeelings of intense interest which have actuated your Committee, and the unanimity with which they recommend that a lofty and time-enduring monument should be erected, as an evidence of the gratitude which they and every member of our community feel for the self-sacrificing devotion of the noble souls who laid down their lives for us.

" Our city is now gay and populous, and all outward traces of the late sad visitation are removed ; but if the mind is permitted to dwell upon the terrific days of August and September, and to learn from an eye-witness the heart-rending details of the pestilence, we conceive that the most indifferent would be excited to the keenest sympathy, and the most intense anxiety to indicate his appreciation of the martyrs.

" As the first civil officer, the noble, high-toned Hunter Woodis should stand first upon our proposed Monument. Those who witnessed his untiring zeal at the commencement of the fever, and his subsequent incessant toil in relieving the sick,

burying the dead, and carrying out sanitary regulations, will rejoice in seeing his name and noble deeds handed down to posterity.

"In the language of the 'just and eloquent tribute,' paid him by the Rev. Mr. Hitselberger, who, by reason of the triple relationship of 'spiritual father, guide, and friend, knew him so well :'

"'He thought of others, not of himself. Like the soldier of the forlorn hope, who marched to the mined breach, he rushed to the van of havoc, to fight for the common good ; and like him he offered up his life, with all the honors and endearments of that life, a sublime sacrifice to the cause of humanity and official duty. Smitten by the hand of the destroyer, in the exercise of the noblest charities of our nature, in the very act of administering to the dying and the dead, the chivalrous Woodis, unappalled by danger, and unwearied in beneficence, was ravished away, in the flower of his age and the vigor of his usefulness ; honored, loved, bewailed in the purity of that affection which virtue inspires, with the intensity of that grief which only true hearts can feel.'

"The name of William B. Ferguson, the active, zealous and indefatigable President of the Howard Association, who, actuated by the inherent bene-

volence of his heart, labored so assiduously and effectually to alleviate distress, should occupy the next position.

"In the words of the resolution adopted at our previous meeting, 'he forgot himself in his desire to save others, and he has left in our affections an imperishable monument of disinterested usefulness and true courage.' We are sure that we speak the sentiments of our fellow-citizens, when we say that we feel it especially a sacred duty to perpetuate his memory. He, sir, was not connected with us by the ties of birth, which bound our lamented Woodis, and our obligations are, therefore, greatly enhanced. But a few years have elapsed since he came a stranger among us, and the devotion which he displayed for his adopted city during her prosperity was only increased with her adversity.

"The magnanimity of his soul was revealed at the beginning of our late affliction, in being among the first to establish the Howard Association. Called unanimously to preside over this noble band, he threw his whole energy, zeal, and industry into the work, and but for the aid afforded by its organized system of supplying food, medicines, and nursing, hundreds, who now live, would be in the cold and shunned yellow-fever grave.

"The names of our clergy who, actuated by the noblest and highest sense of duty, remained in our plague-stricken city to point many a wretched sufferer to the Lamb of God, and who sealed their faith with their lives, shall be deeply engraven upon the handsome shaft we intend to erect. The friends, kinsmen, and admirers of the Rev. Wm. M. Jackson, Anthony Dibrell, Stephen Jones, and Wm. C. Bagnall, will experience a melancholy pleasure in seeing their memory thus perpetuated.

"The heroism displayed by our resident Medical Faculty—the sagacious Silvester, the calm and scientific Henry Selden, the bold and able Higgins, the frank and indefatigable Upshur, the estimable and pure-minded Nash, the quiet but brave and efficient Halson, the unobtrusive but reliable Constable, the assiduous and talented Tunstall, and the youthful and manly Briggs, and the magnanimous and self-sacrificing volunteers, Doctors Blow, Gebhard, Gooch, Walker, Thompson, Craycroft, Fleiss, Booth, Howe, McDowell, Kierson, Smith, Jackson, DeBerche, Schell, Obermüller, Dillard, Berry, Capri, and others—should also be commemorated.

"If it were possible to elevate the character and standard of the noble profession of medicine, it

would be done by the self-devoting disposition and perfect indifference to danger displayed by this intrepid corps, in the discharge of duty in the late pestilence. Time and language would fail, were we to attempt to mention in detail the aid they afforded, to describe the distress they alleviated, and the scenes of horror in which they daily acted.

"The names of Robert S. Bernard, John S. Lovett, Thos. Handy, F. Schleisinger, E. Perry Miller, M. M. Cannon, and others, who, prompted solely by duty, remained at their posts, and performed the arduous duty of dispensing medicine, should be deeply engraven upon our proposed monument. Exhausted by superhuman exertions, and by daily and nightly toil, in the exercise of their responsible and important profession, death found them an easy prey.

"The members of the Howard Association, who so heroically toiled and finally yielded up their lives for us, should have a conspicuous position upon our elevated Italian obelisk. If we recollect the terror existing at the time, the harsh quarantines established by our neighbors, and the malignant character of the fever, we may have some idea of the stern courage required to become a member

of this Association. In the eloquent language of the able report of the Philadelphia Relief Committee: 'if there was heroic courage shown in storming the Malakoff, and in the attempt on the Redan, it required yet more to minister to the sick and dying in the plague-stricken cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth.'

"Finally, let the memory of all nurses, public officers, and others, who lost their lives in obedience to the calls of humanity or promptings of duty, be perpetuated. Let our children gaze upon their names, coupled with deeds requiring more courage than the mightiest on the battle-field, and learn our gratitude for and appreciation of them.

"Actuated by a desire to carry out the noble design of honoring the memory of those heroic spirits, your Committee, immediately after their appointment, addressed themselves to the work, and proceeded to procure from the principal monument-builders in the country a number of designs and plans.

"In answer to their communications, a great variety, embracing every style, were submitted, and received a careful examination.

"Conceding elaboration of style to majestic

proportions, they have selected the plan of Mr. John Baird, of Philadelphia, which is now submitted, and they trust it will be acceptable to all.

"The cost of the Monument will be less than six thousand dollars, and your Committee are of the opinion, that on the part of Mr. Baird, as well as others who have presented plans for their consideration, the reputation to be acquired by building so large and important a monument has been considered of more consequence than any profit arising therefrom.

"From well-derived information, they recommend that the monument be built of Italian marble, as possessing greater beauty and durability than American, with very little, if any, advance of cost, in the large blocks required for the plan adopted.

"The dimensions of the respective parts are as follow: The stone which will be laid upon the foundation will be ten feet square, six inches thick. The first base will be of blue American marble, and ten feet square, two feet six inches thick. The second base, of Italian marble, nine feet four inches square, and one foot nine inches high. The die and buttresses will be eight feet

square, and four feet six inches high, and will be of sufficient size for three hundred names. The base of obelisk with brackets, three feet nine inches square; and on the four sides of this massive block of marble will be carvings of a bust of Hunter Woodis; Hygeia, emblematic of the science of Medicine; Charity; the Good Samaritan, or any other deemed more appropriate. The base of the shaft will be two feet eight inches square, and one foot ten inches at top. The shaft will be twenty feet high, ornamented with wreaths representing the tobacco leaf, the oak, the ivy, and the laurel, and surmounted by a gracefully draped urn. The work to be executed in the best style of art. The whole height of the monument will be forty feet, and will contain fifty-six tons of marble, or about 575 cubic feet.

"The location of the monument next occupied the attention of your Committee; and after due deliberation, and care, and industry, in ascertaining the sense of the community, they recommend that it be placed in the Court Green. In this opinion they were confirmed by the sentiments expressed by the committee of physicians appointed to confer with them. The daily view of the magnificent structure will ever keep alive the

recollection of the nobility of soul developed in our midst, and the deeds of daring performed by devoted strangers, who rushed to our aid, unappalled by one of the most fearful calamities that the world has ever witnessed."

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